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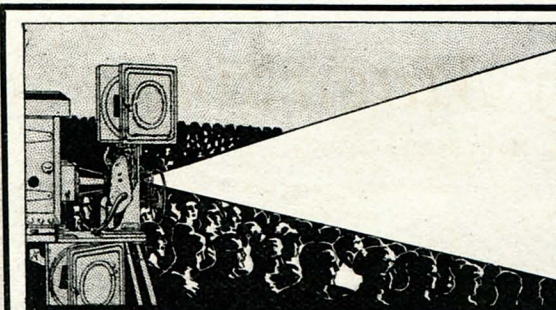
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Photoplay Magazine

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VOL. X

No. 1

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The July Number

July Photoplay Magazine, on all newsstands
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Are Bathing Suits Shrinking?

Are the free-limbed girls of the movies fastening upon America the one-piece water draperies of the Belgian sands? Lucille French discusses this, with surety and zest, in the July number; and there will be presented pages of photographic testimony, and accurate drawings of the approved swim-styles of 1916.

The Eleven Winners

in the great "Beauty and Brains Contest" which has been conducted during the past half year by Photoplay Magazine and the World Film Corporation; their portraits, their stories, and the plans for them; human interest pages for every American girl.

The Art-Director: His Job

is a feature upon which the editor of Photoplay Magazine has been working for many weeks. Here it goes, with pictures; a big bright light over the quiet geniuses who *get it right* before the players come on the scene, whether the scene is a castle in Spain, a shop on Fifth Avenue or a store in Clay Center.

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will have its beginning
in this issue.
[See page 130]

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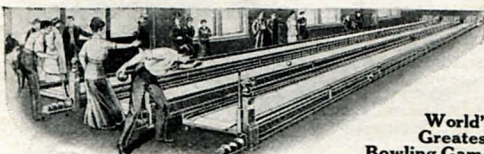
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Popular Photoplay

In This Issue

JOHN BARRYMORE

MARY BOLAND

CHARLES MURRAY

GERTRUDE McCOY

CHARLES CLARY

FRANCES NELSON

BILLIE BILLINGS

CHARLES RAY

THOMAS JEFFERSON

MARY ALDEN

DARWIN KARR

ANNA Q. NILSSON

THOMAS J. CARRIGAN

EUGENIE BESSERER





JOHN BARRYMORE

is the youngest son of the late Maurice Barrymore, brother of Ethel and Lionel, and nephew of John Drew. He has had careers of equal success in photoplays and on the stage and though at present acting in spoken drama, he remains the foremost comedian of Famous Players. He is married and lives at Rockville Center, L. I. Mr. Barrymore has played a greater diversity of parts than any man of his years in either vocal or gesture drama.



MARY BOLAND

was firmly entrenched on the dramatic stage when she decided to become a picture player. She appeared in "The Edge of the Abyss" and "The Stepping Stone," produced by Thos. H. Ince, and is now with Equitable. Miss Boland is a native of Philadelphia and began her career in stock at the age of 16 years, in Detroit, Mich. She supported Robert Edeson and Francis Wilson and was for six years John Drew's leading woman.



Witzel Photo

CHARLES MURRAY

one of the chief laugh molders in the Keystone fun foundry, was a well known stage comedian for a score of years, before diverting his talents to the screen. Several Indiana towns quarrel about his birthplace, but he awards the honor to Laurel. He was born June 22, 1872, stands an even six feet and weighs 200 pounds. On other heads his hair would be "titian." His film debut was made with Biograph soon after leaving the stage.



GERTRUDE McCOY

although not yet twenty, may rank herself with the pioneers of the screen, as she has been romping before the camera for more than eight years, five of which were with Edison after a Biograph start. Miss McCoy was born in Rome, Ga., June 30, 1896, and was educated at Nassau, Tenn. She is five feet, six and a half inches in height, weighs 135 pounds, has blonde hair and greenish-blue eyes. She is now with Gaumont in Florida.



CHARLES CLARY

will be remembered by the early film fans for his work in "The Adventures of Kathlyn" and other big productions from the Selig studio where he spent five years. Then he went to the Griffith studio and played leads there under Reliance, Majestic and Fine Arts banners. Until recently he was a member of the Lasky forces where he appeared with Fannie Ward and Blanche Sweet. He was born at Charleston, Ill., and made his stage debut in Kansas City.



FRANCES NELSON

although very young for emotional portrayals, devotes herself exclusively to such roles. After graduating from High School in St. Paul, Minn., Miss Nelson obtained an engagement with Lew Fields in "The Wife Hunters" and later appeared in stock. Her most notable screen work was in "The Point of View," a World film. She is an expert swimmer, but she professes to be more deeply interested in suffragism.



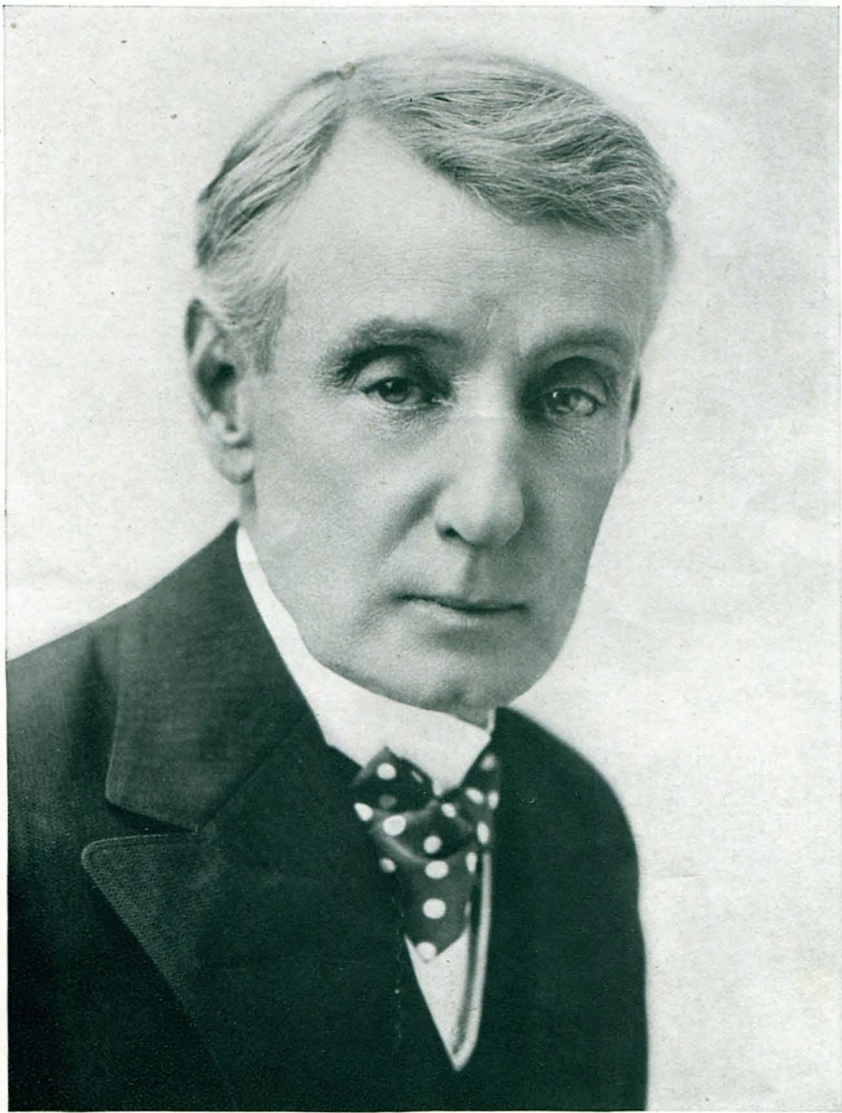
BILLIE BILLINGS

is the proud possessor of hyphenated hair and eyes—gold-brown for the former and grey-green for the latter. Otherwise she is entirely American. She began her professional career as a stock actress and two years ago started Vitagraphing. She is still doing so, usually playing "heavies." Miss Billings is tall—almost five feet, eight inches and weighs 133 pounds. She was born Jan. 19, 1895, and educated in New York.



CHARLES RAY

is best known to photoplay followers for his excellent portrayal of the juvenile lead in "The Coward," although he has appeared in very many films turned out at Inceville. He is a little over 25 years old and a native of Jacksonville, Ill., although he moved to Los Angeles with his parents when a child. He is six feet, a half inch tall, weighs 170 pounds and has dark brown hair. He has been with Ince four years.



THOMAS JEFFERSON

followed his famous father, the late Joseph Jefferson, to the footlights at the age of 18 years, and for twenty years played with the elder Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," succeeding to that role when his father died. He first appeared before the camera with Biograph and then went to Fine Arts, playing in a number of Triangle features, including "The Sable Lorcha." He recently joined Universal at the Western studios.



MARY ALDEN

is perhaps best known to the public through her portrayal of the mulatto housekeeper in "The Birth of a Nation," although she has played in many Griffith productions, dating back to early Biograph days. She is considered one of the screen's foremost emotional actresses. She is a native of New Orleans and a grandniece of the late General Beauregard. Miss Alden abandoned the life of an illustrator for the stage.



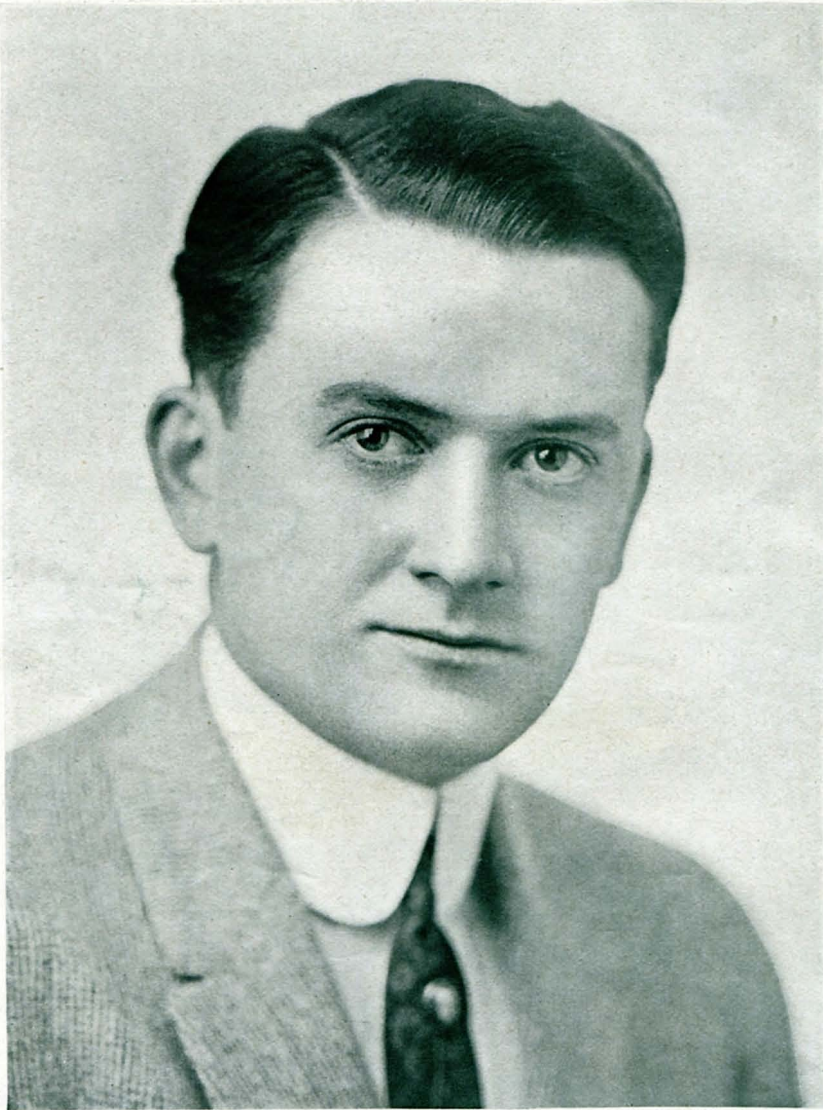
DARWIN KARR

had a variety of stage experience before becoming a screen lead. He was in vaudeville first, also in stock and once played the lead in "Way Down East." His motion picture career includes engagements with Edison, Solax and Vitagraph before joining Essanay. Mr. Karr was born in Almond, N. Y., July 25, 1885. He is nearly six feet in height and weighs 186 pounds; hair, light and eyes, blue. Outdoor sports comprise his chief recreation.



ANNA Q. NILSSON

is, as her name indicates, a native of neutral Sweden, her birth being recorded in the town of Ystad. She first wooed dramatic renown on the stage of her native land and came to America in 1907. Four years later she entered the realm of the flickering shadows as a member of the Kalem company and appeared in many productions of that concern. She was requisitioned by Fox last year and was the star in "Regeneration."



THOMAS J. CARRIGAN

came to the stage by way of the sawdust circle, as he ran away from his home at Lapeer, Mich., when 18 years old to become a circus clown. His footlight debut was made in "Brown of Harvard." He deserted to the camera early in the game and was starred with Pearl White in some of her early films. He is the very fortunate husband of Mabel Taliaferro, whom he first met during the filming of "Cinderella." He is now with Metro.



Witzel Photo

EUGENIE BESSERER

had a unique stage debut at the age of 18, when she starred in a drama which she had written. Later she appeared in the support of McKee Rankin, Nance O'Neil and Wilton Lackaye. Six years ago Miss Besserer entered motion pictures via Selig, portraying emotional and character roles and has been with that company ever since at the Los Angeles Studio. She has an important part in "The Crisis" now being filmed in Chicago.



White Photo

A New Little Queen of the Movies

Alice Mary Moore, three-months-old daughter of Tom and Alice Joyce-Moore, upborne by her mother's arms as she peers from a window of her parents' apartment in West End Avenue, New York City.



PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

June, 1916

Vol. X, No. 1

Patience

ACTIVE Photography, as a mirror of intelligence and an expressor of the deeper emotions, is little more than two years old, yet there are some people who criticise its adolescent faults as if it were aged as literature.

How about it?

First of all, it has served to lighten the lives of untold toiling millions in this, the tensest age of history. Apart from any other ministry or malministry, it has been the incomparable kind servant.

Before those who cannot travel it has made the rest of the world move in its accustomed way.

It has returned to the stage a lost art: pantomime.

It has put red blood into a drama which was becoming waxen with its back-parlor problems and dress-suit sensations.

Its great work as an educator is under way.

It is the most valorous foe of intemperance.

It is a mighty salesman.

It has done more for the native story than the stage ever did.

It has created at least two epic plays.

It has borne a great tribe of the ruddiest, healthiest, huskiest players since the days of the strollers who traveled in vans from shire to shire.

And it is only two years old!

At two, Napoleon could have been crushed by the frailest drummer-boy; Demosthenes must have gurgled incoherently, and certainly Samson was performing no dental operations on lions.

Thinking men and women have barely awakened to the varied potencies of the Sun-Painting that Lives.

Patience, people—patience!



The Story of

I

THE photoplay world is mine," might say David Wark Griffith.

He might say it, if he were not David Wark Griffith; other people say it for him; he has nothing of the stagey theatricalism of an Edmond Dantes in his nature—except the courage.

He discovered a world of moving pictures; puerile, vulgarly debasing in their triviality; an entertainment one degree removed from a magic lantern show; a passing joke that was novelly attractive as dime museums formerly attracted, and as the melodramas of Theodore Kremer and Owen Davis had previously attracted; sustenance for the people who gape, and first aids to the yawn.

That moving picture sphere in the universe of banalities received him coldly, apprehensively, as if it foresaw its dissolution into fertilizer for Art, thought, genius.

But he was a sane genius: ambition requires a meal ticket quite as actually as

does commonplace contentment. So he at first only slightly punctured with his sword-like genius the armor of stupidity he found encasing picture-making, and his first work was the direction of a "moving picture." This was called "The Adventures of Dolly."

You can see by the title that it was a "moving pictures;" it was a one reel pic-

THIS is the first and only authorized Griffith story. It is the premier chronicle of the greatest art-form of modern times. Next month, the extraordinary adventures of "Larry" (D.W.) Griffith, a veritable Francois Villon of the Twentieth Century.

David Wark Griffith

HIS EARLY YEARS; HIS STRUGGLES;
HIS AMBITIONS AND THEIR ACHIEVEMENT

By Henry Stephen Gordon

ture, as they all were at that time, and in its story it was no different from what had gone before.

There were of course men about him who measured him as a fool, as fools always do those who create. These said his picture was stupid; that it would never be accepted; that cheerfully direct word, the most worn one in the patter of the stage, "rotten," was the verdict of directors and actors about "Dolly."

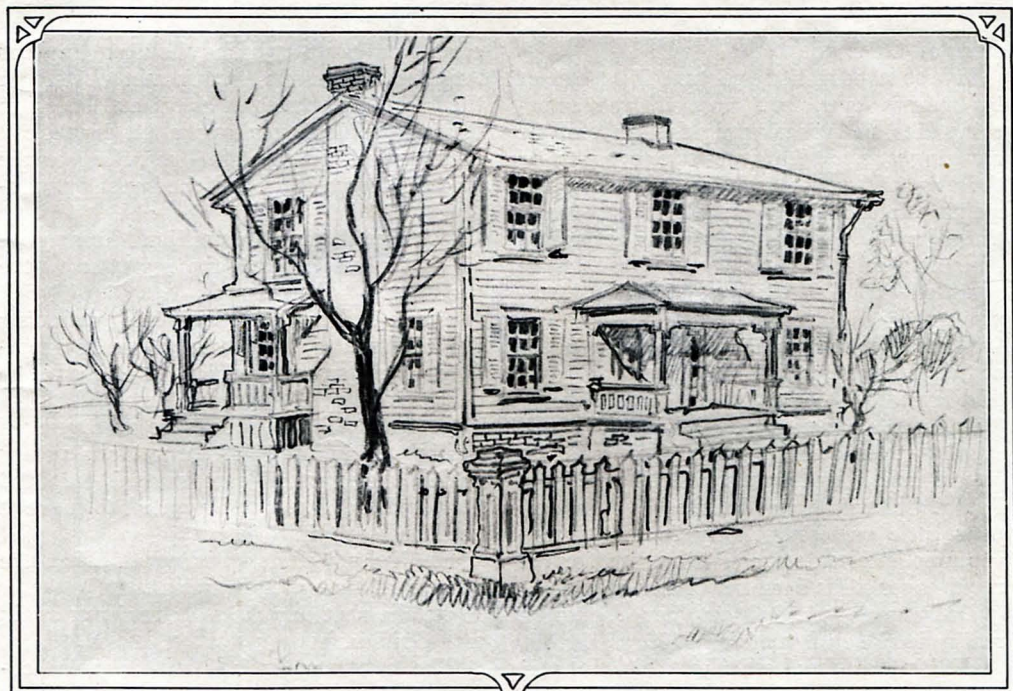
"Why, the big boob!" said one authority in the studio (Biograph); "he makes his characters behave like human beings, not like actors; he's through."

So he was—through with the fetters of the witless and critics who do not create.

Dolly, absurd as she was, flippantly stupid in her Marie Corelli career, much against the judgment of the executives of the studio was thrown out on the dubious exhibitors; she did not look good to them, for there was a something in the picture they never before had seen, and which, therefore, must be bad.

That something happened to be an intellect.

The studio executives did not know it; the exhibitors did not know it; how could they know an intellect? If they had



Griffith's Birthplace—*Drawn by Himself*

When PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE expressed dismay over the absence of Photographs of the family home at La Grange, Ky. (near Louisville), Mr. Griffith merely smiled and asked for a drawing pencil and a strip of Bristol Board. When he handed back this remarkably correct bit of amateur sketching he remarked: "—and you will find the mortgage in a secret drawer of the *escritoire*, in the library." Modern "Improvements" have made away with this fine old Southern home, which dates back to Civil War times.

recognized that quality, scorn would have placed its heel on Dolly and she would have gone out into the night of futility.

But the public—if it be given time, it always does know—liked “Dolly;” it became in demand. Griffith was still laughed at in the studio; he had made a “lucky hit in spite of his ignorance;” requests from exhibitors came in for “more films” like that ‘Dolly’ stuff.”

Why?

Because an acute brain had put into that one-reel picture enough thought, action, exactness and recognizable adherence to humanity to make what would be today a four or five-reel picture, And

Because the man who had made it was, in his way, what Edison, what Galileo, what Pasteur, what Moliere, what Tolstoy, and essentially what Maeterlinck, were or are in their way.

It has been keenly said that all geniuses are inventors, for Truth is always so unknown that when given to the world it is an invention.

“Dolly” in its essentials tells the whole story of Griffith.

It was a poor little picture if looked at by today’s eyes, but then it was something like an Apocalypse; the light of its meaning was to take some time to penetrate the fog of “unthought” that formed the mental atmosphere of the picture studios in those days—but it shone brightly enough to be seen; and the money it brought in sparkled in the view of Griffith’s employers.

What happened in detail, the consequence of this picture excursion into beauty, will be told later.

It led to a series of photoplays which startled the Sleeping Beauty of filmdom into a royal awakening. Griffith, if not Prince Charming, was Prince Wisdom, and poor little paltering Dolly found her adventures had made the trail smooth for the rapid eager steps forward of her creator.

Dolly was vivified in her flickering reality in the early part of 1908.

Within a few months Griffith was eminent in the motion picture profession; in a couple of years he was receiving more for his work than any half dozen other men; and for four or five years past, he has been pre-eminent to the degree of having impregnated the making of pictures—which is it, art or trade?—with his person-

ality, his methods, his brains, and energy.

Today there cannot be five minutes’ discussion of pictures without Griffith’s name being brought up.

Which is well for the picture business; if it had remained what it was when this man discovered it, by this time it would have gone the way of Belgian hares, Mr. Bryan’s Sixteen-to-One money, and all manner of gaseous Booms.

It is a living, silently speaking profession, very probably an Art, with a promise of immortal life because Griffith gave it a soul.

Before dealing with facts, his own story of his career—it is a meagre story at that, because he is penalised by modesty—a study of what the facts indicate, will illuminate what he means to the world.

To say that a man, once an actor, now a producer, is over-modest is to invite the biting smile of unbelief.

It is a pre-historic aphorism of the stage that an actor cannot be modest and remain an actor; he might become a dramatist.

When “The Birth of a Nation” was given its first public showing in Los Angeles, a drama reviewer met Griffith in the lobby of the theater as the audience was leaving, exalted, perhaps a bit hysterical, in its astonishment at the mingling of the epically magnificent and the lyrically beautiful.

“You will make a million dollars out of that picture,” said the reviewer to the producer.

He smiled patiently, evidently assuming the assertion to be but a part of the super-florescent remarks which are made to authors and producers on a first night.

“Thanks; that’s impossible of course; I shall be very happy if we get our money back; the picture cost several hundred thousand dollars, but I wanted to make it because I felt it.”

He had no understanding of what the success of that picture meant.

On the next day the same reviewer again met Griffith.

The producer looked rather reproachfully at the newspaperman; holding a copy of the review which the latter had written he said, “you meant it kindly, I know, but I fear you have made me seem ridiculous to the public by your overpraising of the picture. I cannot believe it is anywhere near as strong as you describe it.”

"You will find that I have understated it," retorted the reviewer. "That picture, besides making your fortune, will make you the foremost man in your line in the world."

What renders this man's success ultra-remarkable is that he is a gentleman.

He was nurtured on tender ideals of noblesse oblige; he was brought up in the midst of proud, sensitive women of Belgavarian blood, and his father was a hero.

And the first object to impinge itself on his mind, his first toy, was a sword.

His father's sword.

You know or should know what Maeterlinck wrote of the psychology of a sword:

"The sword is iron and wit, steel and intelligence. * * * It is ideal and practical, chimerical and clear as lightning, insinuating, elusive, and multifarious as a ray of the sun or moon. It is faithful and capricious, nobly guileful, loyally false. It decks rancour and hatred with a smile. It transfigures brutality. Thanks to the sword, reason, courage, rightful assurance, patience, contempt of danger, man's sacrifice to love, to an idea, a whole moral world in short, as by a fairy bridge swung over the abyss of darkness, enters as the master into the original chaos, reduces and organizes it."

When the child Griffith looked vainly in the impoverished home for toys, when he vociferously demanded amusement, the head of the house, the father, Colonel Jacob Wark Griffith, would put on the butternut coat, the aiguillettes and epaulets of a Confederate Brigadier General, and clasp his sword-belt on, would flash his Excalibur and thrust, parry, riposte in all the darts and flings of *carte* and *tierce*, to entertain the baby boy.

The flaming, flashing spirit of the sword entered the child's mind, filled his imagination, gave impulse to his thoughts.

And from the venerable women of the family, great-grandmother and grandmother, came the traditions of a poetic family past.

There was the family Prince; the *ap* Griffith, the son of the King of North Wales who refused to continue to give to Edward I of England the obeisance, homage, extorted from his father; *ap* Griffith put up a great fight, as surrenderless a fight as did later Brigadier General Jacob Wark Griffith whose Confederate regiment

never did surrender, but simply individually wandered to its homes long after Lee had capitulated.

But *ap* Griffith was finally routed and gravely, and Edward became the first English Prince of Wales.

On the other side of the house was the tale of a Lord Brayington who rose with Monmouth and was able like other noble but distinguished gentlemen to make his way to Virginia Colony.

And it was there the great-grandfather lived, who never allowed the name of England nor of anything English to be mentioned in his home.

These were the mental infant foods on which the boy Griffith was sustained in the bare little household, on a ragged edge of what had been a baronial plantation, the rest of it ripped away by the war.

And then with his ears ringing with poetic fancies, his mind filled with the inheritance from the knightly who had gone before, with the imagery of that bold symbol of chivalry, his father's sword, fascinating his impulse, the lad, a kin of the regional hero, General Robert E. Lee, a son of a daughter of the Shirley-Carter clan, the family which gave a mother to General Lee, faced the world.

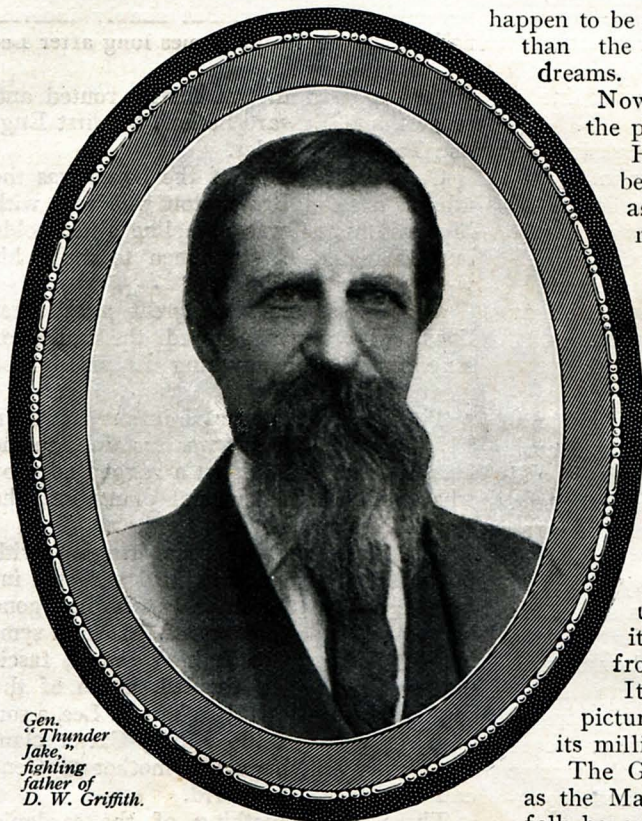
There was something of the sardonic hospitality a Sansculotte would have offered a marquis in the reception the world gave young Griffith; he had to become a book agent; a cub reporter, an iron worker, a clerk in a Baptist book store,—and an actor.

In what other manners the battledores of Fortune used him as shuttlecock it is difficult to say; Griffith, unlike Dante, is taciturn about his experiences in hell.

A brilliant woman, an elder sister, Mattie Griffith, had provided him with the armor which education and culture give; she had put him through his Greek verbs and his Latin declensions; but she had wisely done more in instructing him in things more practical than the wisdom of antiquity and the lovely romances of a dead past.

Miss Griffith had herself fought for an education, and she in Griffith fashion obtained what she wanted, and gave it again to her slender, sensitive brother.

He fared forth into life, taking with no whimper its blows and its cruelty, never bowing his head, and with as stout a heart as any *ap* Griffith, Lord Brayington or



Gen.
"Thunder
Jake,"
fighting
father of
D. W. Griffith.

General Jacob Wark Griffith had kept from breaking in their wars.

It was a battle the boy waged and his wounds were deep; it is not difficult to picture the lad of poetic trend, with a mind as alert and thrustful as a rapier, his nature saturated with the glories of life, with his progress barricaded by futile beings, his efforts blocked by stupid unappreciation of capacity.

He was David assaulting the Goliath of unreceptiveness.

But he was a David.

Of that battle I will give further on his own self-effacing story. He really likes to talk of it, though he fancies he does not, for the warrior instinct is strong in him, and the gentle blood he inherited makes fortune secondary; he accepts a certain degree of luxury in his life, but his happiness is in endeavoring; he never succeeds with the success he aimed for; that cannot be done, for with his intense practical education he is still much of the dreamer, and we all know that dreams never come true; or if they occasionally

happen to be realised they are nothing more than the prefaces to more beautiful dreams.

Now he dominates at Hollywood, the photoplay world.

Hollywood has the habit of being artistic; it was created first as a rich men's colony; it still is; multi-millionaires' palacettes dot the place between movie camps; in its early history Paul de Longpre, then a famous painter of flowers, made it his home, built there a rococo villa, established a show place of a garden, and became infected with the passion universal in Southern California of "boosting" the place.

More millionaires came in; the little town prospered in an aristocratic, dilettante manner, until some movie man found that it had a climate singularly free from "static," and clouds.

It is now the picture center of the picture world; this also has added to its millionaire class.

The Griffith studios have been known as the Majestic-Reliance; for the picture folk have learned the mystery and accompanying profit of interlocking corporations; how many there are in the Griffith place I do not know, but all are now called the Fine Arts studio.

His workshop looks very like an old-time Pacific Coast Chinatown; a series of frame buildings, evidently constructed as need came; a room jutting out here, a stairway there; open-air stages, inclosed stages looking outside like grain warehouses and inside peopled with the characters of royal literary degree. The day I walked through one of these enclosed stages, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree was Macbeth, the place was the royal banquet room, and the people of Shakespeare and of history were posing in courtly ease while Macbeth was drinking a toast.

From a nearby shed came the roars of Leo the Nubian lion, who was playing second lead to De Wolf Hopper in a Waldorf-Astoria comedy.

Across the road is a large lot; on this is the mystery of photoplays; enormous, solidly constructed walls of Ninevehic majesty of architecture, mammoth colossi in

Mason Opera House

M. C. Wiggatt, Lessee and Manager

Evenings at 8:15

Matinees at 2:15

Program Published by T. Newman, 204-207 Mason Opera House.

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 29TH, 1906.
AMERICA'S GREATEST TRAGEDIENNE,

MISS NANCE O'NEIL

IN ELIZABETH

(QUEEN OF ENGLAND.)

Tragedy in Five Acts by Paola Giacometti.

Produced under the personal direction of Mr. McKee Rankin.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

| | |
|---|-----------------------|
| Robert, Earl of Essex (Grand Marshal)..... | Mr. John Glendinning |
| Cecil, Lord Burleigh..... | Mr. Mario Majeroni |
| Lord Howard of Effingham..... | Mr. Arthur Greenaway |
| Marquis de Mendoza, Spanish Ambassador..... | Mr. George Marjeroni |
| Sir Francis Drake..... | Mr. Lawrence Griffith |
| Sir Francis Bacon..... | Mr. Paul Scardon |
| Davison, keeper of the seals..... | Mr. Milton Stallard |
| Hudson, Queen's chamberlain..... | Mr. M. B. Snyder |
| King James of Scotland..... | Mr. Andrew Robson |
| Lady Sarah Howard..... | Miss Jane Marbury |
| Lady Anna Burleigh..... | Miss Clara Thompson |

—AND—

ELIZABETH, Queen of England.....MISS O'NEIL
Lords, Ladies, Courtiers, Guards, Pages, Beefeaters, Etc.

SYNOPSIS.

Ante-chamber in the Queen's Palace. (No intermis-

sing.)

Room. State entry of Queen Elizabeth

and her officers after the fall of Cadiz.

Cabinet. (Between Acts IV and V.)

Scene

PROGRAMME.

A program of the Mason Opera House, Los Angeles, showing "Lawrence" Griffith playing in Nance O'Neil's company, ten years ago.

staff—a Palestine palace; scenes of the divine drama; there is one gallery vista of over half a mile perspective; there are architectural replicas of forgotten empires which in any other place than Hollywood would attract myriad sightseers and provoke pages of publicity.

At Hollywood the marvelous has become negligible.

On the day that the imperturbable De Wolf Hopper arrived there, he was asked what had impressed him about the huge picture plants and the region.

His reply was one that put Heinrich Heine's prophecy about the Messiah into the discard.

Heine said that "when the Messiah again comes to earth, he will not ride on an ass, but in a railway carriage."

Mr. Hopper said, "I am astonished, I mar-

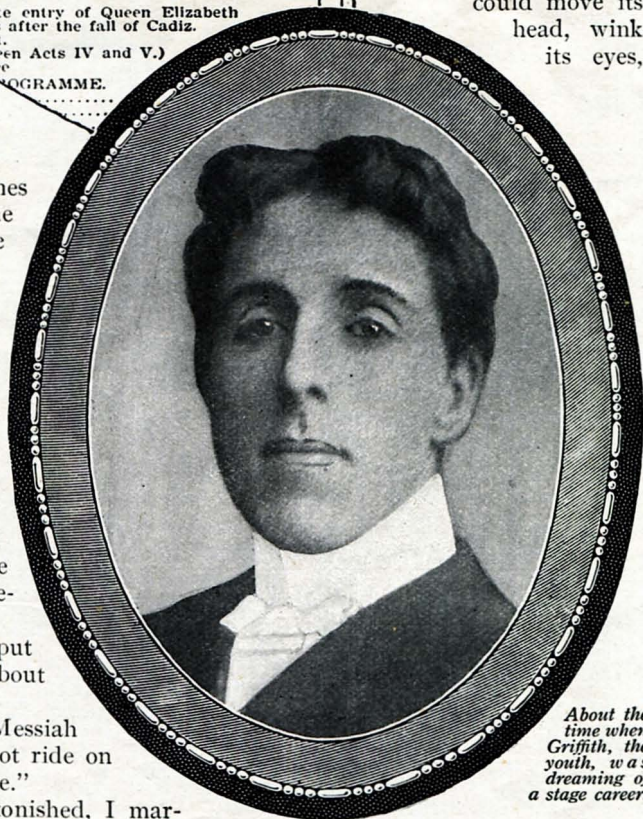
vel at everything, and particularly on seeing Christ just drive up to the studio in a Ford."

Anything can happen at Hollywood without resulting in elongation of necks.

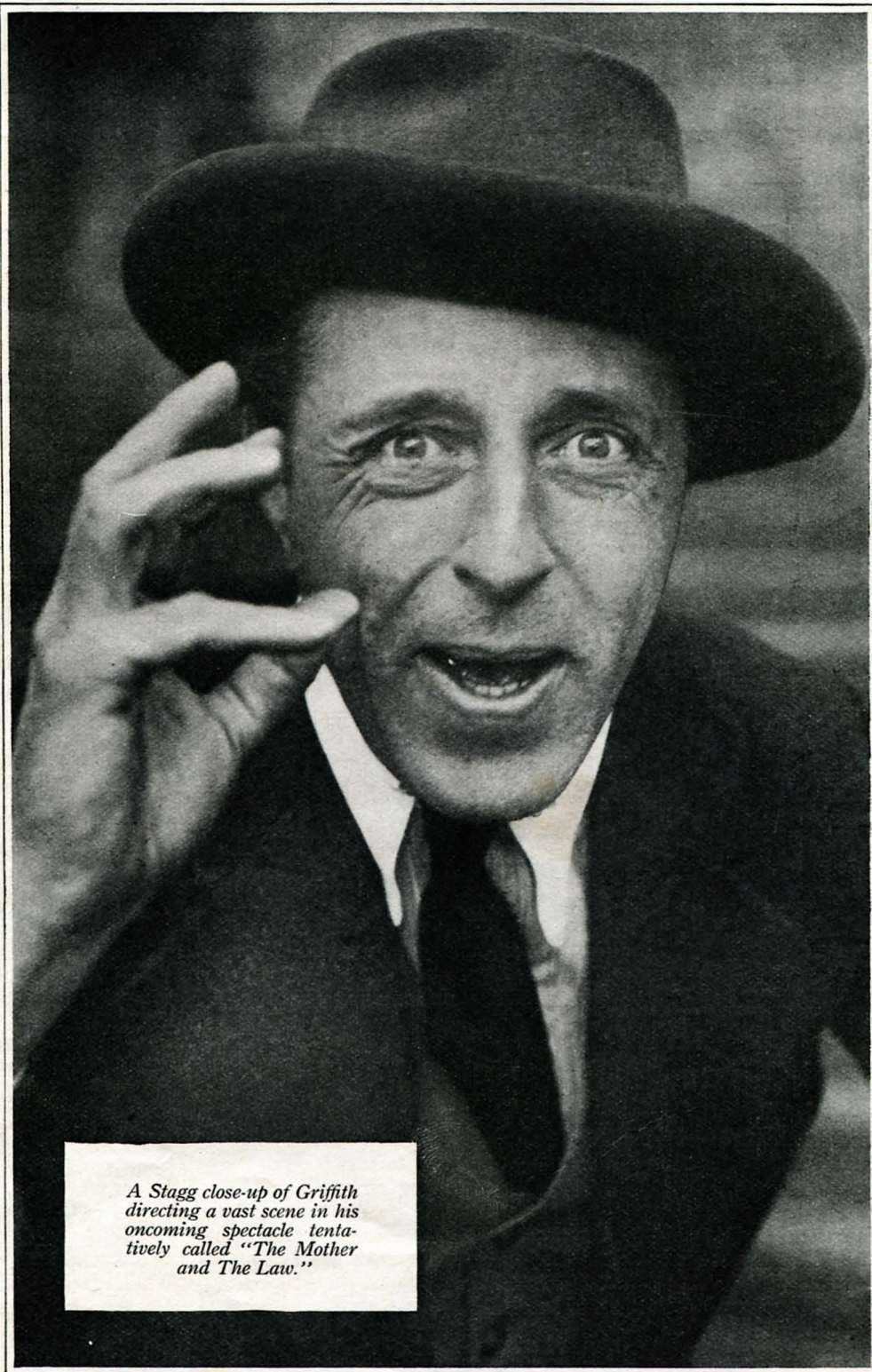
The same is true in almost every place about Los Angeles.

Incidental to this theme, there was a time when the San Fernando people, who are calm olive and alfalfa producers, were terrorized into mobilising by Mr. Griffith.

He was putting on a pre-historic film comedy, and he had his property man build him an ichthyosaurus; it was a practicable fellow; one that could move its head, wink its eyes,



About the time when Griffith, the youth, was a dreaming of a stage career.



A Stagg close-up of Griffith directing a vast scene in his oncoming spectacle tentatively called "The Mother and The Law."

emit flaming breath, and walk when wound up. Its dimensions were according to Lyell; fifty or sixty feet or more long, and impressive in all proportions. The stage director started Friend Ichthy on his way to devouring a tribe of cave men, the populace of the valley sighted the monster, and the fighting men prepared to blow it off the earth, while presumably the other kind prayed.

In the center of a maze of buildings which elbow each other, arrived at by wandering passage ways, is Mr. Griffith's office; it looks like the private office of a bank president, or a department store manager; handsome furniture, rugs on the floor, cosy and elegant, it seems to be just the place for the foremost photoplay man to use as his place to work.

He occupies it possibly once a week or once a month; no one ever thinks of looking for him there, and thereby it is the only place in the big establishment where, if you can induce him to enter, you can have him to yourself for more than a few seconds.

He is too much of a worker to stay in an office; and it is probable he is too much of an artist to be quite as much of a business man as you would expect from what he has accomplished.

His personal story consists of fragmentary bits; a few facts noted during a few moments' talk; a few more another time; his horror of egotism is extreme; he cannot believe that the world is interested in himself or his past, nor what may be intimate information about his personality, and he has learned to be cautious; he hasn't written poetry since he was eighteen.

He has but one trait of the prima donna nature; he does not tell his age; some publications of a Who's Who order put his birth in 1880; this may or may not be correct.

"About myself?" he replied when asked for details, "the public can not care about that topic; you cannot improve on what was written about a real man of note once: 'He was born, he grew up, he slept a little, he ate a little, he worked a little, he loved a little—and then he died.'"

"My family? I do come of good stock; my mother was a Shirley-Carter, my father was Colonel Jacob Wark Griffith of the Confederacy; old comrades of his in the war have told me he was known in the army as 'Thunder Jake,' because he never went into a charge but what his voice could be

heard above the din of guns and combat, urging on his men.

"About the first thing I remember was my father's sword; he would put it on to amuse me. The first time I saw that sword was when my father played a joke on an old negro, once his slave but who with the heads of four other negro families refused to leave the plantation; those four families were four important factors in keeping the Griffith family poor.

"Down South the men usually wore their hair rather long; this negro, who in our better days had been the plantation barber, had been taken to Louisville, ten or twelve miles from our home at Bairdstown, and had seen Northern men with their close-cropped hair; when he came back he got hold of my brother and cut his hair close, Northern style.

"When father saw this he pretended to be enraged; he went into the house, donned his old uniform, buckled on his sword and pistols, and had the negro summoned.

"Then, drawing the sword, he went through the technical cuts and thrusts and slashes, threatening the darkey all the time with being cut up into mince meat.

"The old Uncle was scared pale, and I took it seriously myself until a wink and a smile from father enlightened me.

"So that sword remains the first memory I have of existence.

"We were all somewhat studious; father was a highly educated man, and an elder sister, Mattie, was a brilliantly cultured woman; she it was who gave the children their basic education; my parents always directed our studies and our thoughts toward the noble, the great in literature.

"Mattie found in her father an intellect that met her requirements and a character that she adored; she never married, and would say, either jokingly or seriously, I was never certain which, but suspect the latter, that she never had found a man equal to her father, and that none of less quality would ever satisfy her as a husband.

"Personally, I have not bothered about an ancestry; it is likely though that I was impressed in my childhood with certain family traditions which had come down through the mist of former generations; one was that *ap* Griffith, a Welch Prince of Wales, was the founder of one side of the house, and that a Lord Brayington who revolted

According to Mr. Griffith, the sight of the following poem in a magazine something over nine years ago gave him his greatest thrill; because he had written it, and it had been published. He says it was the proudest day of his life.

The Wild Duck

David Wark Griffith, in *Leslie's Weekly*, Jan. 10, 1907.

Look—how beautiful he is!
Swift his flight as a bullet
As he comes in from the sea in the morning.
For the wind is from the sea in the morning.
See! He is bound for the hilltops,
The gold hilltops, the gold hilltops.
There he will rest 'neath the flowers,
The red flowers—the white and the red,
The poppy—the flower of dreams,
The crimson flower of dreams.
There must be rest in the morning.
Happy wild duck! Happy wild duck!
For the wind is from the sea in the morning.

So will he rest 'neath the roses,
The red roses, the love roses,
And their petals will fall around him,
Sweet and warm around him,
Closer and closer around him,
Warmer and warmer around him,
Till even in the day-time the stars shall
be shining.
Happy wild duck! Happy wild duck!
For the wind is from the sea in the morning.
There by the roses bloom the lilies, the
flowers of peace,
The white flowers of peace,
Red and white together, red and white
and red,
Waving and blowing together,
Blooming and waving together
On the gold hilltops in the morning,
For the wind is from the sea in the morning.
Ah me! but the wind soon changes in
these parts,
Ah me! Ah me!

It was not so in the old days.
Look, look, ah, look, see, even now it is
changing out, out to the sea!
Look, look, above the hilltops,
With eyes turned back to the mainland,
And tired wings wearily beating, but
vainly,
For the wind blows out to the sea in the
evening.
Poor little wild duck! Poor little wild
duck!
Look, there is crimson, warm on his
breast!
Look, red drops fall from his breast!
Poor little wild duck! Poor little wild
duck!
In the evening,
For the wind is out to the sea in the
evening.
Look! He is falling, falling out to the
sea.
Ah, there is mist on the sea!
There is always mist on the sea in the
evening.
Perhaps his nest is beyond, I know not;
Perhaps it is built of the mist I know
not.
Only with tired wings wearily beating,
And eyes turned back to the mainland,
To the red and white and red,
Waving and blowing together,
Blooming and blowing together,
He is falling out, out to the sea.
Poor little wild duck! Poor little wild
duck!
In the evening when the wind blows out
to the sea!
Ah me! Ah me! Ah me!
In the evening when the wind blows out
to the sea.



A view of the Fine Arts Studio at Hollywood, from the top of a huge set. Two years ago this plant consisted of a stage and a few shacks. Now it is one of the largest on the coast. In the background are seen the walls of the largest of the outdoor stages.

with Monmouth and later emigrated under duress to Virginia, was a founder of the other side of the American Griffiths.

"I used to be told of a great-grandfather in Virginia, a stormy, fierce old man who refused to allow the word England to be spoken in his presence and who, as far as he could, barred his door to anything English.

"My grandfather was a Captain David Griffith, who fought in 1812.

"It happens I do know a lot about my father, from what I have been told by Southern soldiers. Colonel Polk Johnson told me of his regiment never having surrendered, and of his having been brevetted Brigadier General.

"After I left home I walked through Kentucky and Tennessee once when I had a job as traveling correspondent and canvasser for the Baptist Weekly, and I met a man named, I think, Holly, who had served with father; I sat up all night with him listening to his stories about Colonel Griffith, whom he pronounced to be the bravest man he had ever seen in action.

"There was a Yankee supply train," said Holly, "that General Jo Wheeler had tried to capture with the regiment of another Colonel, who had been driven off by the escort of the train; but the wagons were still within striking distance and Jo Wheeler very much wanted the bacon and ammunition they contained.

"An orderly called your father, and Jo said to him, 'Colonel, can you capture that Yankee wagon train?'

"Your father saluted and turned to go. "Why don't you answer me, Colonel Griffith?" said General Jo.

"I'll answer you in five minutes," said your father, and in that time he had the train on its way into our camp.

"This incident I have found verified in Jefferson Davis' 'Rise and Fall of The Confederacy.'

"My first, and my last ambition, until Fate turned me into a picture man, was to be a writer. I determined on that when I was six years old. My father's sword and its early effect on my mind, his noble career,

(Continued on page 162)



Photographed by White, exclusively for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

ALICE JOYCE AND HER BABY

Alice Mary Moore, upon waking from a siesta following a hearty lunch, learns that a strange man, bearing a camera, has invaded her apartment in West End Avenue, New York City. Really, she seems no more excited about this than over the possession of Alice Joyce as a mother, Tom Moore as a father, or Mary Pickford as an aunt. She is three months old, and in the words of the mother bending over her with such ill-concealed admiration: "She has a birthday every Tuesday night at a quarter of eight." Her father volunteers that her nights, so far, have been entirely devoted to pounding her little ear.



Photographed by White, exclusively for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Alice Joyce can cook, and occasionally does so, though the majority of food preparation in Moorehouse is left to Emily: a kindly, capable female of dignified age, considerable darkness, and a line of startling talk. At the right above Mrs. Moore appears to be preparing little Alice's lobster a la Newburg; certainly in the adjoining panel she is sewing something for the child—possibly a debutante frock, preparing a release a long way in advance. Note that motherhood has added sweetness, but has robbed Alice Joyce of none of her girlish charm. Her baby has blue eyes, about two cents' worth of blonde hair, and so far has obliged all parties by resembling father and mother alternately.



"Dustin's

BUT AWAY FROM THE
YET TO SCORE A HIT,

By Allen

shoot me true." Yet the number of worth-while men who would jump at the chance of supplying the naked bowman with munitions of war for the storming of her heart, is beyond doubt very large.

Nevertheless Winifred Kingston confesses to a sweetheart. Her mother. They form a close corporation in affection, and there are no outstanding bonds.

One hundred and ten pounds, five feet three inches, of girlish loveliness is Miss Kingston, crowned with a wealth of blonde hair in which tints of red are caught. Her eyes are big, and friendly, and blue. Away from her work at the studio, she is a home girl in the prettiest sense of that word. Her fondest dissipation is going on a spree among her garden flowers, whose fragrance is quite intoxicating. Armed with shears, rake or watering-pot, she strolls forth to do gentle execution, and ever her trophies fill the rooms of her home with gay colors and sweet odors.

And with her mother she delights to share books, the tennis courts, and a motor.

Born in London a trifle more than twenty years ago, Miss Kingston's education was

SHE loves him devotedly, completely, passionately. And, after the manner of gallant gentlemen who have made of their heart a sacred close for the Don Quixoteing of a woman's soul, he jousts with perils many for her dear sake; laughs at danger cavalierly; braves death lightly, and never-ever forgets that a certain quiet steadfastness in little attentions is a stronger magnet to draw and fast-hold a woman than big but infrequent doings.

Winifred Kingston and Dustin Farnum.

All of which calls for the modifying statement that it happens on the screen. "In reel life we two lie slain of Cupid," said Miss Kingston to her interviewer; "but in real life Little Danny has yet to



Sweetheart"

CAMERA'S CLICK DAN CUPID HAS
SAYS WINSOME WINIFRED KINGSTON

Corliss

got in Edinburgh and Paliseul, Belgium. When still in her teens she appeared on the London stage in leading roles under the direction of such celebrities as Charles Frohman and Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. A pleasant renewal of old acquaintance was afforded not long ago when Miss Kingston entertained at dinner for Sir Herbert, on the occasion of his photoplay debut in Los Angeles. Sir Herbert is with Ince, Miss Kingston with Pallas.

In America "Dustin's Sweetheart" scored successes on the speaking stage in "The Servant in the House," "Thais," "Seven Sisters," "Pomander Walk," "The Elixir of Youth," and other plays of comparable class. Then, one experimental appearance in moving pictures swiftly decided her thenceforth field of art. The silent drama claimed her for its own; and she has acted as Farnum's leading lady in nearly all of his photoplays, including

"Captain Courtesy," "Cameo Kirby," "The Call of the Cumberlands," "Ben Blair," "The Gentleman from Indiana," etc., with distinct success. She has beauty, youth, brains, ability, and an enviable capacity for work. A rather complete equipment for anyone whose face is set toward ideals.

Without intent to strike a narrative discord or flirt with flippancy, one other possession of Miss Kingston's at the time of this interview, may be mentioned: a long, red and rather severe scratch on the forearm.

"Oh, that!" she laughed, answering a solicitous glance. "Bessie gave me that!"

One experienced a sudden desire to lay hands on Bessie, and do ungentlemanly

She has acted as Farnum's leading lady in nearly all of his photoplays.



things to her back hair and features.

"Bessie, you see, is by way of being a bear, a 480-pound cinnamon bear we used in producing 'Davy Crockett.' We had a lot of trouble with that lady at first, but now she's turned out to be quite an actress. Clap the camera's eye on Bessie and she will rise up and strut like an old-fashioned long-haired villain. No less. She is keen for speed when I take her out in the tonneau of my car, and she has learned to step carefully over any other passenger, getting out.

"Bessie didn't like me one little bit at first, and gave me this scratch. But now she likes me so well that she will let me ride on her back, to the horror and fear of my friends. Once she became unruly and broke away from her keeper; galloped off across the big meadow to the lake, with

many frantic persons in pursuit. 'Good night, there goes two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of bear,' moaned the keeper, and I have reason to believe that he swore. But Bessie's swim tired her out and she languidly permitted herself to be recaptured across the lake.

"Exciting? Oh, that's nothing, I assure you. It was far more exciting when we were out 'on location' producing 'Davy Crockett' away up in the San Bernardino Mountains. We were completely snow-bound eight days, and we found in the snowdrifts the body of a man who had been frozen to death. I fell into a swirling mountain torrent, and the nerve and quick wits of Dustin Farnum saved my life. It's all part of the day's work, and wonderfully fascinating. But goodness gracious, that water was cold!"

Prince Pickford, Dog Star

"YOU Prince there, register joy!"

"Woof! Woof! Woof-woof!"

The command is given by Jack Pickford, star brother of the famous Mary. The response, prompt, emphatic and accurate, comes from his fides achates, the white-breasted collie Prince, himself a star among the canine actors of the shadow stage, though the only salary he draws is love and affection and his keep.

Jack Pickford and his dog are more than friends, more than chums; they're regular, old-fashioned pals. Prince displays an almost human intelligence when acting with his master before the camera, as he frequently does. In an interview for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Prince barked out these observations:

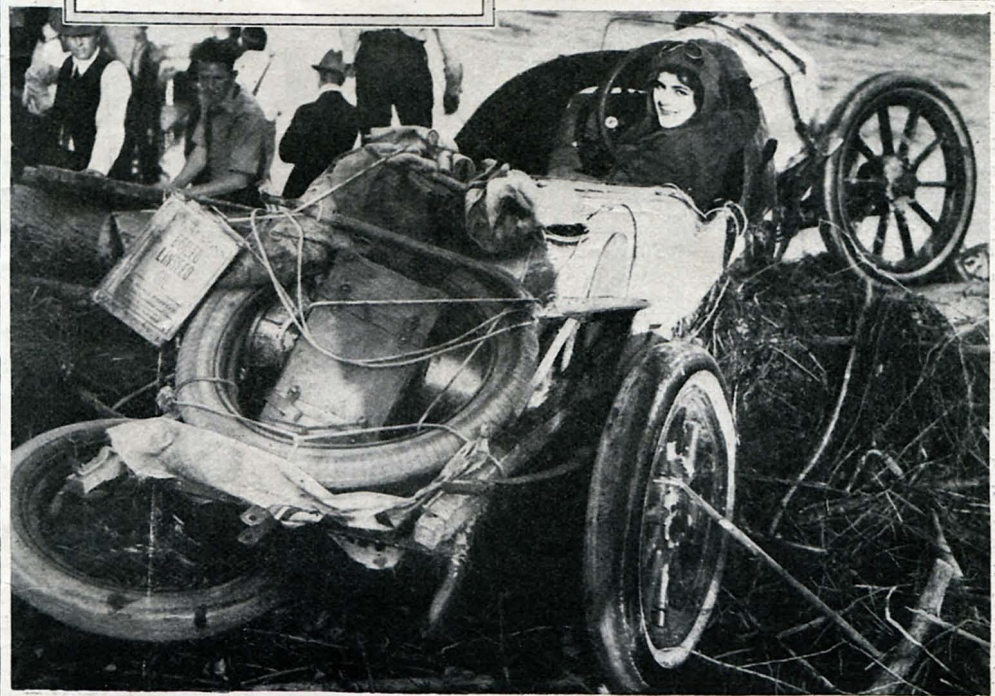
"I sure do like this job. Nothing to growl about in the movies. No sir! I get my big square meal every day, plenty of automobile rides, and long walks and romps with my Pal. Actor dogs have only one growl coming: they don't get enough publicity in the magazines—I mean us stars. I posed especially for this picture, so now mind you put it in. Woof!"



WHAT GOES UP MUST COME DOWN



Miss Anita King is here shown making a 72-foot flight through space after the villain had wrecked the bridge, but the happy landing below indicates that she suffered no ill effects. It is the thriller in "The Race," a Lasky photoplay.



GRACE TYLER dropped her shopping bundles on the table, not heeding the impish raillery of her sister Ruth, who, just behind her, demanded to know every parcel's contents, its cost and its ultimate destination. Grace was alarmed at the expression of her mother's pale, drawn face.

"Mother! There can't be anything wrong?" The poignancy of Grace's voice hushed Ruth. Mrs. Tyler smiled, and in smiling, drew a curtain over the woe that stood in her eyes. She rose, and put her hands into those of Grace, who clutched her fingers with frightened eagerness.

"My dears," she said, quietly, "mother has learned a fundamental lesson, even at her vast age. It's this: always tell the simple truth to those who have a right to know, and tell it while the sun is shining. It may not sound so well in a storm. I—I suppose I loved you both too much to—to"—her voice broke, and the tears came—"to tell you that we haven't any money. Everything we have is mortgaged, and I can't meet the interest!"

Mrs. Tyler, her lips quivering, wandered away from her daughters, and toward the window, from which she stared through swimming eyes. Ruth gazed after her in childish fright. Grace felt her womanliness, her strength and her independence rising like a wave. She looked at the letter which bore the black



"Since this is your first studio day, I must tell you that the artist is only a impersonal

"NOT MY

THE TALE OF ONE WHO VAINLY
TRIED TO STRIP THE TREE OF
LIFE OF ALL ITS BLOSSOMS

financial news—and laughed. Youth's first straw in the sea of danger always seems a firm life raft. Therefore it was with calm and assurance that she prevaricated: "I'm going to speak to you, mother, about the



machine of creation. I'm not Arnold who danced with you; I'm an image-maker."

SISTER!"

By James Montgomery
and
C. Gardner Sullivan

Produced by Thomas H. Ince.

thing I've wished to do for weeks. I want to be a model—like Mazie Grant!"

"For one of those terrible foreigners—never!" Her mother's eyes flashed resolution.

"No, mother. Not for any 'terrible foreigner,' but for Michael Arnold, an American, and a better artist than all of them."

Mrs. Tyler was not warmed to the proposal by Arnold's mere nationality, but when one is upon an island, one must navigate to escape. The Tyler family, used to the soft prettinesses and the sweet protections of life, were upon a very bleak island of need. They were not in want, but unless a few extra dollars could be made within the next few weeks foreclosures would throw them from their seeming security to real poverty, and into the most abject personal embarrassment. Michael Arnold had few models. Those who happened to mirror his ideals of beauty received splendid pay—and neither a clerk's nor stenographer's pay would suffice to lead the Tyler family past its golden danger-point.

Arnold had met Grace at a tea-dance, and he had, partly in jest, proposed that she become the head-and-shoulders inspiration for his new figure of Justice, chief ornament of the rising, million-dollar courthouse. To tell the truth, her appeal was vividly personal, though perhaps neither of them—certainly not Grace—realized that at the time.

He was a splendid physical type, with the blue eyes and black hair of his Celtic ancestors. He laughed always, gayety was his religion, and he stripped the tree of life bare every day; knowing that for him, at



His whisper was ecstatic. "Your faith inspires me, but your love could create a genius out of that lump of clay!"

least, it would produce fresh fruits on the morrow. Grace's seriousness appealed to him—her tenderness and womanliness—as much as her blonde hair, her white skin, her violet eyes, her Grecian throat and superb arms.

MRS. TYLER, who accompanied her daughter on her first visit to Arnold's studio, was alarmed rather than impressed by the languorous luxury of his Oriental reception room, with its faint incense, its shaded lights and its revelatory portraits of lovely ladies. But Arnold himself put fear quite out of her mind.

"Why," he cried, in a big, merry voice, "it's the little girl of my Hesitation Waltz, that day in the Roman Gardens! And her mother? This is an honor, just as meeting the little girl herself was a pleasure!" Mrs. Tyler's hand was crushed in his big, warm fist, and his eyes looked frankly into hers.

Arnold, thinking that Grace had come upon a curious society girl's visit to a celeb-

rity's workshop, was swept off his feet by her frank solicitation of employment. Nevertheless he was clever enough to make no headlong acceptance; he lowered his voice, and put a very cool, calculating tone into it as he asked her many questions concerning previous studio experience, or any labor for hire whatsoever. She had had none. He answered that this was much better; now, she had no hard-and-fast notions, probably incorrect, which he would be compelled to eradicate.

Then came the "first sitting."

Ruth accompanied her, and Grace compared her terror with her first visit to a dentist's office. Arnold, in his white smock, his muscular arms bare, she thought should be carrying a pair of cruel molar forceps instead of a lump of clay. She shrank from the bizarre little dressing room. But Ruth, equally divided between wide eyes and enthusiasm, pushed her into it, following in hops and skips, and fairly tore her waist from her shoulders. Grace pulled the

scarf as tightly about her throat as she dared when she emerged. Ruth followed, toddling along in the midst of an ingenu stare, sucking her thumb like a baby. She looked like a boy, with her dark hair, her inquisitive little face, and her slim figure.

"This way!" said Arnold, impersonally as a physician, leading her to the model throne. He put his hands upon her bare shoulders, and began to rearrange the scarf.

"Oh!" whispered Grace, involuntarily, putting up her own hands to detain him. He desisted. His arms fell at his sides.

"Since this is your first studio day," he explained, gently, "I must tell you that the artist is only a machine of creation. I'm not Arnold who danced with you; I'm an impersonal image-maker. Your scarf is not right at all. You wouldn't know how to make it right. I do. Therefore I'll arrange it."

Without any more preamble, he removed the fabric entirely, and quickly readjusted it. Grace knew that her face was in flames,

and she was trembling a little—but she knew that Arnold was right. Therefore she said nothing, did nothing. Presently both she and Ruth were breathlessly interested in the human likeness rising out of the shapelessness under his wonderful fingers. They were surprised, and not a little sorry, when he told them that Grace's day's work was over.

DESPITE the little barrier of fear, which acquaintance could not tear away, Grace conceived an enthusiastic admiration for Arnold's work, and as well for his dauntless, even reckless personality. His gayety, his defiance of every convention—in conversation—and his glorious struggle to complete though home-grown success fascinated her. His manner, sometimes an aspect of mockingly severe business, at other times a semblance of almost irresistible flirtation, charmed her. But best of all, she liked the undercurrent of gentle respect which dominated all their



"No!" gasped Grace, breathless. "No!" Terror must have stared from her eyes.



So Ruth began to pose for Michael Arnold, but Grace went every day with her to the studio.

intercourse; in all of their home and social life.

The statue of Justice neared completion; the bar of financial danger to the Tyler household was overridden safely on the crest of the new income.

School began. Then came the day upon which doughty little chaperon Ruth did not appear at the studio. Arnold did not seem to notice her absence, though Grace felt strangely uneasy.

She noticed, for the first time, that Arnold was staring more at her than at his work; that he destroyed almost everything he shaped; that his hands today seemed those of a clumsy potter instead of the miraculous digits of Michael Arnold.

"Rest a few minutes!" he exclaimed, suddenly. He wheeled abruptly, and, with his hand to his chin, walked pensively to the window at the far end of the studio. Unconsciously, Grace had been standing tense and strained. She was tired, and the couch beneath the Turkish lanterns was really very welcome. Before she knew that she was drowsy, she slept.

Arnold returned to the middle of the great room, and, gazing at the statue, walked close to it, and began to caress it.

His right hand lingered lovingly on the cold cheek—as if it had been Grace's cheek.

A great battle was going on in his heart: a battle between the imperious Michael Arnold, who had worn every flower that he had fancied, and a finer, gentler man—the soul of the artist, perhaps?—who respected Grace's gentility and purity of mind even more than he admired her beautiful body. In this battle the ruthless Arnold won, as he had always won. In the

clash of existence Arnold had not only whipped others; he had beaten his better self; he was, after all, a rank materialist. He stepped briskly to the door.

"Come!" he exclaimed, quickly and a little harshly, not giving his eyes time to feast upon the relaxed loveliness of the sleeping girl. She awoke with a start, blushing to have her employer find her drowsing.

The scarf did not seem right. He began to rearrange it. Presently his hand lingered without movement. His fingers rested not upon the white silk, but upon Grace's bare flesh. She thought that they burned her shoulder.

"Please don't do that," she said, very simply.

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed brusquely, with a toss of his head, and a fling of his big, lithe body toward the sculpted clay.

But instead of working he looked first at her, then at the clay—again, at her. He threw his tools down, crying: "Cold marble will never do justice to your wonderful, wonderful, wonderful beauty, Grace! I quit!"

It was the first time he had addressed

her except as Miss Tyler, but she did not notice the familiarity. What she did note, with alarm, was the raised mallet in his frenzied hands—a thick block of wood which threatened to shatter a masterpiece. She rushed toward him, with a cry. He permitted her to take the mallet from him, and then—how adroitly, she thought, long afterward!—walked dejectedly toward the little Oriental corner where she had just been sleeping.

GRACE, hypnotized by the drama of the scene, followed him, taking his hands in hers as a mother might have enfolded the fingers of her tired little boy.

"Michael," she murmured, "please try again. You are so unjust, so unkind to yourself, you big, strong, splendid genius!"

"You believe in me!" His whisper was ecstatic. "Your faith inspires me, but, dear, your love could create a genius out of that lump of clay!" Now he held both her hands, his face coming closer and closer, his eyes shining like deep fires near hers.

"You . . . love me?" she questioned, softly, hypnotized.

"I worship you," he answered, deliberately. He was holding her shoulders, now, drawing her close to him. "Kiss me, wonder child."

"Then, contradictorily, he kissed her. The mad magic of all the strong, ruthless men who have ever won and ravaged seemed to be in his kiss. What happened after that, try as she would, she never could remember.

It was his laugh that roused her. In a flash her life, he, and her situation blazed before her as though illuminated by a thousand suns. It was the laugh of the immortal man who promises fealty till the stars are cold, and rides away in the same hour.

With a cry she crouched, like a bewildered captive, against the far wall. Her hair was down, her scarf was gone. Her



"Dear," she answered, "you know that my time is like myself; all and always yours."

voice stilled Arnold's gayety; unconventional as he was, he trembled over the possibility of a scene! He tried to console her, but in growing hysteria she flung on her garments—somehow—and ran into the placid, casual afternoon.

Her mother was worried over her haggard face. More worried, because, next morning, she could eat nothing.

Her explanation was simple.

"Mr. Arnold has finished the statue, and there is nothing else for me to do."

But the little home had been saved, and Ruth and her mother were, for the time being at least, comfortable and happy. So Grace passed from serene girlhood to serious womanhood, a secret locked in her heart.

THE fate of half the world has been settled in less than three years' time. Grace believed that fate had said "Adieu" to her upon her marriage to John Marshall, and that her adventures were ended.

She had married John Marshall only because she deeply loved him; and she loved him because his qualities were opposite those of the brilliant, selfish Arnold. He was a gentle man, rather quiet but stubborn. He idolized Grace, and it pleased Grace to feel that he could be madly, wickedly jealous should she ever give him cause. He did not possess vast imagination. He was unvaryingly kind, his provision for Grace, her sister and her mother was ample, and Grace adored him.

So matters might have progressed to the last days of their lives, without incident, had not the artist who insisted upon winning the town halls of America before invading the ateliers of Paris—things might always have gone on as they were had not Arnold returned.

Arnold's homecoming was a great affair. It did not worry Grace. She resolved to keep out of his way at all times. Her husband was not of the artistic set, and besides, she knew very well that Arnold, philanderer though he was, was not given to boasting of past performances.

For three months they were in the same town without meeting. Arnold knew of Grace's marriage. He had never ceased to respect her. Now, he wished her well.

It was innocent Mrs. Tyler, who, at a reception which both Grace and Arnold attended quite casually, rushed enthusiastically to him, and brought him to her daughters.

The meeting between Grace and Arnold was formal.

The catastrophe occurred when his eyes fell upon Ruth. Her slender body had ripened like an expanding flower. Her once bright, boyish eyes were now mysterious and lustrous. Her mouth full and dewy. She was the prettiest girl in town. Grace was alarmed by the looks the sculptor bent upon her little sister.

A few days later he called at the Marshall home, and requested Mrs. Tyler to permit Ruth to pose for his new head-and-shoulders figure, "Youth."

The stark, unrelieved daring of the proposition appalled Grace. It was beyond her how this man could smilingly look into her eyes, and, with a casual voice, ask her to send her sister into his hands. For ask her he did.

"No!" gasped Grace, breathless. "No!" Terror must have stared from her eyes.

Her attitude thoroughly aroused her family. After Arnold's smiling departure the three of them assailed her. Her mother felt that perhaps her eldest daughter, secure in her social position, was "taking on airs." Ruth was plainly piqued and childishly indignant over Grace's protest against her enthusiasm.

But it was John who swept all resistance away with an argument which was at once simple, insurmountable, and terrible in its veiled potency.

"Why," he asked, in his kind, calm tone, "do you object to Ruth posing for this man, when once you posed for him yourself?"

So Ruth began to pose for Michael Arnold, but Grace went every day with her to the studio. Thus the positions of three years before were reversed.

WITH his limited imagination, John Marshall conjured up wrong reasons for Grace's constancy to Ruth—a constancy which he thought was due to a sudden or revived fancy for the sculptor.

"If, as you say, some one ought to go with her, why not her mother?" Grace's explanation that her mother was not strong enough to make the daily trip did not explain.

A great gulf began to open between John Marshall and his wife. Upon his part, brooding sorrow and jealousy; upon hers, fear and a dreadful sense of helplessness. In a moment of Ruth's absence, Grace implored Arnold to have done with his sittings—to end the incipient little tragedy. He laughed back a protest about art's impersonality, and behind this thin veil of lie Grace sensed the note of wolf-hunger she should have heard in his voice when first he spoke to her. She resolved that, whatever the price, she would protect her sister.

The next day her husband appeared, unexpectedly, at noon.

"Grace," he began, in a voice of measured casualty, "do you feel that you can spare me a little of your time?"

"Dear," she answered, "you know that my time is like myself: all and always yours."

"Oh, thank you so much! I didn't know." His cruelty was a knife-thrust. "I have to go to Chicago this afternoon. I shall be gone about four days—not too much work, and I'd like to have you with

(Continued on page 154)

"Who, Me? You Don't Mean Me?"

BUT DIRECTOR HAYDON *DID* MEAN HIM;
AND THAT IS HOW PROPERTY MAN HONUS
SMITH BECAME AN ACTOR ALL IN A DAY

By George Haskins

"**W**HO, me?" demanded Honus Smith dazedly. "Why, I never acted in my life. You don't mean *me*?"

"Yes, I mean *you*," retorted Director Haydon of the Essanay studios. "And you begin to act right now. It's quite true you've been 'only a property man' for a quarter of a century, and I know that your father was a Great Lakes skipper. But it is also stacked away in my memory that you are the grandson of a grandfather who was an actor, and the great-grandson of a great-grandfather who was an actor, and the great-great-grandson of a great-great-grandfather who was an actor. And this is where you, my dear Honus Smith, put over a reversal to type and become an actor yourself. Now climb right quickly into the war togs and introduce the lining pencil to your face, because in about eight minutes I'm going

to call 'Camera!' Now you get busy."

Did he do it? Did anybody ever hear of a clansman of the Great Tribe of Smith falling down on the job? This particular Smith had spent twenty-five years in and about the gloomy back-precincts of Chicago theatres, footlighted and shadowed, becoming one of the best property men in the business: He spent just twenty-five minutes making his sensational debut as a finished



actor, in "The Strange Case of Mary Page."

This swift and spectacular reversal to the type of his Thespian-blooded ancestors came about (as do most of the fateful happenings in this uncertain world) through a self-grouping of circumstances unforeseen. Essanay's director found himself "shy" an actor to fill the important role of property man in the photoplay mentioned—a property man in a road company who was given the leading part when the star jumped his contract and ditched the act. Then it was that the keen and calculating eye of Haydon filled itself inspirationally with the figure of Property

Man Smith, and the command which fore-runs these lines was snapped out.

Smith made good in a minute, tremendously good. No sooner had he struck pose before the camera than his stage-treading forebears awoke in him, reincarnated, and Honus Smith, grandson, great-grandson and great-great-grandson, came into his own. So excellently did he come, withal, that in the eighth episode of the play he shared honors with Henry B. Walthall and Edna Mayo.

Whereby one Charles J. Haydon, Director, is after pluming himself as a Knight of the Contemporary Discoverers of Genius, doanchuno.

A Pastoral Moment of "Ramona."



This film play is a visual transcription of Helen Hunt Jackson's novel of California in its last Spanish days. The California Indians were shepherds, not warriors. The two principal characters are shown here: Ramona, played by Adda Gleason, and Alessandro, according to the character disguise of Monroe Salisbury. Donald Crisp directed this production.



*She got her first job
by getting mad at
D. W. Griffith.*

“Let Fay Try It!”

FIRST FATHER SAID IT IN TOPEKA;
NOW GRIFFITH SAYS IT EVERY
ONCE IN A WHILE AT HOLLYWOOD

By John Lloyd

Illustrations by B. Goodwin

SHE is the Black and White Special on the rails of Mirth, with five years yet to run. After that—Kismet, or possibly the producer with the biggest bankroll.

At present she lives on the top floor of a tall apartment house built on a hill. Its black feature is the climb it demands to reach it. The white feature is the pres-

ence of Fay Tincher, once of Topeka.

Out at the Fine Arts studio where Fay Tincher has metamorphosed from a black-and-white cocoon of graphic comedy into a comedienne of finished artistry, whenever light touches are needed for a perplexing part, David Wark Griffith has come to say: “Let Fay try it.”

And the wording is almost an echo of

She is the Black and White Special on the rails of mirth.



ing her elocution when she was five. She played in minor theatricals. Dancing too was a part of her study, and vocal and instrumental lessons. And she recited—oh, everything—except “Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight.”

During her early teens, she went to a dramatic school in Chicago, specializing in dancing. While she was there, her father died. She had done some work in light opera with the Savage company in Chicago, but when she faced the business of life, she went to New York.

There she was engaged by Joe Weber for his cast in “Dream City.” She played for a season, a success but not a sensation.

Then she inherited several thousand dollars, and went abroad for three years to live with her sister in Paris and London.

“Returning to New York, I was anxious to get on the stage again, and went to work on the Keith circuit playing the lead in Arthur Hopkins’ sketch, ‘The Dance Dream.’

“For the next season, Mr. Hopkins was arranging a much more important part for me in a bigger production.

I was to play a vampire part, and I never was so excited in my life as when preparing for that work.

“One afternoon I went to the booking office with a friend while she arranged for time. That was two years ago, about the first of January. While I sat there, a man came in and began to stare at me. I said to myself, ‘Fay, you must be looking fit today’ and let him stare.

what the good people of Topeka, Kansas, used to say whenever talent was needed in an entertainment: “Let George Tincher’s little girl do it.”

For she has been “doing stunts” since she was five years old. Her father was responsible for that. He was prominent in Topeka, the state printer and once mayor of the city. And he had a sense of humor.

Miss Tincher inherited it from him. Her funnybone is her wish bone, for she has always desired to be a comedienne. Excepting of course the delightful period of Sweet Sixteen when she longed to be a tragedienne.

Miss Tincher’s father, the memory of whom is very dear to her, insisted she should be accomplished, and began teach-

to me and said: ‘Did you ever do any work in pictures?’

“I hadn’t, so I said ‘No.’

“‘Well,’ he said, ‘I wish you would come to the Studio and meet Mr. Griffith. I think you are just the type he is looking for.’

“I wasn’t at all enthusiastic for I had my mind set on that vampire part, and I had never seen a moving picture, only as a glimpse in a vaudeville bill. I had never been to a regular film show.

“I went down next day and Mr. Griffith wasn’t there. But he told me by telephone next day to come at once. He asked to register different emotions. I tried. He kept looking at me with a sort of a smile. Finally he made a sarcastic remark and got



The stick of candy lady on the right is Miss Tincher; the play, "Ethel's Romance." Center, an impression in black and white by Goodwin.

me mad. I told him I didn't care for moving picture work; that I hadn't asked for a job; that he had invited me to call, and that I didn't purpose to be treated that way.

"In the midst of it, he jumped up and clapped his hands. 'You're the one I've been looking for,' he said. 'You're just the type.'

"So I got my job by getting mad. Of course I understand why he did it now.

"Before I did real film work, I got my inspiration for the black and white color scheme, now that I think of it. We were sitting in a cafe one night, Mr. Griffith and quite a crowd of us. He was discussing how various types photograph.

"Suddenly he pointed at me and said: 'Now take that type—Miss Tincher there—she is a distinct type, all black and white, black hair, black



Miss Tincher and her support, in "Don Quixote."

eyes, all the rest white. You can't go wrong on such a face, for it's only black and white. It won't show shadows as the blonde type will.' I didn't think much about it at the time.

"My first picture was: 'The Battle of the Sexes.' In it were Lillian Gish, Mary Alden, Donald Crisp, and Bobby Harron. I played opposite Donald Crisp."

"It was after I came west with the company I started the black and white color scheme. I was the telephone girl in the 'Ethel and Bill' series. Mr. Griffith said I looked like Mabel Normand and could do the broad comedy.

"My part wasn't very big and I wanted to make it stand out, so I thought 'How can I dress most ef-



fectively;' and then I thought of what Mr. Griffith had said about the face 'all black and white,' and I had it.

"Then I designed and made all my dresses. Those were the days when we all could afford to make our own clothes. I tried to get a dash of style in each dress, but have it just askew. I still design all my clothes, but I have an awful time making the dressmakers think I am sane. I have stopped using all black and white. But I still use those two colors in every outfit." She always designs them sleepless nights in bed.

Then came her work with DeWolf Hopper in "Don Quixote."

"You know the principal feature of comedy work is that it is so terribly serious," she said. "I worked over my part as Dulcinea for months. I had become crazy about film work, and wouldn't return to the stage for anything. Dulcinea was the hardest part I ever played. I

wanted to look stupid but not stolid. And it was an inspiration to work with Mr. Hopper."

That film established Fay Tincher as one of the great film actresses. A rival company offered her a startling increase in salary. And her check from the Fine Arts company jumped \$100 a week. When one of Griffith's stars gets an offer from a rival company, Griffith agrees to give an advance equal to one half the advance offered by the rival. In this case he didn't do it. It would take a longer stocking than Don Quixote drew from the fair leg of Dulcinea to hold all the wealth Miss Tincher has stored away.

But she has bought no bungalow, no automobile, no orange grove. She rides to the studio in a street car, and she keeps no maid.

"I'm going to work just five years more in pictures," she said. "After that I'm going to travel."

NOW, MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT—



Here we have Herbert Brenon, Fox director, in a new role, as prosecuting attorney. Highest on the steps is Magistrate S. C. Burke, chief magistrate of Kingston, Jamaica, while Mr. Brenon is poised nonchalantly just below him with his pith helmet resting on his knee. The brunette gentlemen in uniform are Jamaican policemen and the barefoot prisoner at the left is just getting ten days for theft. The Fox studio at Fort Augusta is ten miles from the nearest police station and Magistrate Burke made daily trips to the studio to hold court.

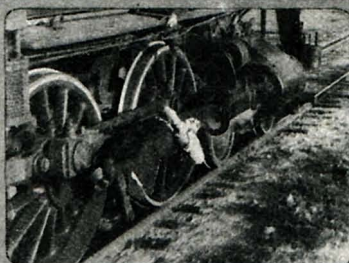
"BITS" FROM A DAILY ROUTINE

Helen Holmes rescued from a moving passenger train in "The Girl and the Game." The picture was taken from a flat car towed behind the train.

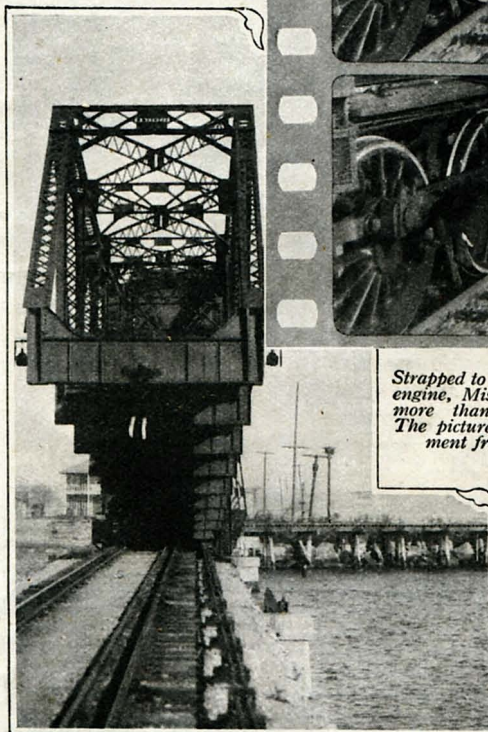


It is readily conceivable that Miss Holmes limped for some weeks after making this jump from the end of a drawbridge early in the "Game."

Hanging from the side of a locomotive tender is really a tame stunt compared with others. The overalls are such good protection.



Strapped to the drivers of an engine, Miss Holmes rode more than three miles. The picture is an enlargement from the film.



VIRGINIA PEARSON

Giving a Little Thrill to
Several Sets of Spring Scenery



In the following pages Miss Pearson proves to Miss French that wartime fashions just swing around the circle to an eternal starting point; while Miss French seizes her opportunity and interviews the Fox star's frocks.

War-Time Fashions: Always the Same

By Lucille French

(Illustrations from original copyrighted designs.)



Young woman's afternoon dress of white Georgette crepe with white satin overbodice, flare cuffs and wide bands on skirt. Suitable for graduation frock. Price \$25.00.



Sports dress of oyster white Shantung. Blouse belted in golden brown ramie linen with pipings of same on sleeves and down center of side cartridge plaits of skirt. Price \$59.50.

THERE are so many people in this world who attribute everything to Destiny, that grim, invisible bugaboo that furnishes the crystal gazer, the teacup seeress and the reader of cards an excuse for being.

Coincidence is the whitehaired boy of Destiny. Without Coincidence Destiny would be submitted to the third degree, found guilty and sentenced to banishment from the world of wholesome people.

But, no matter how we jibe at it, there is an awesome quake, in the depths of us, when strange things "just happen," at critical moments, without rhyme or reason. We scoff at superstition, outwardly. Inwardly, we more than half respect it.

That is the reason why I approach a member of the most superstitious profession on earth—a daughter of the stage, now of the screen—when a peculiar coincidence

struck into my brain the other day. I stood before a window whose demure, Quakerish gray background threw into resplendent relief a display of Spring frocks—evening and otherwise.

They were on foolish looking, wax figures. Will there ever come a day when artists in show window sculpture will stop sculpting women who have whipped cream brains and hearts of crimson satin, stuffed with powdered orris root? As I watched,



Sports suit of new silk khaki-kool with oyster white box-pleated skirt and coat of emerald, rose or Copenhagen; white collar and cuffs. Price \$49.50.

Miss Pearson has the plastic pose of all beautiful southern women. She has, also, the calm demeanor that coaches in social etiquette call "poise." She was not at all disturbed at my startling discovery.

"Don't you see," I insisted with some impatience, "start wherever you please, after the seventeenth century, and you will find that, at wartime, Fashion has decreed the close-fitting bodice and the bouffant skirt. Recall the illustration on Page 76 of your U. S. history. Remember? It showed a charming young girl descending a stairway. At the foot stood the father of our country, waiting to grasp her hand. Her gown had a slim, little, tight bodice. Its skirt billowed about her—just yards and yards of rich silk."

"Yes?" observed Miss Pearson, calmly amused.

"Marie Antoinette always sat on the edge of her chair, due to the difficulty she had

Young woman's evening frock of white or ecru embroidered net mounted over net in new hoopskirt model. Embroidered cape bertha and sleeves finished with knife plaited net. Suitable for graduation gown. Price \$29.50.



the smirking faces, above the beautiful, billowy gowns, slowly faded. A different type of woman flowered amid the hooped nets and silver laces.

A woman with delicately tinted, oval face, with powdered wig and with a simple dignity that was beautiful to see. Such a woman as Washington might have danced with at the Inaugural Ball. Such a woman as Marie Antoinette was, at the height of her glory. Then, suddenly, it came to me that, always, at wartime, coincidence—or something stronger—has drawn the self-same silhouette, for women's fashions.

Virginia Pearson, the William Fox star, whose beauty and wonderful bearing has always made her a modiste's delight, was the logical victim to be quizzed on this most puzzling fact. To her I went with my querulous plea:

"Tell me why it's so?"

with voluminous skirts. That was what gave her the magnificent erectness that was hers, even in the tumble, on her way to the guillotine."

"Yes," Miss Pearson interrupted, "and the little belles of the Confederacy, those who strewed jasmine and honeysuckle in the path of Robert E. Lee, had to crush their layers and layers of full petticoats to get through the little, white gates in front of their homes. That has to do with the South, you see, where I come from. That's the reason I know."

Miss Pearson's maid lifted a gossamer thing of silver-embroidered net, touched with a splash of shell pink at one side of the close-fitting bodice.

"And now," I declared, in vindication of my theory, "the greatest, most horrible of all wars is raging across the water and we have our daintiest skirts all puffed out with ribbon-bound wires and our waists tight. Why?"

"There may be a very profound reason for it," she began slowly, "there is also a very profound reason for the moon attracting the tides, but people haven't been able to discover it. I know it's



Sports suit of wool jersey in rose, Copenhagen or green. Belted blouse coat with convertible white collar fastened with ivory colored buttons. Full shirred girle top skirt. Price \$19.50.



Sports dress in Russian blouse model with box-pleated skirt of white crepe de chine and blouse of coral or Copenhagen Georgette with trimmings of white. Price \$22.50.

a slipshod way of shirking responsibility, to put things down to coincidence—but it's a comfortable solution, isn't it? If you try to figure it out, logically, you'll throw up your hands and screech before you're half way through.

"For instance, in wartime, a military influence should govern all things. Military training means speed, conciseness, compactness. Can you imagine a phalanx of girls, a la mode, in bouffant frocks, going through a rapid fire drill? Strike one!

"Wartime carries on its steel wings, the crouching spectre of Death. Death is always pictured in clinging, sable draperies. The billowy gown suggests the butterfly. Therefore it flies in the face of the emblem of war. Strike two!

"A country laid waste by the ravages of a terrific conflict, means years of future poverty; a generation of dull, uphill plodding to accomplish rehabilitation. Do yards of superfluous materials, in women's

gowns spell economy? Three strikes and out!"

The maid's deft fingers made three or four magic passes through the air and lo! my model blossomed in one of those "simple" gowns that require more art and calculation than the construction of a cantilever bridge.

A warm shade of pink chiffon and satin, with fluffy skirts and severe bands of silver over the shoulders and across the plain bodice. With this was a leghorn hat, quaintly bowed over the eyes, and saucily uptilted at the back, to form a support for a mass of moss rosebuds. Black velvet ribbon, loosely knotted, trailed over one shoulder. And a confection of chiffon and satin that was a parasol simply because it boasted a wire frame, completed the breath-of-Spring costume.

"This," challenged Miss Pearson, "is Betty Randolph, who cut the buttons from Lee's uniform, for souvenirs."

I was visualizing Betty. When I looked up, a different creature, in shades of peacock blue, seagreen and black—heavily weighted with fur—stood before me. Pan-

taloon of changeable, blue taffeta showed timidly beneath the color scheme that suggested the blending of jade and lapis lazuli. This was a wonder-gown.

"I should like a picture of Marie Antoinette in a gown of this sort," said Miss Pearson, "when, still surrounded by the splendor and heavy pomp of her palace, she heard the sullen roar of heavy-shod feet on the Paris pavements and knew her time had come. One could be tragic in this gown, don't you think?"

It was a creation, but it oppressed me. All I had heard of character-clothes was summarized in the gown that was being changed, even then, for a third.

"This is the girl whom George Washington greeted at the foot of the stairway," Miss Pearson explained as the maid laced picot-edged, moiré ribbons through tiny, rhinestone rings, at the left side of the waist. "Isn't the combination of silver and salmon pink pretty? I daresay this huge ostrich fan is a frightful anachronism, but it will look well in the picture, won't it?"

Even the photographer smiled.

At Your Service—

FOR discriminating women who want the last word in fashions whether it be in gowns, wraps, hats, suits, shoes or accessories, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE begins in this issue a complete fashion and shopping service.

Any of the articles pictured or described on these pages may be purchased at the prices stated. Simply send me a check, or money order stating your requirements and I will be pleased to execute your commission personally, making no charge for the service.

Or if you wish detailed information and do not care to purchase the articles, I will be pleased to write you a personal letter, provided you enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

From now on, I am

Cordially and sincerely yours,

Lucille French,

Photoplay Magazine

New York and Chicago



"CLOSE-UPS"

Hail and Farewell

AS expiring Greece flung her art and learning over the empires of the West, so the Biograph company, which seems departing this life, lives everywhere in its glorious children and in the fundamental traditions of every picture camp. Never in the future of the impalpable pigment will it be possible for one organization to so influence the entire art. The Biograph studio at 11 East Fourteenth street, New York City, was the real nursery of the movies. Here were born great directors of both comic and tragic masks; from this churchly portal stepped heroes, villains, ladies, ingenues and clowns. The Biograph company had the blood of a pioneer, and it made a pioneer's mistakes. When its great people had gone it rolled along solely by momentum. Lately it has done nothing to justify its name, but if any producing concern now existent can live so honorable and prolific a life, and come to such peaceful terminus, it is to be congratulated in advance.

Biograph, hail and farewell!

The Length of the Play

A GREAT innovation of a year or so ago was the five-reel feature. Five reels became as standard in active photography as the yardstick and quart measure in dimension and quantity. Not so long ago there were loud prophecies of the five-reeler's downfall, and the return to a two-reel standard. Some manufacturers argued for a shorter play in any length—"natural length," they called it—while others proselyted for three-reelers, and still others for the film of a thousand linear feet.

As a matter of fact, the great unexpressed but generally-felt need of today is not for a picture shorter than five reels, but for features considerably longer.

The really high-class photoplay theatre has been established scarcely a year. It is a playhouse of pretense, usually controlled by an intelligent management, catering to the best people, and in its music, its service, its comfort, its safety and its decorations surpassing every dream of the one-time typical "picture house" impresario.

This theatre must charge twenty-five or fifty cents to make ends meet, and in return, the patron demands more than he can find in photoplay houses elsewhere. But does he get it? He does not.

By waiting two or three days, or possibly a week, he can see the fine theatre's five-reel picture for a dime instead of a quarter. To be sure, the ten-

cent theatre pays much less for its service, and it does not represent the big manufacturer's big ambitions—but it lives on his best product just the same.

The vaudeville magnates have just discovered that a five-reel feature costs less than and makes up for the absence of a headline act. Once more the manager who has strained his nerves and pocketbook to provide high-class surroundings finds himself left at the post. The man who goes to the vaudeville show may see a vaudeville bill—plus the same thing he can see at the screen palace.

If the fine picture theatres of America are to flourish, the manufacturers must make haste to supply them regularly with programmes that can't be slipped into a vaudeville bill, or jubilantly and cheaply flaunted at the dime Musee right across the street.

The advanced exhibitor is to be found, now, in every American city. He isn't running a "store show." He keeps his house clean, and its atmosphere clean, and his service throughout does not offend. His efforts should be recognized, and the faithful co-operation of refined and intelligent audiences should be recognized, too.

We stand at the threshold of the full-length screen play, not as the occasional gift of some master-maker, but as the living body of a higher and finer programme.



*When A
Big Man
Trips*

WHEN a big man trips and falls, the whole neighborhood laughs—that is, if the neighborhood happens to be hanging over the front gate, looking on.

Arthur Brisbane's neighbors were all out the night he went to the banquet of the New York Motion Picture Board of Trade. It was most unfortunate that upon that night, of all nights, he should step firmly on the empty banana of ignorance.

To use the honorable formula of rural journalism, Mr. Brisbane "said in part:" "I have never seen Mary Pickford, or Charles Chaplin, or Theda Bara, or Miss Clark. As to censorship—I do not think I can become very much excited about it. The modern moving picture is an amusement, and its success is based upon the stupidity and lack of intellectual development of the human race. The moving picture is a money-making proposition, and whether it is censored or not I don't in the least care."

It seems to us that the great shout which went up over this speech, and the sticks and stones which have rained upon Mr. Brisbane from all points of the compass, have been emblems of a mistaken enthusiasm. If a culprit is lynched horribly enough, he becomes a martyr.

This episode has proved that Mr. Brisbane is a human being. Now, he is even as we are. His infallibility had gained him the reputation of a superman. He had been right so long that he was unhuman, and it may be suspected that people no longer loved him, although depending upon his column for advice about stocks and bonds, feed for laying hens, winter flannels, wearing jewelry, travel, the care of the teeth, the Germans, the Allies, the hyphenated, bathroom athletics, birth control, mesh underwear, the use of soap, removing the tonsils,

the Japanese question, growing alfalfa in Alaska, and the whereabouts of the Ten Lost Tribes. Mr. Brisbane's blunder makes him only our brother whereas he had been an aloof deity.

A
*Keystone
From Ohio*

NOT all Keystones come from Edendale or Fort Lee. That artesian well of mirth, the Ohio Board of Motion Picture Censors—

But we will relate: in the last week in March the Ohio Board issued a general order, forbidding the exhibition of any motion picture of Francisco Villa within the state. The official reason informed the people of Ohio that Villa was "a murderer and bandit, and pictures of him upon the screens of motion picture theatres would inflame the populace."

This is such a funny throttling of the constitutional rights of the News Weekly that it would not elicit more than a passing laugh, were it not that the people of the commonwealth of Ohio continue to tolerate this pinhead monkey-doodling, and have thereby raised their senslessors to absolute despots.

This is on a par with that recent censorial action which eliminated the statue of a nude man from a motion picture, while leaving untouched the actual nude model, posing; and a brother to the ruling which ordered a new name for *The Kreutzer Sonata* on the ground that the *title* was immoral.

A Literary
*Responsi-
bility*

A NUISANCE which is becoming noisome is the shoddy caption. One huge producing and releasing concern, which makes fair pictures of considerable popularity, evidently suffers its captions to be penned by the telephone operator or the property man. Mushy in sentiment, biliously bromidic or vilely ungrammatical, the most of this firm's typography is a disgrace to the whole picture-making profession.

Asked why they permit such inelegancies, they answer: "Well, our titles get it over, don't they?"

In a way. But getting it over is not an end which justifies such means. To the man or woman of refinement and culture the caption is the spoken word of the silent drama. Upon the interest of refined and cultured persons the whole future of two-dimension acting depends, for the photoplay which does not appeal to logic and intelligence cannot long survive. And who, who know better, will sit continually under an insult of urchin English?

Imitation may not be an always-desirable thing, but if more people imitated the captions of the Fine Arts studio the literary side of the picture play would be a great deal better off.

Awing
*Lillian
Russell*

IN a conversation with the editor of Photoplay Magazine, recently, Miss Lillian Russell said:

"The young aristocracy of motion pictures is a more pampered, luxurious aristocracy than the stage ever knew. When I was playing in musical comedies in New York the successful girls of the hour were of course great favorites, and

there were many waiting attendance upon them, and wherever they went was a sort of triumphal progress—in a limited way, among friends or acquaintances, or among those who had seen them at the theatre.

"Not long ago I visited Los Angeles, professionally, and before I left I attended the local premiere of an important play, at one of the leading theatres. Internationally renowned as the star had been, big as the play was, the major attractions were in the audience—not behind the footlights. The Kings and Queens of pictureland had graced the occasion! Here was a distinguished person who could fill any theatre—confronted by very young persons, few of whom had appeared on any stage, yet whose ghosts were acting perpetually in some part of the world.

"After the play I stood outside, in the shadow, not calling my own car at once. And here came little Miss Midgett, who is almost eighteen—to her imported limousine. Following her, Miss Smith entered her seven-thousand-dollar car in eighteen hundred dollars' worth of clothes. Next, Miss Brown, to her car, sparkling behind her diamonds like an icy tree on a winter morning. Then, young Mr. Jones, pressing his way through the admiring crowd to his racing machine.

"Finally, I went to *my* car, an extremely awed woman."



*The Picture
versus
The Play*

THE blasphemy of proclaiming a motion picture by a star near a theatre in which the star himself happens to be playing has been oft recounted by the artistic Pharisees, in awful voices.

They have all felt that something should be done about it, either by the district attorney, the up-state legislature or the city council. Doubtless theatrical night riders would have had their silent blessing.

Walker Whiteside has undoubtedly thrown a bomb into their classic camp in his statement that in a tour of thirty weeks—closing at Crawfordsville, Ind., the last of March—he was his own opposition in every town, and that with very gratifying results instead of disaster.

Mr. Whiteside was playing "The Melting Pot," his original emotional implement. He had also put "The Melting Pot" upon a film. In Sioux City he played a return engagement—this time against his own picture—and surpassed his former record, with no such opposition. In Los Angeles, his speaking company realized \$3,546, in three performances against the picture.

PETE "PROPS"

THE CONTINUED PLAIN OF A
PICTURE PROPERTY MAN—HERE
HE MEETS THE ART DIRECTOR

By Kenneth McGaffey

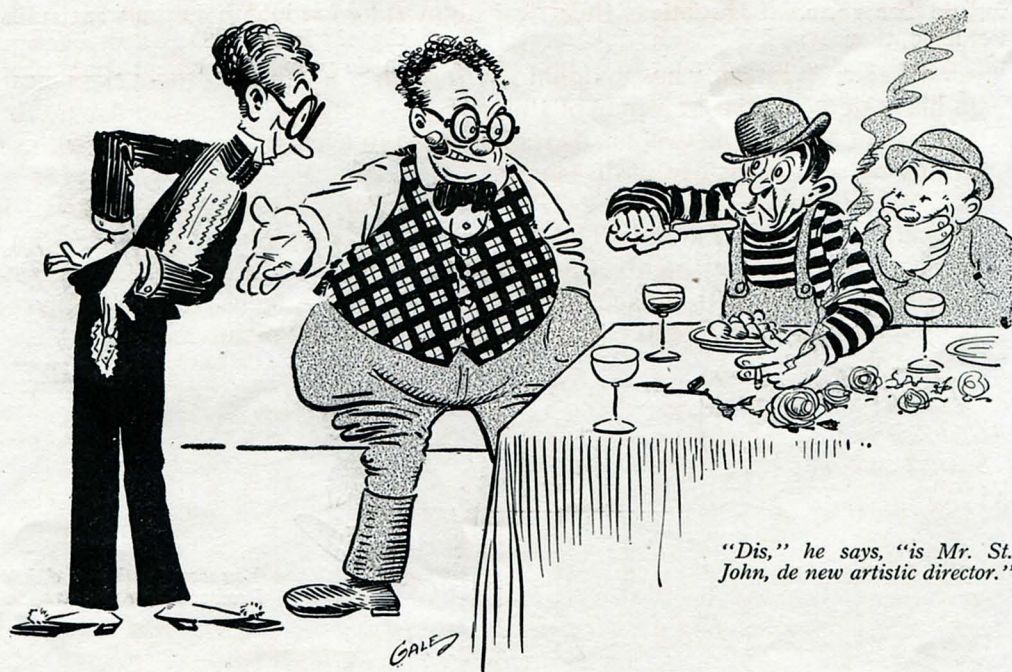
Drawings by E. W. Gale, Jr.

V

ANUDDER ting I deplore about dis here photodrama is de fact dat dere ain't no fly galleries. Half o' de mysteries and illusions of de theatre is gone widout de fly galleries. Back in de good old days when de movies was used as chasers an a good saw-mill effect was good for nine curtains an a call out, you could stand up in de flies an drop a sand bag on some fresh guy widout nobody bein de wiser. A fat chance you got for a revival of de good old days here, an dere is a guy whose neck is just cravin for about fifteen pounds of best sea shore sifted wid a forty-foot start. It's dis new artistic director dat us prop room boys has wished on us de foist of de mont.

We was sittin in dere one day eatin what

was left of a weddin breakfast one of de directors had O K'ed, when in wafts de manager wid dis line of comedy. "Dis," he says, "is Mister St. John, de new artistic director an he will tell you little rascals what to do." Irving, (we discovered dat dat was his front name), sorta admitted dat he was pleased to see us an dat he hoped we would get along well togedder. We would—like a German comedian at a Belgium benefit. He wasn't even a brudder. I asked him what local he came from an he said he did not never come from no local, dat he come on de Sunset Limited. I got his number right dere. I bet I was puttin paper flowers on center tables before he could say "Da Da." When he tole me he



"Dis," he says, "is Mr. St. John, de new artistic director."

had been a interior decorator, I started to warm up to him until I found it was houses—not innards—he was talkin about. A real good bartender always has somethin on de hip. A good stiff jolt of Moxie would have had dis lad smashin hats.

Artistic Director—huh! I suppose he thought we didn't have sense enough to know dat all de brick-a-brack in de place went in a rich guy's front room, an dat we always had to have a tin wash basin in a poverty struck gink's kitchen. An, funny names he had for de furniture, too. We always called it by de guy we rented it from an got along wid it perfectly friendly. We had de Barker Brothers bed room, or de Rosenbaum parlor—or de Harris and Co. library, an den he comes in and gives dem all funny names. Dere was de Sheraton hat-rack, or de Jacoban table. Gee! it had us all bugs till we got wise for we had never rented from dose guys in our lives. New York firms probably.

One day I'm sittin down takin a few drags off me cigaret, an in he dashes and says "Get me some decorations for dat Louis Cantz's saloon." I got him at once. If he had said Murphy's saloon, I'd brought out de whiskey signs—but I spot Louie Cantz's as German so I dusts off de old Bock beer sign an goes prancin down de stage lookin for de bar room. Sometimes we have to use real beer, an when de nut director ain't

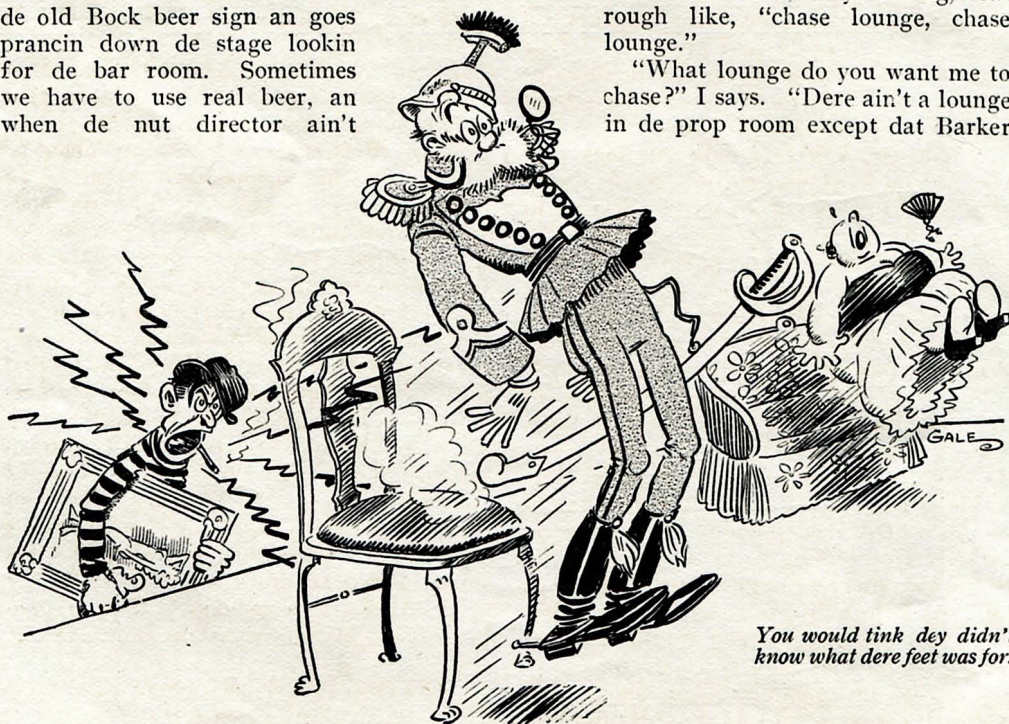
lookin, you got a chance to crowd a pint under your shawl.

Dere ain't even a cabaret on de stage, an me an old Bock beer go caperin out in de lot tinkin maybe it's a exterior. Nuttin dere but a Kansas village, so back I puts. I runs around till my tongue hangs out lookin for Irving, till finally I sees him wavin his mits in de middle of a swell parlor. I dashes up an hands him de Bock beer sign, and says, "Here's de decorations for Lou Cantz's saloon; do you want a bung starter too?" Honest I thought dat Irving would break out in a rash. Say—he got madder dan de nut director.

"How did I know it was a swell joint?" I says. "Why didn't you tell me it was one of dese sassiety honky tonks"—I says—"Clam yourself, Irving an I will get de shampain bucket and a couple of classy steins" but, I says, "if you expect any dames to pull off any festive stuff on top of dem gilt tables," I says, "day ain't a chance in de woild of sendin dem back to de furniture company." "You ought," I says—"have at least a list of de mixed drink prices on de wall anyway,—cause," I says, "arguments start in here same as regular dumps."

"No—no—no," says Irving, real rough like, "chase lounge, chase lounge."

"What lounge do you want me to chase?" I says. "Dere ain't a lounge in de prop room except dat Barker



You would tink dey didn't know what dere feet was for.

davenport for de bosses' library an dat funny gilt sofey," I says.

"Dat's it," says Irving. "Bring dat out an de Shovhell mirror." I goes and gets dem an den sticks aroun' to watch de scene. Saloon nuttin. Only a lot of wimmin sittin around an dey didn't even spike dere tea. Dat Irving person is too crazy to be a interior decorator—he shoulda been a director.

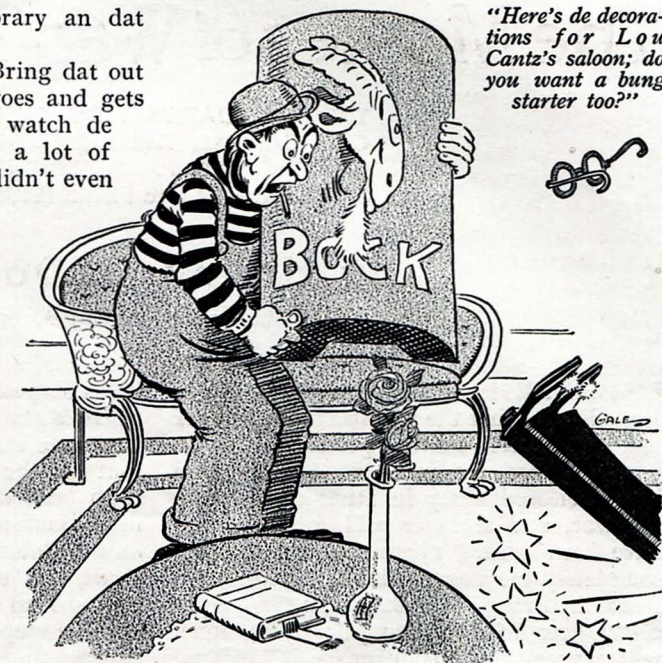
We had some swell chromos, too—not a line of advertisin on dem dat you could read from de ten foot line. Two of dem would fill de side of a room and make it look sweller'n heck—but do you tink dat he would have dem? You would have tought he had hidrophoby, de way he carried on when he saw dem in de juke's castle. He had to go down to de pitcher gallery an rent some real pitchers. An' all de time de auditor raisin Cain about de expense of de prop room, an runnin hisself ragged dashin in an out wid new systems to save a thin dime.

An' on top of dat, our dear little artistic director has to order real pitchers. By de time we made out de blanks for de description of dose pitchers, dey would have been these watche-call-'em-Ole Masters.

Would you believe it—dis guy makes us feed all de meat used in sets to de studio cats, an den goes out an weighs de cats to see dat we ain't holdin' out on 'em. No more do de extras get a chance to have a smoke of a nice segar when dey are playin bankers or gay club fellows. We gotta go yank de butts out of dere mout an turn dem in before we can have any fresh ones.

An dese here extra people are due to get a bawlin out from me before very long. Say—you would tink dey was prima donnas de way dey pose aroun once after dey gets inside. Dey won't stay in dere dressin rooms where dey belongs—but have to come out on de stage an sit all over de furnature, an keep us guys busy shoooin em off. And de minit your back is toined—down dey sits again. You would tink dey didn't know what dere feet was for.

An eat—my goodness! you should see dem extra persons eat! If we pull off a res-



taurant scene you can figger it as a total loss, cause dey won't even leave de pitchers on de plates. I have seen em drink gallon after gallon of burnt sugar whiskey an have as much fun out of it as if it was de real old thoid rail.

Listen, no wonder dese nut directors is crazy. Last week one of dem has to take a rain storm scene, see—an he has to get a dawn effect wid it an de only place he can get it is up on top-a hill. Four in de mornin he has us guys out fillin de tanks for de rain pipes. At five o'clock he has nine million extra people dere. Dey had been sittin up all night so as to get dere, an some of em have a boining thoist so dey darn near drink up all de rain water before it starts rainin. We monkey around until nearly nine o'clock before we gets through. De next day he has de big open air stage all dolled up for a big ball room scene, an it rains like heck. Can you beat it?

Dere goes a guy I'm goin' to fade out some of dese days. Dat's de company press agent. De luckiest guy in de woild. He can go down an drape hisself over de bar at de Alex on de company's time all day long an get his wages just de same. De fat stiff.

(NEXT DISASTER RECORDED IN THE
JULY ISSUE.)

The Movies of War-Time Paris

THOUGH DEATH'S WING ENSHADOWS CAPITAL, THE FRENCHMAN'S CRAVING FOR AMUSEMENT IS INSATIABLE AND THE FILMS PROSPER

By Henry C. Dodge

Illustrations by R. Van Buren

THERE is at least one industry in France that the war has helped rather than hurt—moving pictures.

There are more good photoplays being released today in Paris than before the war, and stranger still, new theatres have been built. Those who realize how completely the war has brought most businesses in France to a standstill, and especially how little building is being done, will appreciate the significance of this last statement.

There are two reasons why the industry has not suffered. The first and perhaps the most obvious is that, being a cheaper form of theatrical entertainment than the plays of the legitimate stage, it is not so keenly affected by hard times. The French as a nation have an insatiable craving for amusement, particularly for the theatre, and when in times such as these they must economize, they find they can satisfy this craving in the moving picture theatres. The majority of the legitimate theatres of Paris are open today, but their audiences are small. Whereas the *cinemas*, as the moving picture houses are called, are always crowded to capacity. Your Frenchman will not sacrifice his desire for entertainment even in hard times, and the *cinema* supplies this want. Even in the less pretentious houses you will find today such audiences as you would have seen at the *Comedie Francaise* a year and a half ago—audiences comparable with those seen in the best class of moving picture houses in America—composed largely of people who had never seen the inside of a *cinema* before the war began.

Although of course less than the prices charged in the theatres presenting the spoken drama, moving picture prices in France are much higher than in America.

The cheapest admission I have ever seen in Paris is sixty *centimes*, or twelve cents in American money, and the prices scale from that all the way up to the twelve *franc* seats (two dollars and forty cents) in the huge Gaumont Palace. The average house on the Boulevards, which all the world attends, has seats at from twenty to sixty cents. And this, mind you, without giving one the stupendous and lavishly presented feature films to which we are accustomed in America. I have never seen on the other side since the war began, a photoplay lasting longer than three-quarters of an hour, and very few of them reach that length. The usual program consists of from four to six shorter plays and a reel of *actualités* or pictorial current events such as our Selig-Tribune, Hearst-Vitagraph or Pathé News. The films lasting from an hour and a half upward and featuring some prominent legitimate star, which have come to be demanded in this country, are unknown in France.

The theatres which charge from twelve to twenty cents are of the least desirable type—of a type only to be met in country districts in America or in the more remote parts of our cities. They are found in Montmartre, in La Villette, out by the fortifications, and in the narrow streets of the Latin Quarter. In them, smoking is permitted and the audience is largely made up of artists and models, with a generous sprinkling of soldiers home on furloughs. The air is blue with smoke; each man has his sweetheart by his side, and makes love to her openly and unblushingly throughout the performance; and the remarks with which the popular screen favorites are greeted and well-acted comedy situations are received remind one more of a ballgame than a photoplay performance.



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Though the prices vary widely, the pictures presented are practically the same all over Paris, the same films going the rounds of all the theatres, large and small,

expensive and cheap. The only difference is in the theatres themselves, the cheaper houses having wooden seats and holding perhaps two hundred people, and the more

pretentious places being veritable opera houses, lavishly furnished and accommodating thousands. The Gaumont Palace is larger than the New York Hippodrome.

The other reason why the moving picture industry has not only been able to survive but even to grow in war time, is that the war has furnished a tremendous amount of material both for scenarios for photoplays and for the Current Events series.

As for the photoplays, it can safely be said that, aside from the comedies, three-quarters of all the plays one sees either have a definite war plot or have a soldier or nurse as one of the principal characters. These French war plays are the best acted and the best presented dramas I have ever seen on the screen. They have, most of them, a plot with both a love motive and patriotic theme. The romance of the young nurse in the base-hospital, the story of the girl coming to the front to the bedside of her *fiancé*, the winning of the medal of the Legion of Honor, and the pathetic stories of the refugees from Belgium and northern France, are among the most popular plots. One frequently sees plays in which the *marraine*, or godmother, is the central figure—the young girls who through the intermediary of certain newspapers and charitable organizations are constituting themselves godmothers and adopting, each of them, some soldier at the front who has no friends or family. They write to these men, send them warm knitted things to wear, tobacco and cigarettes, and receive in return letters from their “godsons” abounding in thanks. On the screen very pretty romances are woven out of this custom, when, for instance, the godson meets his *marraine* after peace is declared or during his furlough.

The *actualités*, or Current Events, naturally form a much more important part of the program since the war began. Before the war they were often a bore, but now they are by far the most interesting part of the entertainment. Every week three or four new series are released by the various agencies, and one or another of these series is shown at every performance you witness. They are better and longer than those we see in America, where we must be content with getting a few glimpses of artillery in action or prisoners being marched by, sandwiched in between pictures of school fetes in Seattle or the

laying of the cornerstone of a public building in New England. Ten minutes of each performance at least are given over to these war pictures, which always contain some specially featured subject. One night it will be the fighting in the snows of the Vosges; on another the Marines in action in the defense of Antwerp; and on another the operation of the automobile artillery. It is largely an account of the excellence and continued variety of these war pictures that the moving picture theatres in Paris are crowded today.

Acting in the movies is a slightly different profession there than in America. Here, with the exception of the stars from the legitimate who are featured as leads, the moving picture actor is simply a moving picture actor. He, or she, spends all the time before the camera. In France it is different. The two stages interlock, and an actor or actress after playing in a series of photoplays may return to the speaking stage for a season, or perhaps only for the run of one play. I am not speaking alone of the stars, but of the artists taking the subordinate parts.

In reality there are few moving picture “companies” in France. A producer who wishes to make a new film chooses his cast from all over Paris. Some of them might have been in his last picture and some may be then acting in a successful play on the Boulevards. The moving picture actor or actress, as such, scarcely exists. In America this interchange would be impossible because a special training, a special technique, and a special sense of photographic values are required for the successful actor before the camera. The moving picture actor has acquired these from years of experience. Those whose training has been on the speaking stage have not. In France, however, every actor is instinctively a success in motion pictures. His face photographs better and he relies for his effectiveness more upon gesture and expression than we do, and less upon his lines. The art of pantomime was born on the French stage, and the French actor, versed in this art, comes to the studio for his first picture better equipped in this particular than many Americans who have played before the camera for years.

I am not criticising the work of our own movie actors. We have just as good if not better than they have in France. I am



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simply bringing out the point that every French artist is a born screen actor and needs little or no special training. A cast in an average well done photoplay in Paris contains names from the staffs of half a dozen of the best legitimate theatres in

the city. There people are not known as movie actors—they are simply known as actors, who may be seen one day upon the screen and the next day playing a star part or even a minor part in a Boulevard success.

Of all the things which distinguish our moving picture theatre from its French counterpart, the most striking is the difference in the attitude of the audience. Either because we are naturally less demonstrative or because we need the spoken word more than they before our emotions are touched, there is much less applause and enthusiasm here than in France. In our theatres we hear laughter, good, honest, hearty laughter, when a comedy is being played, but we seldom if ever see an audience that shows its appreciation when a drama is on the screen. In Paris it is not so. I have seen a French audience show as much genuine enthusiasm over a screen drama as an American audience shows before the footlights. Well acted scenes and tense situations are heartily applauded, not merely by hand-clapping but often by cheering, and the entrance of popular favorites is always the signal for a round of applause.

The war has only made this more apparent, for in photoplays that are being released today the patriotic motive, as I have said, predominates, and, as everyone knows who has ever been in France, it only needs a bar or two of the "Marseillaise" or the sight of the Tricolor or a French uniform, to provoke a burst of cheering. It would do every one of us good to see these people receive their patriotic plays—to hear their cries of "Bravo!" and their genuine, heartfelt enthusiasm.

And the war pictures! When one of these French audiences sees on the screen their infantry marching away from Paris or lying in the trenches,—when they see their cavalry thundering past in a field review before General Joffre or the President,—when they see their field-artillery in action somewhere back of the trenches—those wonderful 75-millimetre guns of which they are so proud,—they forget that they are only looking at a picture and are as noisily demonstrative as they would be at an actual review. Of course, we in America cannot be expected to show that kind of enthusiasm. An audience looking at war pictures here is divided in its sympathies, and for that reason, instinctively perhaps, people refrain from applause. I even understand that in the early days of the war a request not to applaud was thrown on the screen before each reel of

war pictures, in order that we as Americans might follow to the letter President Wilson's proclamation.

But in France there are no considerations of neutrality to restrain them, and I do not see how anyone, be he pro-German or pro-French, could listen to the cheers of the French crowd as they look at the pictures of their beloved army and not feel, tugging at his heart strings, some of their own boundless enthusiasm.

We have much to learn from the French in the art of moving picture, and they have much to learn from us. In general I should say that we surpass them in the long, elaborate feature film, in lavishness of production, and in gorgeousness of scenic effects, and we are most emphatically their superiors in photography, particularly in the art of lighting and in close-up work. The long scenario and good photography are our strong points. The French, I think it fair to say, have perfected the shorter play, which is gaining in popularity there as it is losing here.

And, more important still, they are ahead of us in the realism obtained by proper stage setting. The French director never allows a picture to be taken unless he is certain that everything in the picture is in keeping. Every one of them is a Belasco. If a tea table is shown, its appointments are minutely correct. A dinner party is carried out with a devotion to detail that shows studious care in its preparation. And if the scene is in the slums of Paris, the realism and trueness to life will be just as remarkable. This art is appreciated by the French audience when it might not be by ours. Every Frenchman is an artist and resents incongruities with his whole heart. And every Frenchman, be he laborer or aristocrat, knows how the other lives and dresses, and quickly detects a lapse in realism.

It has always seemed to me that it would be better if more French photoplays could be shown in America. The freedom with which they present certain situations might be in some cases objectionable to the censor, but with the censor once satisfied I am certain the American audience would enjoy seeing, more than they do, what the art-loving French people have done with an American invention. The French have adopted Charlie Chaplin. Can we not reciprocate?



Fifty thousand dollars invested in his wife's happiness brought large dividends in satisfaction to Dane.

MRS. DANE'S DANGER

A TALE OF INFATUATION AND IN-
TRIGUE IN SOCIETY; WOMAN'S INNO-
CENCE AND MAN'S DESPERATION

By Constance Severance

Produced by the Vitagraph Company

WHEN Society began passing the word around that there was "something" between Mrs. David Dane and Rex Gordon, it was not without certain bits of evidence upon which to hang its gossip. Had not Gordon been an ardent suitor for the hand of Alice Gresham, before she accepted Dane? Was it not quite within reason that Alice may have preferred to entrust herself to Dane because he was solid, substantial, successful, wealthy, and yet retained a secret liking for Gordon, who was dependent upon the bounty of a long-suffering father? Was it not a fact that Dane, considerably older than his wife, took no interest in her social diversions, while the handsome young Gordon was always to be found at any gather-



"I don't care how you get the necklace, and when you bring it I won't ask you."

ing where Alice was present? Was it not true that Gordon had made no attempt to conceal his disappointment at Alice's marriage, and that his infatuation for her still was to be seen in his undisguised glances and constant attentions?

To all of these questions, Society replied with an unqualified affirmative. Nor did the gossips blame Alice in the least. David Dane cared nothing for Society; therefore Society cared nothing for David Dane. But Gordon was master of all the social graces, if he was master of nothing else, and therefore Society looked with kindly and sentimental eyes upon him, and breathed a few maudlin sighs over his "hopeless love." For since Society is that form of human activity which strives to make a fine art of

the superficial side of living, it fails to count upon the big emotions and motives which may be lurking beneath the surface.

Thus it was that Society failed to take into consideration the one big, dominating fact in the life of Alice Dane—that she loved her husband devotedly. It did not occur to either of the Danes, that her interest in social affairs was an inharmonious thing. It was simply a matter of taste, to be given no more thought than a diverging preference in wines. Dane wanted his pretty young wife to be happy, and was entirely willing to forego the pleasure of being with her the few hours that a reception or ball claimed her, occupying himself at such times with his own interests which, likewise, he could not expect to attract her. He was no "tired business man" but a mature and sensible person who understood perfectly that it is not necessary for a man and his wife to share equally all the little side issues of existence, in order to be supremely satisfied. His was a broader mind.

Yet David Dane never was too busy to pause in the manipulation of his large interests to consider something which might give joy to Alice. It was in this way that he incurred the vindictive hatred of Jasper Dicey. Dicey was one of those Wall Street parasites who make a living by engaging in hazardous and none too scrupulous business on the outer fringe of the market. He was no Wolf of Wall Street, but only a rat, nibbling at the cables which bind the vast financial interests of the nation. He was not a peril, only a nuisance. Like his many fellows, he had been tolerated and brushed aside whenever he happened to get into the way of anything of importance. But finally he ran foul of

Dane in a manner that aroused the big man's ire, and Dane set about it methodically to put him out of business, no very difficult task for a man of his influence.

Broke and discredited, Dicey finally came to Dane, snivelling and whining.

"Mr. Dane, you've got me," he said, in his cringing way. "But I've learned my lesson. I'm down, and I'll never be able to get up again unless you let me. Give me another chance, and I'll be square."

"Dicey, you don't know what 'square' means," Dane replied sternly. "You couldn't run straight if you wanted to. It's men like you that give business a black eye, and I'm going to get every one of your kind of cattle I can."

"But Mr. Dane, you wouldn't see a man starve, would you? Why, I haven't a dollar to my name. Can't you lend me a few thousand—you'd never miss it—and I promise to keep out of Wall Street. I just want a stake to put me into something where I can make a living."

"Not a nickel, Dicey—not a cent, not a mill. You've put yourself where you are. Now get out the best way you can."

Before Dicey could further abase himself, Dane's Secretary entered and handed him a card. Dane's face soft-

ened. He threw a glance at Dicey.

"That's all, Dicey," he said, and to his secretary: "Show him in."

A man entered, placed a long leather case on Dane's desk, and opened it. A magnificent necklace of perfectly matched pearls lay upon the black velvet lining. So interested were the two men in admiring the regal bauble, they did not notice that Dicey had stopped at the door, and was watching them.

"Your firm's guarantee as to genuineness goes with these?" Dane asked.

"Certainly."

"And the price is fifty thousand?"

"Yes."

"Very well," and Dane took his check-book from a drawer of his desk.

Dicey, half in despair, half in anger, strode back into the room.

"Mr. Dane, are those pearls worth more than my life?" he demanded.

"To me, yes," Dane answered.

"By heaven, I'll get even with you if it takes a life-time," Dicey snarled, and literally ran from the office.

But Dane only smiled, pocketed his magnificent purchase, and shortly afterward went home to spring this big surprise upon his wife. Fifty thousand dollars in-

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vested in the happiness of his wife brought large dividends in satisfaction to David Dane.

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disrupted scores of homes, but to him they meant only so many weapons for

blackmail. He knew how to use them.

So to Simon Corey, once more, went Gordon, who had always been able to replenish his purse at this source, giving only the vaguest consideration to the problem of how he would ever clear the slate.

"Do you happen to know how much you owe me already?" Corey asked.

"Well—no, not the exact figure," Gordon answered evasively.

"Well—it's in the neighborhood of thirty-five thousand."

Gordon whistled. "Good Lord, I thought it was only about twenty."

"You forget the interest."

"Well, let me have ten thousand more. I've got a tip—"

"Pooh! pooh! I know that yarn by heart. I want my money. You've got to pay up or I'll go to your father."

"For heaven's sake, don't do that," Gordon exclaimed. He recalled only too well the scene that occurred the last time his father had paid off a big accumulation of debts.

"Well, it's up to you."

"But how can I get the money if you don't give me some working capital?"

DICEY was not the only man in financial troubles about this time. Rex Gordon, finding his father's generous allowance insufficient in keeping up the social pace, had fallen into the hands of one of those money-lenders who provide funds at ruinous rates of usury, accepting as security, family name and social position. Simon Corey had learned that men and women will find money, somehow or another, to shield themselves from the stigma of being known to be in financial straits. He knew that fathers would pay extortionate sums to keep wastrel sons from being dragged into publicity; he knew that he was safe in advancing money to society women for secret gambling debts, because the husband would pay, when the time came. He made a closer study of society than society made of itself. He knew of many a flashing necklace that the world believed to be of finest gems, while the original lay in his safe. He knew what women were "going the pace," and what men were their companions. In his unsavory den were secrets that would have

"Working capital—huh!" Corey looked at the young man between narrowed eyelids. "Do you want a tip? I can give you a real one."

"What is it?" Gordon demanded eagerly.

"I understand you and Mrs. David Dane are pretty good friends."

"Cut that out," Gordon said angrily.

"All right. Here," and he called to his stenographer. "Take a letter to James H. Gordon—"

"Wait." Gordon clenched his fists.

"Well—what about Mrs. Dane?"

"Her husband," Corey leaned forward and whispered, "bought for her two days ago, a pearl necklace I happen to know about. Perhaps—if Mrs. Dane is interested in you—she might *lend* you the pearls. Imitations are cheap. Nobody would know the difference."

"She wouldn't do it. She doesn't care a hang for me."

"Tut, tut! A pretty woman is always flattered by the attentions of a young man, especially when her husband neglects her."

"I don't believe it's possible."

"Oh well, I simply give you the tip. It's none of my business. I can get the money from your father. But if you bring me that necklace I'll give you ten thousand more, and wipe the slate clean."

"Ten thousand more—phew! It certainly is worth trying."

"That's the way to talk," and Corey leaned forward and slapped Gordon on the shoulder. The young man drew away, but he left the place in deep thought.

MEANWHILE, Dicey, living precariously in a hand-to-mouth fashion, had become obsessed by a single idea—to get even with Dane. Concentrating himself upon this task, it did not take him long to discover the odds and ends of gossip concerning Alice. This was not merely a weapon for his purpose, but it was poetic justice as well. He would attack Dane through this woman, for whom he would spend a fortune for a trinket at the same time he refused to lend himself a few paltry thousands. A few days later, therefore, Dane found in his mail an anonymous scrawl:

"Mr. Dane: If my wife were young and pretty I'd keep my eyes on her. Wake up. People are beginning to talk."

It is all very well to say that no atten-

tion should be paid to anonymous letters, but when their subject matter strikes so closely home, there are few who would not have been as deeply moved as was Dane upon reading the accusing words. He tried to dismiss the thoughts that it aroused, but all through the day they kept returning. That evening his wife was entertaining a number of friends at dinner, and he could not bring himself to join the chattering crowd. Telephoning an excuse he dined down town, and passed the evening at his club.

It was a lively party, of which Alice Dane was hostess, and Gordon one of the merriest, though there was a strained intensity about his words and actions. Many of the guests nudged each other, and commented in whispers upon his obvious infatuation. Among the guests were two old friends of Dane, John Horton and his wife. As they were leaving they came to where Mrs. Dane was standing, the ever-present Gordon by her side.

"I'm sorry David wasn't here," Horton remarked.

"So am I," Alice replied. "But you know what business men are?"

"We hardly missed him," Mrs. Horton said vivaciously. "Mr. Gordon is such a capable substitute for a host. You're lucky to have such a cavalier," she said, with a laugh, designed to take the sting out of her words, and yet let Mrs. Dane know that such a situation was not to be ignored. But Alice considered it merely a bit of chaffing. It was not until everyone had left, except Gordon himself, that she understood.

Worn out by excitement, Alice sank comfortably upon a davenport. Gordon walked about the room nervously a moment, then seated himself beside her and began pouring into her ears his tale of love. She tried to escape, but he put his arms about her. At length, exerting all her strength, she tore herself away, and faced him, with eyes blazing. He began to mutter apologies, but just then they heard the front door open, and Dane's step approaching. They recovered themselves, Gordon murmuring a conventional good-bye, and Alice succeeding in smiling as any hostess might. It was thus Dane found them, but he could not overlook the fact that Gordon had remained with his wife, after all the others had departed.

Yet Dane could not doubt his wife's fidelity. Her affection was shown in too many tender ways. But neither could he forget the scene he had witnessed, for Dicey saw to that. Hardly a day passed that the relentless enemy did not send one of his anonymous warnings. Several weeks went by, and the torture became almost unendurable. Gordon had sought and received forgiveness from Alice for his outburst, and resumed his former position as if nothing had happened. Alice was anxious to believe the best of him, and willing to give him an opportunity to prove himself worthy of trust.

BUT just when Dane had begun to realize that there was no material foundation for the anonymous hints, and to suspect the hand of some mysterious enemy, Simon Corey grew impatient, and summoned Gordon peremptorily to his den.

"I'll give you just two days more," he snarled. "Then if you don't bring me the necklace I'll ask your father to pay."

"But how can I get it?" Gordon demanded.

Corey put his evil face close to Gordon's.

"I don't care *how* you get it, and when you bring it to me I won't ask you."

Gordon drew back and stared at him. There was no misunderstanding his meaning. And he knew that if his father learned of his debt, he would be disowned and his allowance cut off altogether. Still the idea of theft was revolting to him, and he decided to make another attempt to enlist Alice's sympathies. The time was short, and he must act quickly. He knew that it was Alice's custom to go for a ride in the park in her touring car every afternoon. So he posted himself upon the main avenue and waited. Finally she came along, at a leisurely pace in the steady procession of machines, and Gordon hurried to the curb to greet her. As a matter of course she invited him to ride with her, and thus it happened that John Horton and his wife, on their way to Dane's office on business, saw them, smiling and chatting, oblivious of the gossip they were creating.

"David Dane ought to know how his wife is carrying on with Gordon," Mrs. Horton insisted.

"Yes, but it's a nasty business—tale-

bearing," her husband observed.

But Mrs. Horton made it a point to go with him to Dane's office, and before they left, she playfully tapped Dane on the arm, and remarked carelessly:

"Mrs. Dane is getting lovelier every day, you lucky man. We met her in the park, with Rex Gordon, just now."

Dane forced himself to smile, and mumble some commonplace remark, but when he was alone he bowed his head upon his clenched hands, leaning heavily on his desk. Just a few minutes earlier he had received another message from the mysterious informer, this time by telephone, for Dicey, impatient over the absence of results from his letters, had taken to watching Dane's house, had seen Gordon enter in response to Alice's invitation to five o'clock tea, and in a disguised voice over the wire, the spy had said:

"Better go home, Mr. Dane, and see what's going on."

Unable to endure the internal conflict, Dane rushed from his office, called a taxicab, and ordered the driver to pay no attention to speed ordinances, but get him to his house as quickly as gasoline would do it. Handing the chauffeur a large bill and not waiting for change, Dane ran up the steps, let himself into the house, and cannoned into Gordon who, rebuffed again by Alice, was just leaving. Gordon greeted the older man perfunctorily, and held out his hand. In silence Dane ignored the hand and held the door open, pointedly. Closing it he hurried to find his wife.

Alice, disappointed again in Gordon, and humiliated by the thought that anyone could believe it possible for her to be untrue to her husband, had flung herself upon a couch, in tears. She heard David enter, quickly dried her eyes, but the fact that she had been weeping she could not conceal.

"What is the matter?" Dane demanded almost harshly. "Has Gordon been bothering you?"

"No. I have a bad headache. That's all," she answered. "I think I will go to my room and lie down until dinner."

Dane would have been blind not to have seen the inconsistencies of her excuse, in a flash. If she had a headache, why had she invited Gordon into the house, after the drive? Mrs. Horton had commented

upon how well she looked in the park, but now she looked anything but well. Had she been crying because Gordon annoyed her, or because she loved Gordon and regretted her marriage? And finally, how could he learn the truth? After a few moments thought he decided upon his course. He wrote a note and gave it to Alice's maid, to give to her mistress when she had had her rest, saying that he was leaving for Boston on business, and would be away until noon the next day. Then he left the house and went to his office, to wait the interminable hours until the time for the final test should come.

GORDON had left the house in despair. If he was to be saved from his father's wrath, there was nothing left but robbery. That was clear. But how could he even gain access to the necklace? He was no more expert at housebreaking than at anything else. The hours dragged along and his dilemma increased. Then, hoping against hope, he called Mrs. Dane on the telephone.

"I don't want to talk to you at all," she said at once.

"Wait," he pleaded. "I'm a cad, a worthless cad, and you have made me realize it. I'm going to leave New York and make a new start in life. I've got to get away and begin over again. Won't you see me again, just for a few minutes, and wish me luck? Please, Mrs. Dane. I can't bear to go away with an unpleasant memory."

"When are you going?"

"Tomorrow. I must see you this evening."

"Oh you mustn't come tonight. David is out of town. I can't have you come tonight."

"But don't you see, that's all the better. He must not know how I have persecuted you. And this is the last time."

Finally she consented. Gordon set a late hour for the call, on the ground that he had many things to attend to, connected with his departure. When he came she led him to a cozy little room upstairs, and there listened to his declarations of determination to remodel his existence. His attitude was all that she could have asked, and she felt glad that she had permitted him this final opportunity to vindicate himself. So she smiled cordially at

him as she bade him *bon voyage*.

"Don't bother going down with me," he said. "I can let myself out."

With that they said their last goodbye, and Gordon went down the stairs, opened the front door, and then closed it with a slam, but remained inside, and hid himself behind a tall piece of statuary. Alice switched off the lights, and Gordon cautiously made his way to the reception hall, to wait until everything was quiet.

Meanwhile Jasper Dicey, growing more and more desperate, and finding that venting his hatred for Dane was not providing him with a livelihood, began to know what it meant to suffer pangs of hunger. Recollections of the costly necklace came to him over and over again. He thought of the many thousands of dollars tied up in that string of jewels, while he was in want. He was fascinated by the thought of the fortune the pearls represented, and made his way to the Dane home, as if merely being near so much wealth was a comfort. He passed and repassed the house, staring at it hungrily. He saw all the lights go out, excepting in one room.

"That must be Mrs. Dane's bedroom. There's where the pearls are," he said to himself. He noticed that the window of this room was open, that it looked upon the *porte cochere*, that there was a heavy vine climbing up this structure. He looked about him. The night was dark, the street deserted. He climbed up the natural ladder, and cautiously looked into the room. It was Mrs. Dane's boudoir, and her bedroom adjoined it. He could not see her, but could hear her moving about. Finally the lights were switched off, and inch by inch he noiselessly climbed into the room, listening until he heard the unmistakable breathing of deep sleep. Then he went to the dressing table, and in a moment his groping hands clutched the fortune in gems.

But only for an instant. He heard the door open quietly. This must be Dane. Silently Dicey slipped behind a heavy curtain, first dropping the pearls back where he had found them, for if the lights were turned on they might be missed, and there would be a search. He would just put them back until all was clear. But the lights were not turned on. Somebody else was pearl-hunting that night. Whoever it was, moved about in the dark, found the

dressings table, and again the necklace was in the hands of a burglar. Dicey knew that to try to regain them would be only to arouse the household, so he clenched his teeth and cursed his luck. But before the second burglar could leave the room, there was a heavy step outside the door. In an instant, before either of the other intruders could move, a blaze of light filled the room, and Dicey, peering through an aperture between the curtains, saw David Dane, revolver in hand, confronting Rex Gordon.

FOR a few seconds neither spoke. Then Dane said, in low, tense, tremulous tones: "I couldn't believe it. But it's true. So I've caught you, you dirty hound. If you've any prayers to say, you had better hurry," and he leveled the revolver at Gordon's head.

"My God, Mr. Dane, you're not going to kill me!" Gordon gasped. "What for? I tell you—"

"You know what for. Don't talk to me. You're wasting time. Talk to your God if you have one."

Gordon, quaking with fear, sank to his knees.

"Listen to me—you must listen to me. I came—"

"Shut up," Dane ordered, his finger trembling on the trigger.

Dicey thought swiftly. "He'll kill him; then I'll be found here, and they'll get us both. I may be implicated in the murder." There was only one course that offered so much as a chance for safety. He sprang out from his hiding-place.

"Wait," he said, and grabbed Dane by the wrist. "I can explain this."

Dane stepped back and stared at Dicey in astonishment.

"Dicey. What in—"

"We're both burglars, that's all," Dicey said as calmly as he could. Going to Gordon he reached into the cowering man's pocket, and drew out the necklace.

"I came here for the same thing, but he beat me to it," he explained.

But if it was a tangled skein for Dane, it was infinitely more so for his wife, who, finally aroused by the voices, discovered the three men in her boudoir—her husband, whom she believed to have gone to Boston, Gordon, whom she had heard leave the house, and Dicey, whom she had never seen before. Yet Dicey was the only one who was able to explain, and little by little he cleared the atmosphere, though it involved a confession of his own part; but he preferred throwing himself again upon the mercy of David Dane, to being forced to explain things to the police.

"Dicey," said Dane, at last, "I won't say that your explanation makes me think any more of you, but at least you have saved me from killing this fellow and myself, for that's what I would have done. That's something I won't forget. Come and see me tomorrow at my office. And as you go out, see that he—" and he jerked his head toward Gordon, "goes too."

Again the front door of the Dane home closed, but there was no danger this time that its assurance was false. Dicey and Gordon were both only too glad to go. And as the husband and wife heard the sound that shut out the two disturbers, they drew deep breaths of relief.

"Let's not try to figure out whose fault it all was," Dane remarked, as he took Alice into his arms. "The only thing to remember is, that being innocent and appearing innocent are two entirely different things."

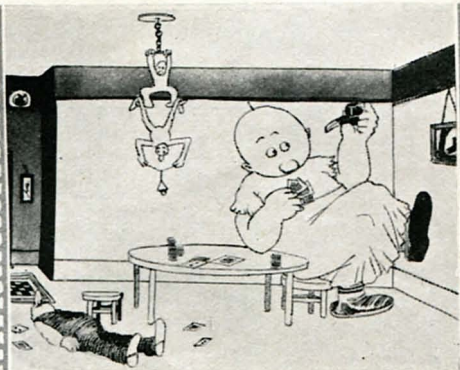
IF IT'S A GOOD THING

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THRILLING SCENES FROM THE BOOB WEEKLY

Done by R. L. Goldberg for Pathe.



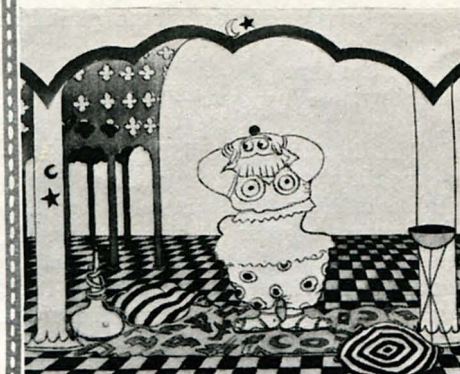
SIMP CITY, TEXAS.

One-week-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Hannibal M. Sawdust, showing the result of the new scientific method of bringing up a child on powdered pool balls and sterilized bayrum. At the age of one week, this infant uses a safety razor and plays a good game of pinochle.



CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY.

When the city was in danger of capture by the Allies, the Sultan fled from the city with 831 of his wives and left the other 972 in the harem to feed the cat.



CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY.

An intimate view of Koochie Koochie Gasloolie Pizazza, the Sultan's favorite, about to enter her marble bath for the morning dip.



SOUPBONE, MINN.

Dedication of the monument to Olaf J. Ivory, the only honest lawyer in the United States. He starved to death. Miss Marjorie Jams, daughter of Jim Jams, mayor of Soupbone, hung a wreath of spinach and asparagus over the monument at the unveiling.



CHEESECAKE, N. Y.

Congressman John T. Blowhard reviews the youngsters of the A. D. T., the Association of Federated Messenger Boys, at their annual parade. The parade was 8 hours in passing.



LATE STYLES

Paris Fashions Direct from Hoboken: Something smart and snappy to be worn while being beaten by your husband.

*"The time has come," the walrus said,
 "To talk of many things,
 Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax,
 And cabbages and kings."*

EACH had been caught in what looked like a compromising position with the other's spouse—Chester Conklin and Ford Sterling. They lived across the hall from each other, and the fear of sudden death, which with some men is the beginning of wisdom, abode with them.

The male human can, if pressed, produce a number of reasons why he should drink strong waters; afterward he can produce as many more appertaining to why he has done so. In the present occasion they ran into each other in the rooming-house hall.

"You—" snarled Sterl-

Conklin as the chief of the Fire Department in "Cinders of Love." In the circle is the real Conklin off the screen.

C. Conklin and

HOW THE WALRUS OF THE SHAD-DAYS' WORK A WEEK TO LORD-

By I. S.



©
Hartsook



ing, his fists clenching.

"Aw, kummaawn, let's get a drink," temporized Conklin, for the fear was heavy upon him.

The glare of suspicion dimmed a little in the other's eyes, the fire of hate flickered down in his face. In that silence which is ominous between men where the name of a woman lies, they strode to the corner saloon.

"Wattelyeh have?" said Conklin.

"Whiskey," growled Sterling.

"Old-red-rum," rumbled Conklin, and both glared at the bartender. They gulped it down.

"Have 'nother," said Conklin.

"No!" snarled Sterling. "Now, you—"

And they fought.

Sterling knocked Conklin down. Conklin picked himself up and began to cry; the wet, sobbing cry of a man who has mixed liquor with his fright. The bartender gave him another drink, and presently he began to sing. When the bartender assured him with emphasis that he must not do that, he fell to crying again—and got a third drink. Then he reverted to song and was thrown out onto the street.

"Come here," spoke Mack Sennett, and Conklin walked out of the "set" and stood before that other where he sat. After a long time Sennett looked up. "How much are you getting now?" he asked.

"Thirty a week," said Conklin.

Fame's Ladder

OW STAGE CLIMBED FROM TWO
SHIP OF RANCH AND SPUTTER CAR

Sayford



(Business of the Walrus puncturing himself with a pin furtively; registers delirium.)

They lighted two cigars with the old contract and signed a new one for a year at a white man's pay. No fifteen-dollar hand-me-downs were bought that day. As a delicate compliment to the immediate weekly Past, C. Conklin invested forty dollars in Irish tweeds. Some mufti!

Later along, in May of 1915 to be accurately historical, Sennett signed Conklin up for two years "at figures which were more than satisfactory." By the which, the hirsute antipodean of Charles Chaplin now owns him a home in Hollywood, a sputter

It is a reverent jest that he was plotted and educated for the ministry. In the circle is the real Conklin at the age of six months.

Sennett pondered. "How would you like to sign a six-months' contract at forty dollars?" he asked.

"I would mix song and sobs all night for that," said Conklin, and signed.

That was where and how Chester Conklin, known vicariously as the Walrus of the Shadow Stage for the *odobenus rosmarus* moustache he wears like silken drooping tusks, put his boot on the bottom rung of the topless ladder of Fame and began to climb. He had been toiling eighteen months as an extra man in the pictures, with occasionally six days' work a week at five dollars but more often two days, and a half-year's contract assuring him forty dollars every Saturday night was a thing to be desired in dreams. He hastened down town and bought two fifteen-dollar suits of clothes. The sun stood still, and there were no clouds between.

He worked; name of Legree! how he *did* work. "Even my wife," he relates, "was a little pleased." And upon a day, long before the six months were up, Mack Sennett strode into the dressing-room and spoke like this:

"Conklin. Been watching you. How'd you like to tear up that forty-dollar contract so I can raise your salary?"



Hartssook
Photo

car which has never been branded by an apostle of peace, and can proudly narrate the giving by himself to his wife of a deed to 320 acres of vurr' choice ranch land in Southern California, which they propose to people with chickens, fruit trees and beans. "And perhaps," forecasts C. Conklin, "perhaps when the hand of Age has wiped my face of make-up for keeps, I'll build us a house on that ranch, and the best woman in the world and I will go there to dream long dreams of the days when we were young."

Chester Conklin, like many another man whose fingers have clutched and clung to the hem of the robes of Fame, was born in a small town—Oskaloosa, Iowa. It is a reverent jest that he was plotted and educated for the ministry. True he's turned out to be a preacher, but of fun instead of fire and brimstone. The big top snared him.

Came to Oskaloosa, in white cars trimmed in gold, a traveling circus; and the locomotive that pulled that dazzling train out of town was coupled to young Conklin's heart-strings: he had "joined on." In the fullness of time and by virtue of "much sweat and backache"—for he labored even as once did Abdul Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan, when he was a fugitive and a coolie—Chester Conklin became a full-fledged clown with the usual emolumentary rewards. In this state he reached Los Angeles, and there a friend persuaded him out of the sawdust arena and through the gate of the Keystone studios. He became the official goat of Keystone's Police Department, and the fame of him went abroad in the land. Millions have laughed at his impersonations; he is Official High Executioner of the Glooms.

And—there remains the bean ranch.

Arthur H. Spiegel—A Tribute

A dozen years ago a nineteen-year-old Chicago boy put a new twist on the mail-order business. When he was old enough



to vote the business had made him rich. He went right on—working, planning, creating. He was having a good time.

Then the Motion Picture business interested him—not at his own volition, but to protect the tremendous interests which he himself had turned toward Motion Pictures.

A few months ago the Equitable Motion Pictures Corporation was organized, and he became its president. A little later the World Film Corporation amalgamated.

While he had been grinding out big producing corporations he hadn't forgotten the real side of life, as opposed to mere mechanical existence. He was more than six feet tall and of magnificent physique. He married. He had two children. Everybody liked him. Who wouldn't—with his boyish eyes, his wonderful smile, and his strong, warm handclasp?

But all this time old man Pneumonia had been a chuckling cold chuckle around the corner, and in the still dawn of April seventh, in the Plaza Hotel, New York, his bony hand made history of Arthur Spiegel.

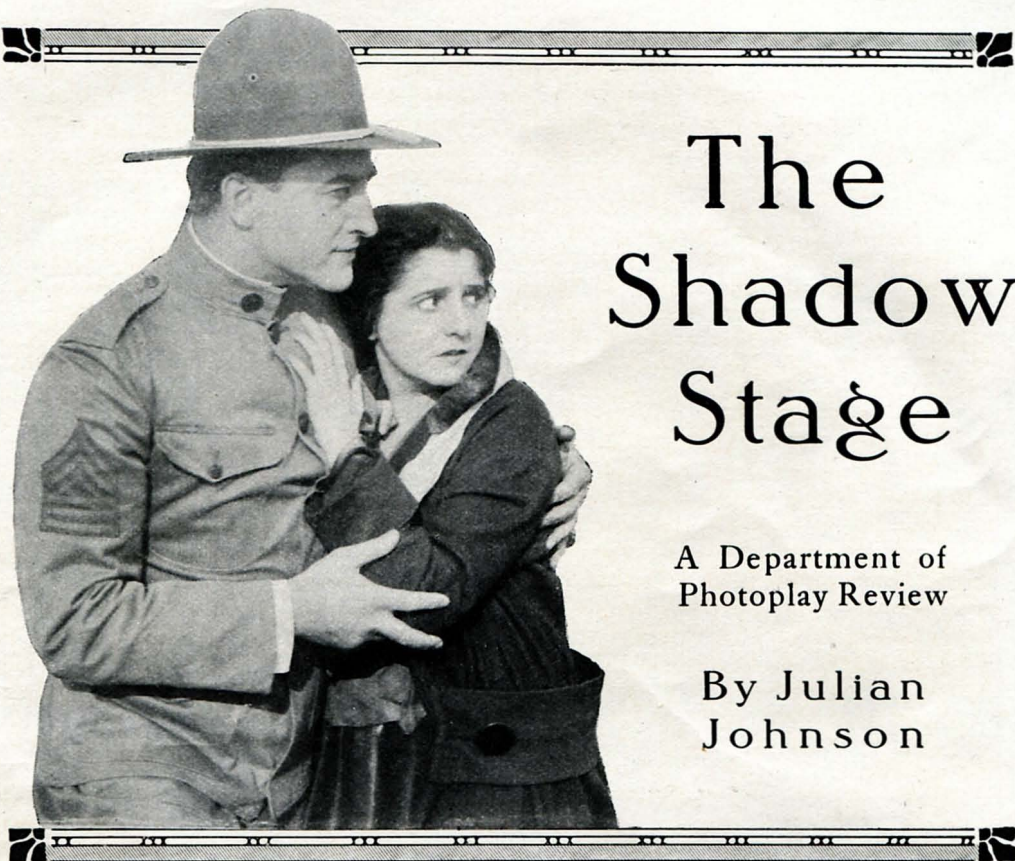
When most of the world frivols and fails and whines along to fifty, wasn't "Art's" short term—after all—one real, glorious life?



Stagg, Photo. © Photoplay Magazine

Full-Length Statue of Norma Talmadge,

carved out of herself. The pedestal is of a motor material, and is noted for its qualities of easy transport. Behind this delightful figure—which has the speed and movement of The Winged Victory, but considerably more head—may be seen a shy likeness of the young goddess' sister, known in all school mythologies as Constance. This specimen comes from that part of Greece known as Los Angeles County.



The Shadow Stage

A Department of
Photoplay Review

By Julian
Johnson

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne in "*The Wall Between.*"

WHAT'S your idea of "a good play"?

Mine is a collection of related human events, vigorous spiritually or materially, which might have happened. Chasing redskins, shooting up a cowtown, following an army, mapping a wilderness or seeking romantic adventures among alien peoples are the dramatic tinker's favorite elements of fabrication; but none of them, after all, is such eighteen-karat material as the life of your next door neighbor, if that life may be artistically reviewed in its vital incidents.

The best photoplay of the month is a story of unsuited folks whose lives, I dare say, are much like yours and mine. It is "Dollars and the Woman," dramatized from Albert Payson Terhune's novel, "Dollars and Cents." It was produced by Lubin, directed by Joseph Kaufman, and features Tom Moore and Ethel Clayton.

If so fine a specimen of artistry may

be said to have a "moral," I presume this picture points accusingly at our national fault of spending a dollar and one cent for every dollar we make.

Arthur Crewe and Dan Hilyer are rivals for Madge Boynton. Hilyer wins. Her father, supposedly "comfortably well off," dies, and she discovers that she has neither money nor property. No matter. What cares Dan, the happy inventor? He has a world-beating smelting device, which he carries around in a box. Dan and Madge marry, go through their bank-account, and out of their fine apartment. The divine event is about to happen, and Dan is still light in the pocket, with a million-dollar invention heavy on his hands. After a succession of pianissimo disasters, he goes to California with the last of their money—chasing a purchaser. Madge, penniless and alone, faints in the first minute of her Great Hour. Meanwhile, Dan only *thinks* he has gone coastward on his residue. In reality, the money was Crewe's, loaned to Madge to make good her loss via a purse-snatcher.

It is Crewe, too, who carts Madge off to a hospital; and it is Crewe who gives her the big, life-saving punch of anger when her thread of existence seems about to snap. He sends word in that he'd like to know when she can begin to refund his loan. She gets mad and recovers. Meanwhile Dan has been having no party with his miniature refining works. A succession of real-life disappointments hit him on the point of the jaw, in the stomach and full in the face, and at last a saloon porter's job is all that stands between him and hunger.

But he beats the tide of ill-fortune by simply holding on for the inevitable turn; and Madge, changed by her deprivations into a sort of financial Medusa, lifts horrified hands at his every little expenditure of the now-plentiful money. The word "Save," once-sorely needed in that home, has become its monosyllabic tyrant. The crash that poverty or separation couldn't bring is lugged in by bilious prosperity, Arthur Crewe returns, and to the last moment you're in doubt as to which . . . in fact, until Madge, holding her infant son, puts her free hand on her bewildered husband's head and murmurs gently: "My two little boys!"

So realistic are Miss Clayton as Madge, and Tom Moore as Dan, that they simply do not seem to act at all. Here is a play not only without punches, but without set start or any real ending; it just begins and trails off. It settles nothing. At the last picture Dan doesn't under-

stand Madge at all—but he loves her. Madge still thinks Dan a come-easy, go-easy—but she loves him. So they stick to it. Crewe, well played by Crawford Kent, is a delightfully real fellow; nowhere bad, but certainly not angel enough to let the other fellow's wife alone if his sticking around would make her any happier.

Kaufman has put life into his smallest details; note the wonderful little touch of sympathy flashing from the stiff office clerk in San Francisco, and Madge's thrifty covering of the scraps of cold boiled potato, after the feast of the prodigal's homecoming.

Metro, which has a lot of believers, an empire of exchanges and an army of actors, is now seriously endeavoring to make real photoplays. Such a piece as "Her Great Price" does much to atone for the flamboyant "moving pictures" which this concern once turned out, probably to the great satisfaction of its following sect, among whom I am as a grain of sand on Palm Beach.

Ever see that vivid trick play, "Seven Keys to Baldpate?" "Her Great Price" was hatched in the same nest. While it is like "Seven Keys" in theme, it is not an imitation.

The plot, if the topsy-turvy groundwork may be so called, narrates the adventures of Agnes Lambert, near - authoress who is a better writer than salesperson. At the beginning of

*Ethel Clayton, in
"Dollars and the
Woman."*





*Jane Elvide and House Peters,
in "The Hand of Peril."*

the play Agnes is receiving the gratuitous advice of two friends on her unsold stories. One suggests a twist finish, and they leave, to bring back another man, Tom Leighton, whom they have invited to a New Year's party there. Agnes sleeps, and is wakened by the arrival of the three. As the grape flows their spirits rise, and the end is a fight. They leave Agnes, and, with her faith in herself already destroyed, and her faith in her friends ebbing, she is about to commit suicide. Enter Luther Leighton, who proposes that she forego killing herself for only one year. Meanwhile, she will insure her life for \$50,000 in his favor, and he will give her \$30,000 to enjoy the imagined gayeties which have always been denied her. At the end of a stressful year of a lot of love and some laughter, she does kill herself. Her end is tragic and dreadful—and the mortuary flash fades into a closeup of her fingers flying over her keyboard: she has been merely writing the "new twist" on her story!

Henry Mortimer as Leighton is 'way above par, and Miss Mabel Taliaferro, as Agnes, is her delightful, earnest and at moments very thrilling self. The direction, the settings, and the general handling of theme, situations and material is a genuine

Metro advance. The photoplay is from the Rolfe studios.

In "The Wall Between," a new Bushman-Bayne, an extremely timely subject is essayed. It is the barrier between the enlisted man and the commissioned officer in the United States Army. Bushman plays Sergeant Kendall, a fellow of worth in the ranks, while opposite is John Davidson as Lieut. Burkett, a fellow of no worth at all from West Point. There is quite some fustian and rampart sword-waving in this picture, and to offset it, a good deal of common-sense, some Francis-for-Beverly affection, and some subject-matter to think about after the show is over.

Metro's "Kiss of Hate," starring Ethel Barrymore, starts out grandly. In its first thousand feet it is the beginning of a gigantic satire on Russia. H. Cooper Cliffe, as the officer of police, is an admirably devilish tyrant, and there is thrilling ingenuity in that veritable pogrom in the prefect's house, in which a peasant, disguised as a private of the Imperial police, is shot by the schemer's own men as an excuse for volleys upon the defenseless Jews. The device of soldiers here and there through the magnificent house, standing casually, but each in sight of another, pass-

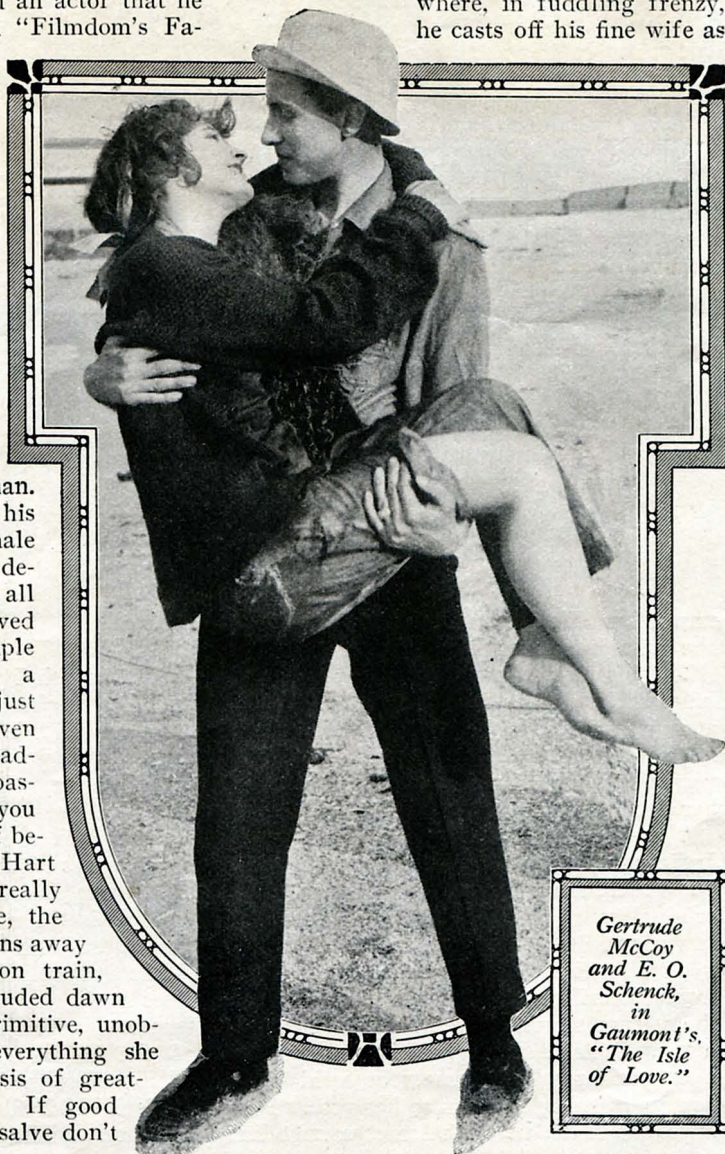
ing the signal of death with almost imperceptible nods, is a contrivance worthy Sardou in his sultriest day. Soon, however, the drama degenerates into a red jamboree, and with much flash powder, blown smoke, pop eyes and clutched left breasts the light and heavy participants pass to judgment, leaving Miss Barrymore and the pure hero to burn up by way of welcome variety. Two turns more on the thumbscrew of this incarnadined debauch would have made it a Keystone. Judged by her own artistry Miss Barrymore's performance is negligible.

W. S. Hart is so good an actor that he can survive being called "Filmdom's Favorite," and other marshmallow alliterations.

Did you see "The Aryan?" It is one of Gardner Sullivan's novel notions, of action more psychologic than physical, despite a few material whirlwinds, and is at least new enough in theme to be considered seriously in plot as well as in playing. A cleanly, virile Westerner is duped by a vicious woman. In turn he makes her his slave, establishes a male Paradise for cutthroats, declares eternal feud upon all womankind—and is saved by the simple heart, simple smile, simple eyes of a simple little girl who just can't believe him bad, even when he abuses her dreadfully. The power and passion of this story carry you along despite any lack of belief in its credibility. Hart did not strike me as really wicked, but Bessie Love, the little girl who bravely runs away from the choking wagon train, has the wonder of unclouded dawn in her eyes, and that primitive, unobstructed simplicity in everything she does which is the genesis of greatness. Watch this girl. If good notices and much verbal salve don't

ruin her, she'll be one of the mighty women of photoplay. Louise Glaum, as the nasty gixy clubbed into wenchhood, gave a characteristically energetic physical portrait.

Sullivan again, fishing another original thought out of his noddle for "The Stepping Stone," which jointly stars Frank Keenan and Mary Boland. Capitalist Elihu Jaspar (Keenan) fancies Mary, (Boland) wife of Al Beresford (Robert McKim): Jaspar looks at Mary not wholly in love, but partly in pity. He sizes up Beresford's shallow nature at its true worth, and so shows him up by elevating him to a point where, in fuddling frenzy, he casts off his fine wife as



Gertrude
McCoy
and E. O.
Schenck,
in
Gaumont's,
"The Isle
of Love."



Lewis S. Stone
and
Gladys Hanson,
in
"The Havoc."

potent key in the terrible lock of bureaucratic tyranny. The bells of revolt and massacre deepen this feeling; and it is a bit of a disappointment to see Berna wind up in New York, pass through a Theodore Kremer series of misadventures with a political boss and those who came after, and finally—after perforating her influential despoiler—fall back into the arms of doom with a wide-eyed whoop about "The Bells! The Bells!" which have followed her with whanging persistence ever since the night of the Cossacks' orgy. There is considerable human sympathy and at least one daring smash, in the closeup of the little nursing baby at the heroine's breast; but there is such a wholesaling of lust and disaster that the picture at length grows preposterous. Anna Lehr and William H. Thompson labor, respectively, as Berna, the ill-starred, and "Boss" McManus, who gets her and whom

unworthy. He is then abated to the dust by the grim Jaspar, and everybody laughs but Al. This play was changed, as to ending, before release. As originally taken, it was a tragedy of the highest type. Jaspar having forced the insincere Beresford to disavow his wife through conceit, goes to claim her for his own—and finds her a suicide.

"The Beggar of Cawnpore" is a story of India which cannot be called conventional, but which, nevertheless, contains no great originality. It is a melodrama, more or less plausible, starring Henry B. Warner.

"Civilization's Child" starts out portentously, heavily, its first scene lighting amid the solemn strains of the Russian national hymn. It has a feeling of big propaganda. You wonder what Berna, the wild little Jewess, is going to mean to her race. Perhaps she is to be its release, a soft but

she gets.

Last month I picked "To Have and To Hold" as a characteristic Lasky photoplay. By characteristic I mean thoughtfully executed in its portraits, sane in its sequence of incidents, and overcast by an air of repose and quite general elegance. None of these things mean inspiration or power. Lasky plays often have one or both of these attributes; and, again, they lack them.

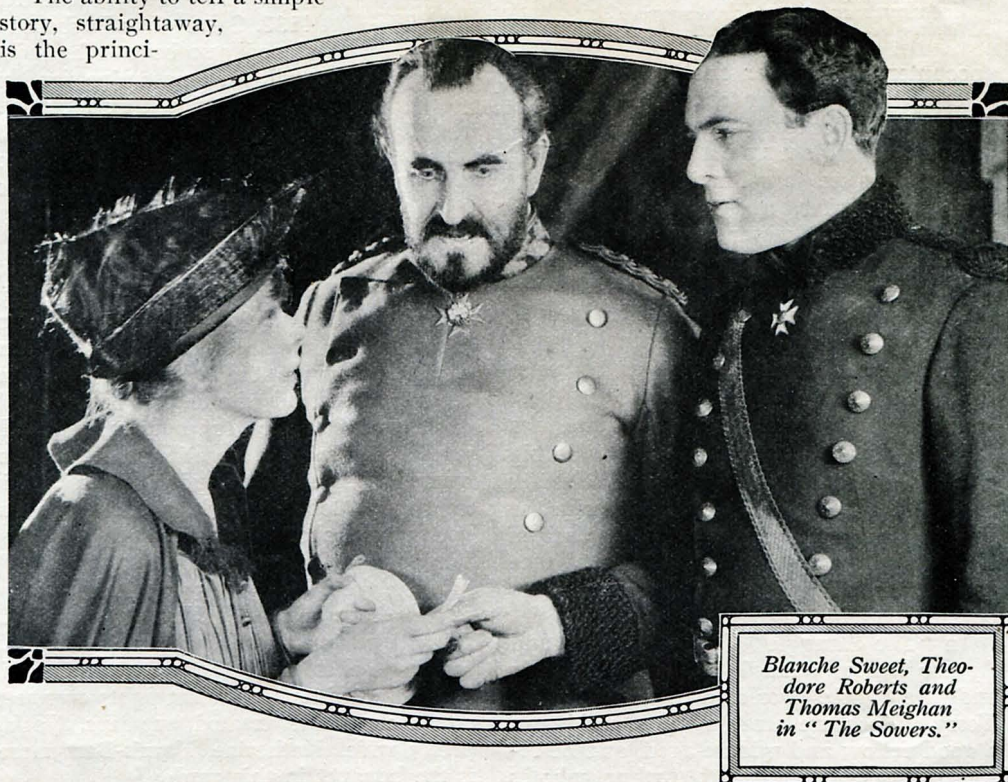
Such is "The Sowers," a drama flung about the oldest Russian theme. This theme is revolutionary activity. Here we meet again the "great movement," and the "secret organization." This time the hopes of the liberators center in Prince Paul Alexis, close to the throne, and assisted by Boris Dolokhof, a police officer, and his daughter Karin. The plot of the plotters

risers and writhes and smokes about its evokers—and falls with a clatter that buries some of them forever, though permitting the sweethearts to unite in a calmer land, leaving the seed which they, as "sowers," have planted, to be realized in the liberty of future generations. The very fine cast totals as brilliant a company as may be assembled photographically today. Miss Sweet as Karin led a group which was rear-guarded by Raymond Hatton, in a wonderful disguise, and which included, in its rank and file, Theodore Roberts, Thomas Meighan, Mabel Van Buren, Ernest Joy, Horace B. Carpenter and Harold Howard.

"The Race," which stars Anita King's perfectly maddening Norfolk walking suit, with Anita inside it—despite what you may see on the electric signs about Victor Moore—is not a good play, but it has a lot about automobiles, a thrill which seems to have misfired in the "shooting," some timely comedy and plenty of melodrama on Silvertown tires. The Norfolk suit may be described as neat and not loose.

The ability to tell a simple story, straightaway, is the princi-

pal thing marking Maurice Tourneur one of the best directors in America. His Gallic eye for beauty and poesy is secondary. Beauty and poesy have almost nothing at all to do with "The Hand of Peril," World's first feature for that big grizzly, House Peters. Peters plays a United States secret service operative, and his initial manner of getting next to a queer money factory is so natural that it breathlessly preps the beholder for the whole series of adventures. On a wintry day, strolling along an icy waterfront, he sees several United States sailors indulging in a mild altercation at a shooting-gallery. As he is a government watchdog, and as they are probably indulging in the favorite pastime of Jack ashore: getting cheated at something or other, he strolls over to look on, and, if necessary, to participate. He is not required as a coast defender, but, behind the rough boards of the gallery, he hears conversation which, in the good melodramatic term, interests him strangely. He gumshoes and peeps, and presently lets himself into an industrious birthplace of homemade banknotes. Then follows encounter after



Blanche Sweet, Theodore Roberts and Thomas Meighan in "The Sowers."



*Tyrone Power,
in "John Need-
ham's Double."*

encounter, flash after flash of comedy, touch after touch of vivid humanity, and a cumulation of suspense. Ralph Delmore is splendid as the counterfeiter, and June Elvidge and Doris Sawyer keep up to the male pace. Tourneur has one set which seems a house with its whole side ripped off—three stories, twelve rooms, and the Homeric warfare going on all through them.

"Her God" should be kept as a Smithsonian Institution curiosity, for in it there is an Indian demoiselle who has Minnehaha labelled as an agency squaw. What big chief ever had such a wonderful daughter as Gail Kane? She's enough to make the dullest Jim Jones wish his name was Red Cloud. The story is a melodrama of race and sentiment, fashioned about the pueblos of the Southwest.

In "The Struggle" Frank Sheridan and Arthur Ashley wrangle through five reels and the whole world over Ethel Grey Terry. Both are army men. Sheridan is a good fellow and middle-aged, and he resolves to give Ethel up to Arthur, who is

juvenile, but a terrible rotter. A shipwreck in which the boy is ignoble and the older man—a man; a trephining operation, a desert island monastery, a leper colony, a fortunate suicide and a final happy fadeout engage the efforts of these good players and the attention of the audience. The photography is very uncertain; the story and direction fair; the individual performances, above reproach.

Alice Brady is so irresistibly sweet that she makes up a large part of "Then I'll Come Back To You's" defects as a photoplay. Here is Larry Evans' good red-blood novel serving as another explanation of some people's preference for a story in covers. Jack Sherrill does not for a moment play the real Steve O'Mara, and when, about foot No. 4132, Steve gives Barbara resignedly up because he is just too rough and masculine for her, one feels like shrieking for smelling salts in high C. I'd have to be a doggoned rough boy to let go Alice Brady's candy fingers—if I ever got hold of them!

I started to write something descriptive about "The Lost Bridegroom," John Barrymore's latest Arabian Nights' adventure through a Famous Players' camera. I ran a pencil through the unfinished first sentence, and instead of a description, which I can't give, I'll write a recommendation. If you haven't seen it, do so if the opportunity comes. What plot there is you can hold in one hand; looking at it, you see a social young man about to be married—knocked into aphasia and a den of crooks by a thug's blow on the head. Actively speaking, a lot of this footage is considerably slow; but Barrymore is inimitably ever-present, and toward the close of the exercises there is one of the wildest, funniest fights ever seen on the chemically treated tent flaps. Jack's pretty wife, Katherine Harris-Barrymore, is the bouquet in this garden.

Just why the Pearl of Park Avenue, Pauline Frederick, had to be dumped into scraggly "Audrey" is more than I know. If you liked "Audrey" you will see here a pretty good representation of it; and perhaps there were no other pieces for Miss Frederick at the time. But why polish one's tan shoes with lip rouge?

"The Saleslady" narrated a conventional story, illuminated by the beauty of Hazel Dawn.

In "The Eternal Grind," Mary Pickford has a photoplay which, like a diamond's facets under electric light, now and again throws back a warm blaze. These blazes are the flashes of loveable personality and homely sympathy without which no Pickford play appears. But the story itself is distractingly unbelievable, and reiterative to exasperation. Why drum in on us the rich old factory owner who pishtushes all improvement, his devilish son, his angelic son, and a marriage which Mary forces for her sister at the point of a revolver, and which we are saccharinely told is happy ever after? Speaking exactly to the point, and with no thought of flip profanity, such a union would be an infernal nuptial. While Miss Pickford may hold her adherents with such wearisome vehicles as this, she is certainly gaining no ground.

In the Universal projection rooms, New York City, I recently saw a splendid photoplay which will have a hard time getting over any censorship board if made a general release. It is "Where Are My Children?" a stentorian rebuke to those married butterflies who shirk the responsibilities of motherhood. Tyrone Power plays the principal

role, and the piece was written and directed by Lois Weber. Richard Walton (Power) moves in a circle where babies are a good deal of hindrance, and they are kept from opening their little eyes on the world, to a large extent, by one Dr. Malfit. Mrs. Walton is a chief sinner, but the iniquity does not show its ugly head until Mrs. Walton's younger brother misleads the housekeeper's daughter. Mrs. Walton attempts a rescue of the usual sort; result, death. The pillars now being knocked from the false temple, the edifice of wrath crashes on the heads of all. This very fine, delicate and rather difficult drama is wonderfully played by a cast whose conspicuously excellent members are Mr. Power, Helen Riaume, Marie Walcamp, Cora Drew, Rene Rogers, A. D. Blake and Juan de la Cruz. Criticism may well be directed at some of Mrs. Weber-Smalley's allegorical representations. They do not belong at all.

Another powerful Power-Weber play is



John Barrymore and June Dale, in "The Lost Bridegroom."

"John Needham's Double." This contains some remarkable photographic effects, and general good acting, but its gloom and tragedy are oppressive.

Douglas Fairbanks, in common with Mary Pickford, suffers from over-exploitation of a unique personality. The Pickford gentleness and the Fairbanks smile are perhaps the two most reliable props of today's dramatic transparencies. "The Habit of Happiness," which starts out with the thundering good idea of right-side-uping a floundering, grouchy old world by grinning at grief, hammers so long on the single major key that before the play's finished a bit of minor would have been high and welcome relief. My criticism is levelled not against "The Habit of Happiness" as an entertainment or an improving morality—it was pretty good as one and simply immense as the other—but against the growing habit of making Mr. Fairbanks—who happens to be one of the very finest young actors on our platforms—depend wholly on his strong chin, chortling ivories, belligerent movements and snappy eyes. Back to the play: if you saw it, you can't but remember the laugh-fest of the poor old down-and-outers, and the syncopated conversion of the archaic 'cellist who always played Chopin's Funeral March to give Jonathan Pepper a good time.

One of the finest of last month's Fine Arts' plays is, undoubtedly, "Martha's Vindication," a very human story of girl friends, kindness, and the irresistible desire to dodge consequences if we can. The delicate handling of the sex side of this picture, as well as artful attention to detail, calls for enthusiastic appreciation. Norma Talmadge, Seena Owen, Tully Marshall and Ralph Lewis form a quartette which is by no means all of the splendid cast.

Did you see "Little Meena's Romance?" If you haven't, do so. This quaint, bubbling recount of existence among the Pennsylvania Dutch is the best high-class comedy of the film month. In it Dorothy Gish, as Meena, deepens the splendid impression she left in "Betty of Graystone"; and that is, that as a performer of diversity, charm, and comic appreciation, she outclasses her stellar sister Lillian. Owen Moore, plus an English moustache and a sample wringer, is an equally enjoyable personage.

In "Sold For Marriage" Lillian Gish puts a convincing touch on a play of Russian life which is not convincing in itself.

Essanay's production, "The Havoc," tells in fine dramatic manner the story of a man whose home was busted by a brute, and who busts the brute by continuing to live amid the ruins of his shrine as—a mere boarder. The action of this play is, in its intenser passages, spiritual, mental activity. It is a splendid example of heart-analysis and a searching study of mental processes with no other words than captions. Gladys Hanson is featured, but if Essanay had it to do over again it is a safe wager that Lewis S. Stone, whose wonderful performance as the husband is the commanding feature of the photoplay, would receive equal type at least. Miss Hanson's work is highly commendable, but Stone outshines her.

"Carmen," a belated Essanay Chaplin, is a rugged, raggy lyric anent the adventures of "Darn Hosiery," quondam cavalier of Carmen, a Sweet Cap weaver among the nicotine looms of well-known Seville. In two reels this would be a characteristic Chaplin uproar. Four reels is watering the cream.

Keystonery this month includes varied visual records of Messrs. Mace, Arbuckle, Joe Jackson and Mack Swain. The poorest of these plays is "Gypsy Joe," the Jackson affair. The best, perhaps because of finer detail, is "His Wife's Mistake," Arbuckle's gift from Fort Lee. The fastest, and that only in its last half-thousand feet, is Fred Mace's hullabaloo, pandemonium and concentrated consternation known as "The Oily Scoundrel."

In "Gold and the Woman" the Fox corporation approaches the end of the Theda Bara vampire series, it is said.

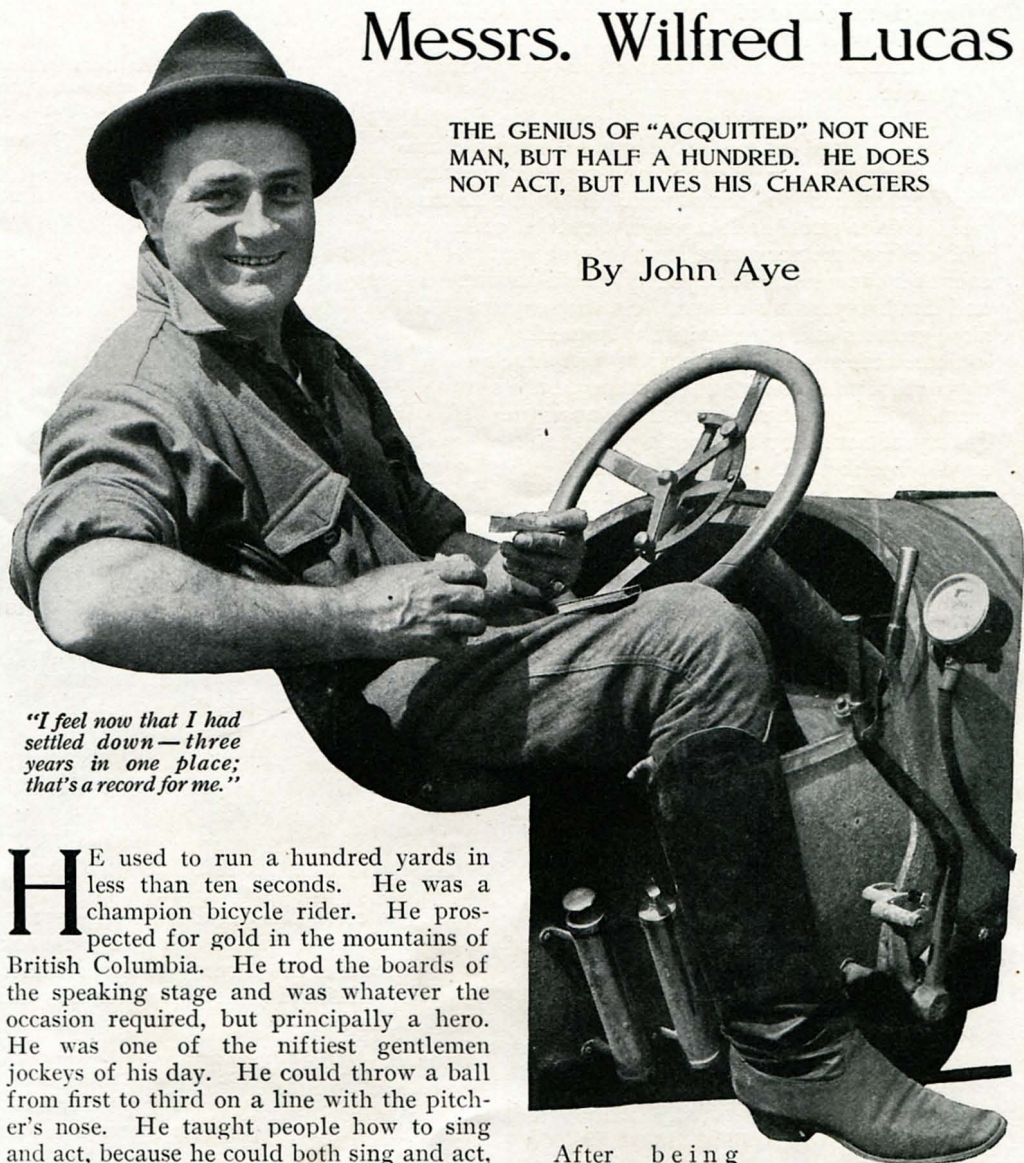
The intense powers of Mme. Bertha Kalich are not very well utilized by Fox in "Slander," a somewhat misnamed melodrama which starts out finely, but which runs to arch-plotting past belief.

The best thing about "The Heart of Paula" was its not-veiled satire on the present American insecurity in Mexico. The poor Consul, whose only comfort in his flag was the sight of it!

Messrs. Wilfred Lucas

THE GENIUS OF "ACQUITTED" NOT ONE MAN, BUT HALF A HUNDRED. HE DOES NOT ACT, BUT LIVES HIS CHARACTERS

By John Aye



"I feel now that I had settled down—three years in one place; that's a record for me."

HE used to run a hundred yards in less than ten seconds. He was a champion bicycle rider. He prospected for gold in the mountains of British Columbia. He trod the boards of the speaking stage and was whatever the occasion required, but principally a hero. He was one of the niftiest gentlemen jockeys of his day. He could throw a ball from first to third on a line with the pitcher's nose. He taught people how to sing and act, because he could both sing and act, and knew why. Farther back he was a subaltern in the Canadian army, then a hopeful, broad-browed youth speaking his valedictory to McGill University. Latterly he has taken to pictures and has been actor, producer, director, and actor again. The other day he was defying Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree—threatening him with a broadsword and talking in a big voice something terrible, even though his booming orotund was never to reach an audience. And Sir Herbert roared, "Lay on, Macduff, and damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough.'"

After being Macduff through a slashing, crashing picture scene he went out to his little ranch in the Glendale hills and became Wilfred Lucas, farmer.

If variety is the spice of life, the career of David Wark Griffith's most versatile star is nothing short of a whole aromatic cargo. "He has everything," as they used to say of some extraordinarily adroit boxer, when that species was extant. The big building at the Fine Arts studio, which is bulging at the sides and stuffed to the ceiling with furniture, arms, costumes and a miscellany of other pickings from every-

where, is no fuller of properties than is the life of Wilfred Lucas with experiences and contacts.

If Griffith wants a desperado or a saintly priest, a corpulent plutocrat or a vagabond, a hobo or a Beau Brummel, a seafaring man or a mountaineer, a David Harum or a Lord Algy, he goes to Lucas and says, "Be this character," and straightway it is in the way of being accomplished. All that Lucas need do is to stroll back through the aisles of his well-ordered memory, take from its niche whichever of his innumerable acquaintances is desired and fit that person's manner, clothes, expression, gestures and peculiarities to himself.

Some time ago Griffith said: "Will, here's a play that possesses unusual potency, but its success will depend almost entirely upon the quality of acting by the leading character, an old bookkeeper. I'd like to have you do the bookkeeper. Perhaps you know the character I want."

"I think I do," said Lucas. "I know an old bookkeeper; he is every old book-

Lucas is better known to film enthusiasts in "straight" parts.



keeper. He is the product of a high stool, thirty years over his figures from eight to twelve and from one to five, a light lunch around the corner, poor pay, dreams of riches, the satisfied consciousness that the secrets of the firm are locked in his breast, and a quiet Sunday home with the family or an afternoon at the park."

Can any one who has seen Lucas as John Carter in "Acquitted" doubt that he did know him? The genius in the portraiture

"To have achieved the externals of John Carter was not difficult."



is so compelling and luminous that one need never have known an old bookkeeper at all to recognize his complete revelation in the character of John Carter.

"In your creation of John Carter was there a particular person you had in mind?" I asked Mr. Lucas. Before he answers, let me give you a little of his "atmosphere." He was in his dressing room at the Fine Arts studio. All around him were things. On the chairs, walls, floor, table, wardrobe—things, things, things. When the big dynamic star had cleared his way through them and settled himself for a talk a sort of radiance from his vivid self danced all about over the confusion. He is very vital and carries a strong magnetic field. Chiefly I looked at him because it was a pleasure to do so; he is abounding in health, has a robust, shapely physique and a strong, engaging face. But occasionally I glanced about. Over there was the photograph of a priest kneeling at

an altar. Who was he? A border ruffian was the center of a group looking up from the table. Who was he? Up on the wardrobe a British banker stared. Who, also, was he? I saw a society man, a finely set up chap, smiling at me from a litter, and asked myself the same question. They were all Lucas, or he was all they, but I did not learn this until afterward.

"No specific person was taken for John Carter," he said, answering the question. "A number of persons have told me they know the character and insist that the old bookkeeper of their acquaintance is John Carter. A friend said to me just a few days ago, 'Will, I know now where you found John Carter. I saw him in a bank the other day and was so fascinated with the discovery that I stood watching him half the morning.'"

"He was mistaken, but only as to detail. In the main he was right. The bookkeeper he saw was John Carter, I have no doubt, although I never saw his bookkeeper. But I know the type. He is the creature of a certain fixed environment. He has a stoop to his shoulders. He is timid. He does not know the world very well. He is subdued and meditative and lives a good deal in dreams. And yet there is something deeply wise about him because he knows secrets, great secrets, perhaps. The old bookkeepers I have known have had very kindly souls and, having been effaced, having lived in dim places on the tops of high stools for years—just cipher-makers and almost ciphers—they are capable of great sacrifices. To have achieved the externals of John Carter was not difficult; go into any bank or counting house and ask to see the old bookkeeper—there's nearly always one in every institution—and he will look at you over his glasses and you will see a man who is honest and simple. To slip over your own personality that of another's, especially one who, despite his simplicity, is subtle, is much more difficult than to approximate the superficial of him.

"If I accomplished the substitution with any success it was perhaps because I have been around a great deal. Some time ago a clergyman asked me how I had been able to so faithfully portray a member of his profession. I answered in the words of a famous person whom the clergyman is trying to put out of business—'From going to

and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it.'"

"Now some actors, even in character work, insist upon maintaining their own externals. Their maxim is, 'The public must know it is I.' That is not my conception of what character acting should be. I try to be the person I portray and to present myself to the audience, via the camera, as that person and with my own self completely submerged."

Nevertheless, Wilfred Lucas does not submerge his personality, although he becomes most accurately the character he represents. He is always there behind the mime and gives that sort of power to his work which explains why Griffith, seven years ago, sent a cable over to Paris asking him to come to New York and join him in the picture game. Lucas went; he had been twenty-one years an actor, but he had no prejudices. After that the two planned and did many things in the old studio on Fourteenth street. Then they came to Los Angeles and pioneered the photoplay business in Hollywood. Lucas and Louis T. Vance had a producing company of their own for awhile and turned out good pictures. But the versatility of Lucas ended the business; he was a better director than any they could employ and infinitely superior as a star to the best the firm's money could tempt, so he was shortly doing everything.

"I was working twenty-four hours a day," he mused. "Yes, I will say, twenty-six. I was like the colored woman who complained that she was putting in that length of time at her toil each day. 'But there are only twenty-four hours in a day,' her employer reminded her. 'Yes, suh, I knows,' she said, 'but I wuks till two o'clock the nex' mo'nin'.' So I thought I would take a little otium with my dignitate and went back to acting and farming. I feel now as though I had settled down—three years in one place; that's a record for me."

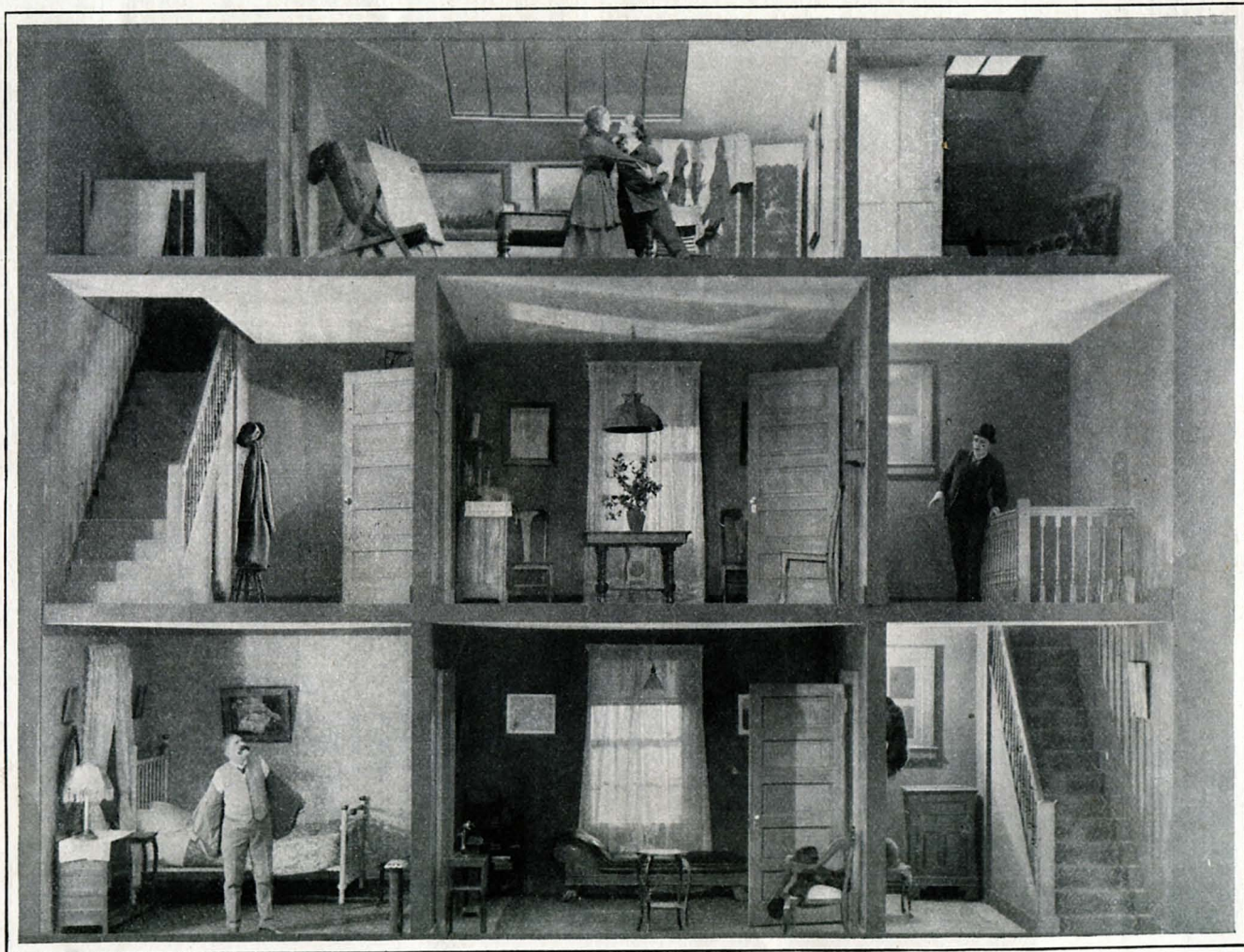
"You used to be a famous athlete," the writer commented, "but now you do middle-aged things; you farm and motor and only watch baseball games. Can you run a hundred yards in less than twenty?"

"I bet fifty with a friend just last week that I could do it in as good as twelve. The time was eleven and a half seconds flat."

And he is forty-five!

Three Stories of Story

Here are nine scenes in one set, a film novelty originated by Maurice Tourneur, World director. It was used in "The Hand of Peril," and this picture shows how continuous action was caught by the camera without resorting to "flash-backs." In this play the action began in two different parts of the house, the right-hand side of the lower floor and the left-hand part of the third floor, ending in the room in the center of the second floor.



ELEVEN WINNERS CHOSEN

"Beauty and Brains" Contest

THEIR NAMES AND PHOTOGRAPHS WILL APPEAR
IN A SPECIAL ART SECTION IN NEXT MONTH'S
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, ON NEWSSTANDS JUNE 1

MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL and the other members of the Board of Judges in the "Beauty and Brains" Contest have selected from among the many thousands of entrants the eleven winners, two from each of the five Grand Divisions of the United States and one from the Grand Division of Canada.

Their names and photographs will be published in next month's (July) issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, on the newsstands June 1. A special art section of the magazine will be devoted to this feature.

The task of "picking the winners" was an arduous one, because of the great number of contestants and the surprisingly large number of those whose obvious beauty and indicated brains made them more than ordinary possibilities in the competition. Miss Russell, for one, voiced this difficulty. The famous beauty's comment was one of whimsical despair. "However," she exclaimed, "shall one be able to choose the eleven from so many, many truly beautiful young women!"

The two weeks to be spent in and about New York City by the eleven winners of the Contest will be a veritable high school course in the art-profession of training novices to become capable photoplay actresses and real stars. During the fortnight the eleven will be, much of the time, in the hands of an informal committee of celebrated moving-picture stars, men and women whose faces the photoplay screen has made famous the world over; and they will be much of the time under the personal tutelage of Maurice Tourneur, director-in-chief of the World Film Corporation and one of the most brilliant men in the directorial field.

A feature of the winners' trip will be a reception tendered them at the Fort Lee studios of the World Film Corporation,

across the Hudson from New York City, by World Film players, and officials.

Though the primary object of the trip is the thorough testing out of the eleven to determine their fitness to be trained for photoplay stardom, with a one-year immediate contract to those who stand the test, not all of the fortnight in the metropolis will be spent in this grinding drill. Social diversions, arranged by Miss Sophie Irene Loeb, their chaperon, will be interspersed. All of the expenses of the trip, from the moment the eleven leave their homes for New York, will be defrayed.

The greatest number of aspirants to moving-picture fame and fortune entered "Beauty and Brains" Contest from the Third or West Central Division, comprising the states of Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Kansas, North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota and Nebraska.

Second place was scored by the First or Eastern Central Division—New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut, Virginia, Maine, Rhode Island, North Carolina, District of Columbia, Maryland, Vermont, New Hampshire and Delaware.

Third place, the Fourth or Western Division—California, Washington, Oregon, Colorado, Montana, Utah, Idaho, Arizona, New Mexico, Wyoming and Nevada.

Fourth place, the Second or Eastern Central Division—Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Kentucky and West Virginia.

Fifth place, the Fifth or Southern Division—South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Oklahoma and Texas.

Sixth place, the Sixth or Canadian Division—the Dominion of Canada, including British Columbia.

In the list of cities, New York led with the greatest number of entrants and Chicago took second place.

The fine fingers of what the spectaclé scientists might call Comparative Psychology, point out with the tabulating pencil some facts of interest. For example:

Brown-eyed girls wrote the greatest number of letters and sent in the greatest number of photographs, with blue eyes second and grays third. You will have to figure out for your own satisfaction whether this means that brown-eyed girls are, contrary to all the understanding of the ages, more ambitious than blue-eyed and gray-eyed girls, or whether the comparison hints only at a greater love of popularity and its material rewards on the part of the brownies.

Why should the most interesting letters have been written—in the whole bulk of thousands—by blue-eyed girls? And why the most emotional by the browns again, instead of by the dreamy violets?

About seventy per cent. of all the contestants stated their age (this was not a condition of the Contest, but the information was besought for the guidance of the Judges), and of these the greatest number said they were eighteen. Twenty-year-olds came second, nineteen-year-olds third, and sixteen-year-olds fourth. The ages stated ranged from one year to sixt— ah well, now, that would be telling.

A great many of the thousands of entrants failed to enclose stamps for the return of their photographs. It is not too late to remedy this oversight. Send the proper postage to "Beauty and Brains Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Chicago, Ill.," and if you have not failed to write your name and address on your photographs they will be mailed back to you—that is, unless you are among the winners. Then, perhaps, you won't want them.

The Homecoming

I wondered if the dear old house was as it
was in days of yore:

I wondered if the ivy vines were still
entwined about the door;

I wondered if young lovers walked with
heedless tread and slow

Along the maple shaded lane I left so
long ago.

Great Guns! I saw the dear old house—
but never so before;

No ivy vines, but actors were entwined
about the door,

And in the faintly scented lane the lovers
strolled again—

The tale I told (to one) they told to
squads of cam'ra men!

My family tree, the moss grown gate, the
shady winding lane

I found to my intense regret had lived,
but not in vain.

So, though I saw the dear old place, I
didn't dare step in,

For movie squads were putting on "Sweet
Sadie Soupbone's Sin!"

GORDON SEAGROVE.

PACIFIC OCEAN NEWS

SUPPLIED BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT IN
LOS DIABLOS, THE CALIFORNIA FILM CENTER

THREE - CORNERED FEATURES has commenced the erection of a \$50,000 clubhouse for its chauffeurs, 150 of whom signed a round robin objecting to association with valets and maids in the \$100,000 Service Quadrangle.

FLOP FILMS, the big new producers of London, New York and East Gideon, will offer a serial as their initial masterpiece. It is called "George Washington," in thirty-two parts.

FLOP FILMS has engaged an all-American cast for its patriotic serial, "George Washington." Part assignments now made include: Washington, Morris Lubov; Martha Washington, Desiree Dufrene; General Lafayette, Hans Pfeffer; Lord Cornwallis, Lew Higgins.

CYRIL SENILLY, the celebrated English novelist, of Lark Manor, Sheresdale, South Fallow, Execution Hill, Sea View, Kent, has been in our city the past week conferring with Capt. Possum, of Lifeograph.

MAJOR POSSUM says his company will spare nothing in the reproduction of Mr. Senilly's great novels. He has already engaged thirteen actors and seven directors, and has paid Mr. Senilly advance royalty totalling \$25.

SALLY SILPIN, Mica's new comedienne, has had a career of astounding adventure for one so young. Born in Bloomington at an early age, she had removed to Council Bluffs before she was seven years old, and two years later fell from the top of a load of hay.

THE shawl used by Mary Topeka in the Rembrandt Pictures' production of "Tickled to Tophet in Timbuctoo" is said to have been presented to her grandfather by the late Dowager Queen of China, that well-known lady getting it from some Ro-

man Emperor. Thus it is at least a hundred years old.

JACK LICORICE has been confined to the hospital with nervous prostration the past two weeks, following an exhausting study of his new part: the lead in the All-Preachers' production of "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room."

WHEN it comes to realism no one is allowed to surpass Col. Possum. He has just ordered two quarts of genuine Cook's champagne for use in his great Broadway feature, "Caught at the Claridge."

HARRY WHEE, directing Flop Films' Indian melodrama, "Smokum," has discarded his pants for silk pajamas. He says they give him more atmosphere.

WALLY HONUS, the Loco camera-man, announces that in "Fresh Fish," a sentimental romance, he broke all world's records by a successful sextuple exposure on a single strip of negative. The result was absolute blackness, representing night.

KENNETH McSWINDLE, the Mica press agent, recently sent a love-story to a magazine, which printed it as humor and immediately ordered more at a very fancy figure. Result: those who are getting any press copy out of Kenneth now are paying for it, you can bet!

PERCIVAL WAVERING, Mica's most fearless hero, is so pleased with our country that on Thursday he took out his first citizenship papers.

ON Wednesday, Mr. Wavering received a letter from England, stating that three brothers, all younger than himself, had been conscripted.

Plays and Players

LIVELY BITS, MOSTLY NEWS, GLEANED FROM THE
FILM CENTERS OF EAST AND WEST COASTLINES

By Cal York

A ROMANCE which dates back to the filming of "The Birth of a Nation" had its culmination recently in the marriage of Raoul Walsh and Miss Miriam Cooper in Los Angeles. Miss Cooper was the Margaret Cameron of that noted photoplay and Mr. Walsh played the unheroic part of John Wilkes Booth, the actor-assassin of President Lincoln. Mr. Walsh later became a director and was acquired by the William Fox company for which he produced "Carmen," "Regeneration" and other photoplays. When Miss Cooper returned to the Coast from the East to join Mr. Walsh's company, the romance which begun at the Griffith studio was renewed and wedding bells followed.

RUTH STONEHOUSE, whose attractive personality was for long identified with Essanay, is a new member of the Hollywood film colony. She recently attached her name to a Universal contract.

FRIENDS of Henry Walthall were severely shocked a while back by the information which came via a misled brewer of publicity, that "Wally" was learning to ride horseback. Those who recalled seeing him in "The Birth of a Nation" wondered what he was doing on that bay charger, which figured in most of the dozen reels, if he wasn't riding the war steed.

NO more slapstick, flour-barrel, custard-pie, aeroplane, water-stuff comedy for Mabel Normand, who has been frolicking in Keystone laugh provokers ever since there was a Keystone. Miss Normand deserted her old screen pal, "Fatty" Arbuckle, in New York, and left for Los Angeles with a new Triangle contract which recognizes her desire to play light dramatic roles. It had not been determined at the time of her departure for the Coast whether Miss Normand was to make her debut into the new field under the auspices of Thomas H. Ince, or her former director, Mack Sennett.

QUERIES as to Lottie Pickford since she completed "The Diamond from the Sky" may be answered. It is a cute little girl baby, a few months younger than the Alice Joyce baby and it will go through life as Mary Pickford Rupp, so christened in honor of the proud aunt. The announcement will be a surprise to many film enthusiasts as it was not generally known that the younger Pickford sister was married, although the ceremony occurred more than three years ago. Mr. Rupp is an automobile salesman with headquarters in New York, and the Rupp family is temporarily domiciled at the home of "Aunt Mary." Many costly gifts were received by the new Pickford.

GEORGE FAWCETT, whose only rivals in the masculine beauty field are Tully Marshall and Frank Campeau, has been swinging around the circle



The Coast film colony's newest bridal couple, Mr. and Mrs. Raoul Walsh; the latter as she appeared in "The Birth of a Nation."



of motion picture studios, playing here and there as conscience and contracts dictated. Now he is in Chicago with an important part in "The Crisis," which is being filmed there by Selig. Marshall Neilan, who has been directing for Selig on the Coast, is also an added starter in that historic play.

THESE are sorrowful days for the admirers of Edna Hunter, of Eastern Universal. We are solemnly informed that Miss Hunter

has ceased sending out locks of hair from her "crowning glory" because "the cruel insurance company that insured her hair for a hundred thousand dollars stipulated," Etc., Etc. This wins the prize this month.

INVOKING a feminine prerogative, Producer Thomas H. Ince has changed the name of his twelve-reel anti-war play from "He Who Returned" to "Civilization." No reason was given for the change.

CARLYLE BLACKWELL, whose popularity dates back to the early days of the photoplay, is now a permanent member of the World-Equitable forces—as permanent as a three year contract can make him.

LATE acquisitions by Lasky include Lola May and little Billy Jacobs. Miss May has been seen in a number of Ince productions and Billy has played kid parts in Keystone comedies for a long time. Both made their Lasky start in the Marie Doro photoplay, "The Heart of Nora Flynn."

JUANITA HANSEN, the dazzling blonde of "Martyrs of the Alamo" and later of Keystone, has gone to the far north—speaking from the Hollywood viewpoint—Santa Barbara. She is to appear in an American serial directed by Tom Chaterton.

ONE of the best known directors on the Atlantic side of the film world, Frank Powell, has severed his connection with World-Equitable, with no announcement as to his future field of action. Mr. Powell's concluding photoplay for that company was "The Other Sister," starring Gail Kane.

BALTIMORE officials refused to allow a Famous Players company, headed by Hazel Dawn, to film scenes in Druid Hill Park, because, in the words of the president of the Park Board, "there are some patrons of movies who believe that pictures are real" and he didn't think it would be "a good advertisement for the park" to be shown in love-making scenes. Which is food for thought—squirrel food. What? Why yes, quite nutty.

VIOLA DANA, "The Poor Little Rich Girl" of the dramatic stage and Edison's principal screen star, has gone over to Metro. It is announced that she has affixed her name to a long time contract to appear exclusively in Metro photoplays.

"GLORIA'S ROMANCE" has been decided upon as the title of the Billie Burke serial, which has been in course of preparation for the screen for several months. The initial showing is scheduled for May 22 and two-reel instalments will be exhibited each week thereafter, taking the play well on through the year and into 1917.



Between scenes, at Jacksonville, Fla., Marguerite Courtot appears in the role of the lady with the hose.

ETHEL CLAYTON is a new leading woman with World-Equitable. Miss Clayton was for four years with Lubin and appeared in sixteen feature productions while with the Liberty Bell concern.

SID CHAPLIN is said to have received \$75,000 from his brother Charles for his part in negotiating that Mutual \$670,000 salary deal.

PANCHO VILLA has nothing on motion picture press agents when it comes to making news, yet the latter err occasionally. For instance the Gaumont keyboard punisher devotes space to chronicling the alleged fact that Gertrude Robinson "Faints Twice in the Same Feature." Now to our keen, alert and analytical mind, that hardly seems to be news. Whereas, if Miss Robinson had fainted once in two features, or was featured twice in one faint, it might be called news with some degree of accuracy.

FROM the Remington of another purveyor of polite publicity comes a tragic story of man's inhumanity to woman. Cleo Madison was called upon to umpire a baseball game, which she did. At the conclusion—we quote the writer—"she demanded the ball as payment for her services and of course got it. Now she is quite swollen headed over its possession." All we can say about it is that the fella that threw the ball is no gentleman. Only a cross-eyed bushy with buck fever would mistake Cleo's head for a mitt.

WILLIAM COLLIER—he doesn't like to be called "Willie"—is being given no chance to forget the custard massages and pumpkin shampoos of Keystone, while recruscating at Inceville. We are informed that in his new Ince comedy he is clubbed with resin sticks, shot at with arrows and generally bounced about while in the grip of an alcoholic phantasmagoria.

DOROTHY BERNARD is back at the Eastern Fox studio after hibernating in the Western studio on the outskirts of Los Angeles, where she supported William Farnum in "Fighting Blood" and "A Man of Sorrow." Miss Bernard is to be starred hereafter in her own name.

RICHARD TRAVERS, Essanay star, took a few weeks off to show vaudeville patrons what a handsome chap he is when made up and properly spotlighted. Des Moines, Ia., had the honor of seeing him first as a vaudeville attraction. No casualties reported.

OTHER film stars are temporarily indulging in the spoken drama, including Alice Brady, Jane Grey, Charles Cherry, and Robert Warwick, all of whom are appearing in Broadway theaters.

THERE may be something significant in the fact that on March 17, a Pennsylvania court overruled the state board of censors which had placed "The Serpent" on the *verboten* list.

HAROLD LOCKWOOD and May Allison signalized their Metro debut by getting mixed up, along with the rest of their company, with a hotel fire in Northern Maine where they had gone to film scenes for "The Come-Back." They escaped without injury but each sustained the loss of three trunks of duds.

A HUNDRED or more persons were injured in the recent filming of the big scenes in D. W. Griffith's great production temporarily known as "The Mother and the Law." Several thousand extras garbed as warriors of Biblical days took part in the

battle scenes on and about the gigantic sets opposite the Hollywood studio. Nine cameras were in operation throughout the filming.

DECLARING that some girl is posing as her double in Los Angeles, even to the extent of incurring obligations with tradesmen, garage owners and other purveyors of necessities, Marguerite Courtot, who is now playing leads for Gaumont, has written from Jacksonville, Fla., asking that her counterfeiter be exposed. A sort of double exposure. What?

RECORD prices are said to have been paid free lance cameramen who obtained films of the Villa raid and the departure of American troops into *manana* land after the bandits. All of the film newspapers claimed scoops but Mutual Weekly is entitled to the palm—or the cactus—as it claims to have had a cameraman in Columbus, Texas, long before any other news film representative arrived. The town that was raided, however, was Columbus, New Mexico.



Here is Metro's latest acquisition, Viola Dana, clever little miss of stage and screen.



This is a very serious pose of Conway Tearle, who is now dividing his time between a Broadway theater and the World studio.

VALESKA SURATT is back from the several European fronts. Mystery surrounds her premature arrival, which, according to some publications of lofty reputation for truth and veracity, was due to the fact that she unwittingly gave away some French military secrets in a letter to the U. S. Miss Suratt confirms the story.

SOME recruits from the legitimate stage are more camera-shy than others when first breaking in, but William Gillette is said to be the shyest star that has ever glittered around Essanay's Chicago studio. In the filming of "Sherlock Holmes," the sets were so tightly boxed in that not even the press agent was allowed to see Mr. Gillette in action.

JAMES CRUZE is back among home folks after cruising about the gold coast, during which he played the heavy in a picture at Lasky's. He is now with friend wife, otherwise known as Marguerite Snow, at the Metro studio in New York.

FRANCIS FORD and Grace Cunard are no longer with Universal. In events of this nature, no official communique is usually issued but according to the best information obtainable this well known team of director-stars had a fatal clash with that new habitue of the studios—scientific management; also known as business efficiency. They have announced no plans for the future. The precise *causae belli* has not transpired.

MARC McDERMOTT, who came to the pictures long before the names of the players became known to the film fans, has joined Vitagraph. He was one of Edison's first leading men and remained with that company continuously for nearly six years.

IT having become quite the thing to recall the three hundredth anniversary of the death of Shakespeare by reviving some of his best known plays, the Los Angeles film colony is going the limit on an all-star, open-air production of Julius Caesar. It will be staged in Beachwood Canyon, Hollywood, May 19, and there will be accommodations for 50,000 spectators. The proceeds will go to the Actors' Fund. Just to indicate the class of the cast, it may be mentioned that Theodore Roberts is to be Julius Caesar; Tyrone Power, Brutus; Frank Keenan, Cassius; William Farnum, Marc Antony; DeWolf Hopper, Casca; Sarah Truax, Calpurnia; Constance Collier, Portia; Douglas Fairbanks, Octavius; Decius Brutus, Courtenay Foote; Joe Singleton, Trebonius and Al Wilson, Cicero. Raymond Wells, of Fine Arts, has the direction.

GREATER honor still, is to be paid the Bard of Avon! Francis X. Bushman is to give to the world, in connection with the Tercentenary celebration, a film version of that deathless romance, "Romeo and Juliet."

AFTER a "vacation" of some duration, Edison has resumed producing activities. The official announcement gave as the cause of the temporary suspension, a desire to "get our breath," and make certain

needed improvements in the filming scheme.

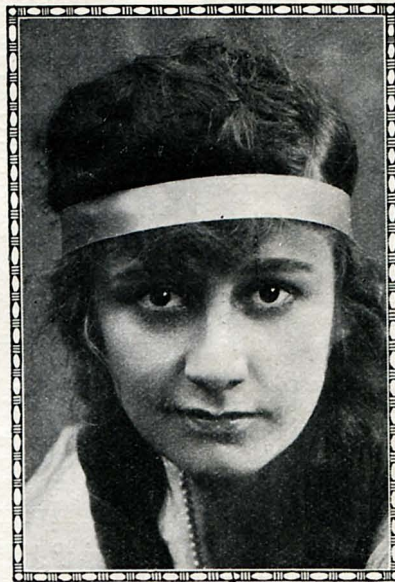
NO sooner had playwright George Bronson Howard become acclimated to the sweater coats and pigskin puttees which abound at the Lasky studio, than a disagreement arose over what constituted a drama, and Mr. Howard departed. At about the same time Paul Dickey, another playwright who took a whirl at photoplay directing, said "Adios" to the Lasky studio.



Famous Players latest directorial achievement is Joseph Kaufman, for a long time with Lubin.

EVEN in England the high salary microbe is active. Kay Laurell, dancing star of the Follies has braved the dangers of the steamship lanes in order to collect \$500 a week from an English producing concern.

PAULINE FREDERICK has a new director, Joseph Kaufman, late of Lubin. Mr. Kaufman was for several years one of Lubin's best bets, both as actor and director, and his acquisition by Famous Players should prove a valuable one for that company. Mr. Kaufman's wife, Ethel Clayton, is now with World.



Ruth Stonehouse took a flyer in vaudeville after quitting Essanay; then hiked to Universal City.

DURING the filming of Larry Evans' well known story, "Then I'll Come Back to You," Alice Brady and her company of World players had two unusual experiences. One was a visit to Pensacola, N. C., and the other a trip to Wayne, N. C. The latter town was destroyed by fire while the company was there and it is asseverated by the fiction department that Miss Brady and the entire company had to walk twenty-six miles to the nearest town. The unusual feature of the Pensacola visit was the absence of money. It is a "one man town" as every stick and stone in it is owned by a wealthy Southerner. Scrip serves as money and the company store sells sodas every Wednesday and Saturday.

MORE new players have been acquired by William Fox. On the West Coast there are new faces in the William Farnum company, Edla Furry having been engaged as his new leading woman, and Wheeler Oakman, the Kirk Anthony of Selig's "Ne'er-Do-Well," is also to

appear in the next Farnum release, a sea story done at Catalina. Other Fox acquisitions are Alice Gale, an old time character actress; Milton Sills, Hattie Burks and Dorothy Rogers, the latter two having been recruited from the vaudeville stage.

STRUCK by an automobile while on his way home from the Vitagraph studio, Harold Hubert, who has been seen in many photoplays of that company, was so seriously injured that his death followed a few hours later. He was 58 years old and was appearing in a comedy series with Frank Daniels.

RECURRING to that intensely live subject, the Shakespeare Tercentenary, we note that Thanhouser's contribution is to be a photoplay, titled "Will Shakespeare, Strolling Player." But we were vastly more interested in learning that Miss Florence LaBadie will be seen in the star role. Does that mean that she is to appear in—er—doublets, and things?

FILM circles were agitated during the last month by rumors of impending mergers, but the agitation was as nothing compared with that caused by the deluge of denials that followed. Practically every concern in the producing business denied participation in any merger. It is generally conceded, however, that there will be effected a huge combination of producing interests and before very long.

PERSISTENT rumors that Mary Pickford was to change her business affiliations accompanied the merger reports. All immediately concerned made denial that Miss Pickford was to leave Famous Players and it is not likely that she will play under any other banner for a few months at least. During the currency of the rumors, however, the public got enough "inside" information to jump at the conclusion that Miss Pickford's Famous Players contract was nothing extremely incapable of—say, readjustment.

THE loudly heralded Fox-Brenon-Kellerman-Jamaica production has at last been christened. It will answer to the name, "A Daughter of the Gods."

JOHN BARRYMORE'S many film admirers will be interested in learning that this versatile young actor whose screen work has been confined exclusively to comedy, is playing the grimmest and most tragic role on Broadway, in "Justice."

EDNA GOODRICH, whose right to sign her name "Mrs. Nat Goodwin" was once recognized by bankers, and others, is now a member of the Morosco Photoplay forces. She has appeared in but one screen play, "Armstrong's Wife," a Lasky production.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S first comedy under his near-million-dollar contract will enjoy the prosaic title of "The Floor Walker." Vincent Bryan, who quit writing popular songs for the more lucrative vocation of creating

Keystone comedy scenarios, is given equal blame with Chaplin for the script.

DIRECTOR CHARLES SWICKARD, one of the oldest of the Ince staff, has quit Inceville for Horsely. He will produce two-reel dramas featuring Margaret Gibson and Francis McDonald.

RITA JOLIVET, noted stage and screen personality, is now the Contessa Beppi Cippiko; in fact, she has become the bride of Count B. C., an Italian. It was Miss Jolivet who stood with the late Charles Frohman on the deck of the Lusitania as it foundered and who gave to the world the last words of the producer: "Why fear death? It is life's most beautiful adventure."

INDIANA is to star in a seven-reel photoplay. Yes, it's the "Hoosier State." Selig is doing the work under the supervision of Gilson Willets, who wrote the scenario, and the Indiana Historical Commission. It is to be a visualized state history.

HARRY MESTAYER, who has been playing leads for Selig out in the City of Angels, is to desert the screen, temporarily at least. He expects to become a member of the new Holbrook Blinn Theater company when that institution goes into commission in New York within the next month.

MIGNON ANDERSON, who spent several years playing leads for Thanhouser, is a new member of the Ivan Film Company. Carleton Macy also appears in that company's newest picture, "The City of Illusion."

VALENTINE GRANT, who played opposite Walter Whiteside in his screen version of "The Melting Pot," is now appearing in Famous Players films. Her first picture under this label was "The Innocent Lie." It was produced in Bermuda by Sidney Olcott.

BECAUSE some one may be interested, we chronicle the fact that the word "Censorship" has been deleted from the National Board, which has become the National Board of Review.

UNIVERSAL CITY reaped a bumper rumor crop this month. All sorts of rumors were prevalent, including one of a big shake-up by which the Smalleys, Otis Turner and Henry McRae, the pioneer directors of the company, were to quit. Hobart Bosworth was also the subject of a rumor, inasmuch as his contract was due to expire; but the only one of the bunch of underground reports so far proved true was that involving Francis Ford and Grace Cunard.

THOMAS PERSONS, general manager of the Selig interests on the Coast, has been succeeded by A. A. Davison. Mr. Persons was a member of the first company of motion picture players to go to California: that Selig company which was directed by the late Francis Boggs.

In an Hour of Meditation



Dorothy Bernard

meditating upon a chair-back in her dressing room at the Edendale (Los Angeles) Fox studio. It was in Los Angeles, not so many years ago, that little Dorothy made her foot-light bow in a company in which her father was featured actor and stage director.

—An exclusive photograph by Stagg.



A Flower of Japan

HER AMERICAN
"MAMMA" TELLS
THE LIFE STORY OF
LITTLE TSURU AOKI

By Louise Scher

THE way of a newspaper woman lies along many roads of the world, and from the most unexpected places she sometimes chooses her friends. So it fell out with Tsuru Aoki, the now famous Japanese motion picture actress, and me. People who call our friendship odd and wonder, do not know that I am Tsuru's foster-mother, I, an American newspaper woman; and they think it strange.

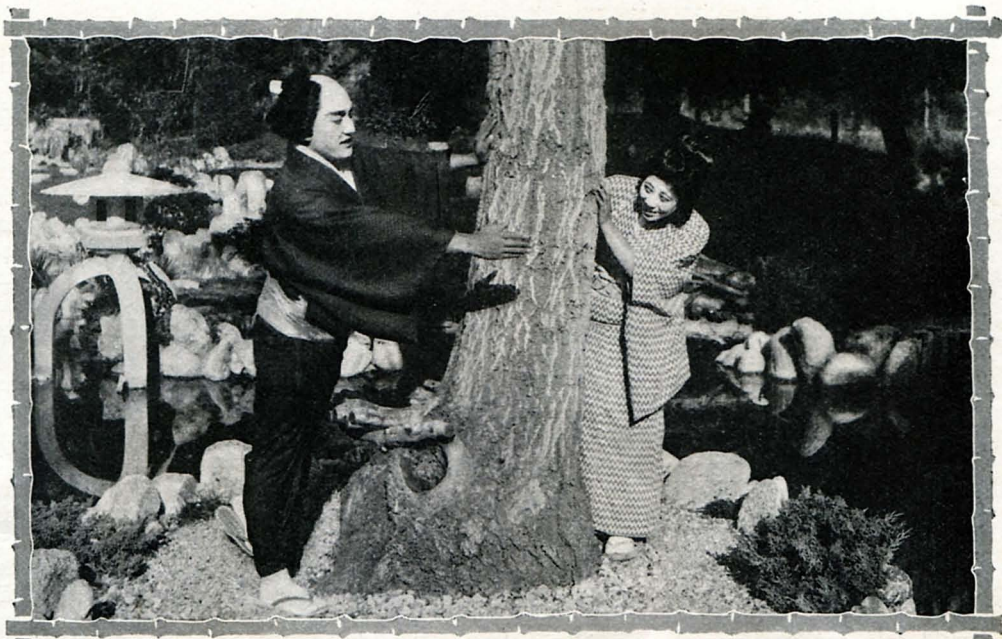
A great deal has been said and written about Tsuru Aoki, but no one has given to the public the true story of this beautiful and lovely-hearted daughter of Nippon. I shall set down that story here.

Tsuru Aoki I have known since my pinafore days—when she, a child of eight—I was ten—toddled about in her native costume. We met first in Colorado Springs, two years after Tsuru's arrival in America with her distinguished aunt Madame Sadda Yacco, and her more than distinguished and honorable uncle Kawakimi, owner until his death of the Imperial Theatre of Japan. Madame Yacco and Kawakimi brought a company of celebrated Japanese actors to this country on an international tour, and little Tsuru was of their number.

But San Francisco frowned upon seeing a girl of six on the stage, and that changed the whole course of Tsuru's life and made her the legally adopted daughter of a very great artist, her countryman T. Aoki of well remembered fame. With the sanction of the courts her name was changed from Tsuru Kawakimi to Tsuru Aoki, and she became the flower-petal love of his lonely heart, the one child of his childless old age. T. Aoki



*Tsuru Aoki
in native costume which she
wears only before
the camera.*



had been given his B. A. He had been entertained at length by Queen Victoria. He had exhibited often in the salons of Paris and the art centers of New York. And in the face of all this greatness the little artist chose to live in San Francisco and work as sketcher on a daily newspaper. "Why?" I often asked him. And "Just for fun—and to study types" was his invariable reply. Later he designed "The Darling of the Gods" and "Madam Butterfly."

Aoki's adoption of little Tsuru relieved Madame Yacco and Kawakimi of a serious trust and obligation. For Tsuru Kawakimi had been given into the life charge of her uncle Kawakimi by her mother after Tsuru's father had been killed in the Russo-Japanese War. Now her future, felt uncle and aunt, was assured with her new father, Aoki.

He was one of those rare souls who place the persons they love above all else on earth. No sacrifice was too great for him to make for a friend, no service too hard to perform. Little Tsuru he placed in a convent in Pasadena to be given an English education, an end which was admirably achieved.

When I was ten my father took me on a vacation to Colorado Springs. On our

Tsuru and her husband Sessue Hawakaya playing in one of their first photodramas, an Ince production.

first evening in the hotel father placed me in a chair in a corner of the hotel lobby and told me to remain there while he went to look up a crony. To while the time I fell to counting the marble flags in the floor. I had reached almost 100 when a small voice beside me said:

"Tsuru Aoki is so smart as you."

I looked up, and there, sitting beside me, was another little girl, littler than I and all dressed to her feet in a beautiful black kimono and wearing tiny, funny straw shoes. I saw that her under-robe was of scarlet silk like her sash; and I thought I was dreaming. A thick braid of midnight hair hung down her back and almost touched her heels. Her lips were as red as the heart of a pomegranate. "What did you say?" I whispered. Then she laughed, a natural, merry kid laugh, and I knew I was not dreaming, she was just a little girl like myself, a little Japanese girl who spoke English as well as I.

That was the beginning of our friendship, a friendship that has ever been very precious to me.

My father, like hers, chose Colorado Springs for the yearly vacation, and how Tsuru and I planned ahead for those glorious summer times! I have even yet a

funny little note she wrote me from the convent. It says: "My father has a new and honorable young woman for my governess this summer. She is smart and speaks French and she will make a good chaperon for the summer. I hate French."

When Tsuru Aoki was twenty years old her beloved father died. Scarcely one hour after his death I received a telegram from Tsuru. "What shall I do?" it said.

The summer before his last going away T. Aoki had entertained at dinner in Pasadena for J. Pierpont Morgan and a party of distinguished American men and women. The favors came from Japan, and at leaving the guests were sent home in real rickshaws drawn by coolies.

It was shortly after this dinner that Mr. Aoki and I sat talking one evening. I had just returned from a long sojourn in the Philippines, and we happened to speak of Tsuru's future. He seemed greatly troubled. "We have been friends many years, Sumi" (my Japanese name), he said, "and now that you are married and have a daughter I want you to promise me that when I die you will look out for Tsuru." I promised and we shook hands solemnly on the pact. That is how I came to be

Tsuru Aoki's foster mother. She and I have often laughed about it, and sometimes in mischief she has called me "Maw."

T. Aoki's estate yielded very little for the orphaned Tsuru. I went to her, and together we established ourselves in a bungalow in Los Angeles. It was there, one evening after we had dried our tears and the dishes and I had put my baby to bed, that the decision was reached that Tsuru should go into the movies. Why should she not? Was not she the relative of great actors in her native land?

When the Prince of All the World came, in the person of Sessu Hayakawa, the clever Japanese actor who has done such finished work on the screen, she fell in love with him and married him. Now these two happy hearts so arrange their work at the Jesse H. Lasky studios that their vacations fall together as often as possible; and then together they make a sacred pilgrimage to San Diego, where in a private vault reposes all that is mortal of T. Aoki. They offer their flowers, and pray for the peace of his spirit. And when they come away, they say:

"Soon, soon now, we will take him Home."

Put One Over—Almost

SAM BERNARD, the well known comedian, spent the first two weeks of his Keystone engagement just loafing around. The scenario wasn't ready, or something.

Aaron Jones, the Chicago theatrical magnate, who was on the coast to see what makes the movies move, spent most of his time loafing with Sam.

When payday rolled around, Mr. Jones accompanied Sam to the Keystone office and stood behind him in the line at the cashier's window.

When Sam had been handed his check for \$2,500, the cashier truculently demanded of Jones:

"What's your name?"

"Jones, A. J."

Business of looking over the payrolls, then:

"No Jones here. What you been doing?"

"Well, I've been doing what Sam has, loafing—and doing it with him and I don't see—"

"I do," said the irate cashier who holds the job because of his lack of humor and then he called the Keystone cops, but Sam and Aaron had beaten a retreat with only one check for a paltry \$2,500 with which to see the rest of Los Angeles.

Colleen Mavour- neen

"WHO IS PEGGY, WHAT
IS SHE,
THAT ALL OUR SWAINS
COMMEND HER?"

By
Gary Dowling

SURE and you can say what you will; but you can't beat the Irish and that's all there is to it.

There was a lass who was born in County Kerry and after coming to this country, grew up and met a broth of a lad from Auburn, New York, and she with the blue of the Irish lakes and sky in her eyes, and he with the sunshine in his smile, it was no wonder that what with the fascination of the two of them, each for each, and the cometh-er look in her eyes, and the way he had wid him in speaking to her, they were married.

And they had a daughter with the blue eyes of her mother and her father's smile, whom they named Peggy, because on all the Lord's green footstool there is no better name, and Peggy O'Neil is the name that she bears to this day, and by which she is loved and remembered from one end of America to the other; both by those who remember her in the Lubin "Little Mary" series of photoplays (five hundred foot pictures, they were, little cameos each, of a sentiment) and those who have seen her

The book, whatever it is, can't be half so interesting as Peggy.



Photo by
Ira Hill

as the quaint
winsome "Peg
o' My Heart."

That is who Peggy
O'Neil is. She was born

in Buffalo, whither her father had gone from Auburn, the town that grew up around a jail, and from Buffalo she had come to New York to seek her fortune, as it is the way of the Irish to seek their fortunes in far places since the beginning of time.

In New York she met Anna O'Dea, that brilliant Irishwoman who wrote "The Top o' the World," "The Top o' the Morning," "Chin-Chin" and many another clever comedy and musical libretto. Through her, she became associated with Henry W. Savage, under whose management she made her first dramatic appearance at the Columbia Theatre in Washington in "Deadlock," with Edith Wynn Matthison, Tim Murphy and Richard Bennett. She was that unsophisticated at the time, that she didn't even know what a "notice" was! Imagine! Yet it's true; her notices in Washington were splendid; but Miss Matthison had to bring her the papers and show her the stories before she knew what the company's congratulations were about the morning after the premiere.

It was following this engagement that she went to the Lubin studios in Philadelphia, appearing in "The Penalty of Crime" with Bob Druet, which was one of Lubin's greatest successes; and also in "The Battle of Shiloh," "The Breed of the North" and a series of pictures with Edgar Jones.

It was her weekly custom while at Lubin to spend Sundays with Anna O'Dea in Rockville Centre, Long Island, leaving Long Island early Mondays and arriving at the Philadelphia studio by nine in the morning! Which would suggest that Peggy is an early riser if ever there was one.

While on the train to Philadelphia one Monday, she read the story given to the Morning Telegraph by Oliver Morosco asking girls to read "Peg o' My Heart" in order to try for the part in the first com-

pany he was about to send out of New York City. She went to New York, saw the play, read it, promptly studied the part, and on making her application at the Morosco offices, was promptly accepted by George Mooser, the general manager, and by the man who wrote the story, Mr. Morosco's publicity manager — Julian Johnson, now editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

It was in this manner that Peggy O'Neil graduated from the movies to that form of entertainment which a century has called "de legit."

Miss O'Neil claims that her training in the movies was a large part of the reason for her instantaneous success on the stage. The camera forgets nothing. The resultant necessity for constant grace in action is the best training in the world. A slip may pass on the stage: it will never escape the unwinking lense.

Another thing that Peggy learned in the movies by much experimenting was the way to avoid having "white eyes" on the film if Nature happens to have gifted you with blue eyes and dark hair. She tried making up her eyes with sky-blue-pink, and every other color of the rainbow; but her eyes would still show light, until she hit upon a particular shade of green, which immediately, by contrast, darkened the iris of her eyes. So those who have feared that dark hair and blue eyes might keep them from fame in the movies, may take heart, for the remedy lies in a little green paint, which costs but a few pennies the box.

Peggy O'Neil was in her teens when she went to Lubin's, and was still in her teens when she became "Peg o' My Heart."

Mrs. Rumor, that precursor of all theatrical events, hath it, so I hear, that she is soon to appear in a new play which is now a very sensational success at His Majesty's Theatre, London. It is entitled "Mavourneen."

Still Here.

THE knockers say they're going back,
And wonder why they tarry;
Yet, I still laugh at doleful Charles
And weep with little Mary.

PHIL GEORGE.

THE directors of the Pioneer Lumber Company filed out of the office, leaving the burden of decision and action upon the shoulders of their president. There were few shoulders better fitted to bear the burden, for it was by decision and action that Randall Ridgway had built his millions. Left alone, he sat with wrinkled brow, drumming on the desk.

The door opened noisily. Ridgway looked up in annoyance, but his face cleared as a handsome, boyish figure rolled into the room.

"What's the matter, Dad; creditors pestering you?" the youngster laughed.

"No, Burt," his father answered in a whimsical tone, "your creditors are the only ones who ever pester me." He paused, as though struck by a new thought, then went on in a different tone: "I have never told you much about my business. Perhaps that is why you take so little interest in it. There is a steady leak in the footage of lumber from our Maine logging camp. It may be an error in computation or it may be crooked work up there. I must send some one to find out."

"Send me," the boy exclaimed with sudden eagerness which was reflected for just an instant in his father's eyes.

"No, my boy," he said with a sigh, "that is a man's job. It needs two fists as well as a clear brain."

"I was some little boxer in college," Burt asserted.

"You couldn't box a punching bag ten minutes without dropping dead, now," said his father, sorrowfully.

"You're as soft as these women you run around with. Once this Broadway game gets a boxer he never comes back."

The boy's face flushed and his fists clenched. He turned and started toward the door, but, half way, halted, hesitatingly.

"I—I wonder if I could have a little money, Dad," he faltered. "I'm dead broke."

Momentary anger flared and faded in the elder Ridgway's face. He seized his pen and wrote a check, then whirled in his chair to face the boy.

"Here is \$25,000," he said crisply.

THE COME - BACK

ABOUT A HERO WHO MANAGES TO
REGAIN HIS FEET AFTER FALLING
OVER BRIGHT LIGHT SHADOWS

By Carlton Mattis

Produced by The Metro Pictures
Corporation.



*"You are rich,
now," he said,
"and I am only
a poor checker."*



"You couldn't box a punching bag ten minutes without dropping dead, now," said his father sorrowfully.

"For every thousand you add to it by your own honest efforts, I will give you \$5,000. If that doesn't tempt you to stop spending and begin earning, nothing will."

The boy tried to stammer his thanks, but his father, thrusting the check into his hand, turned back again to the desk.

II

FROM his father's office Burt went to the bank where he fortified his dwindling balance, and thence to a florist's where he left a prodigal order for roses. This done, he went home and wrote checks to cover the accumulated bills of spendthrift months.

After lunch he followed his roses to a luxurious apartment where he found their recipient embowered amongst them. She was a lithe, slender, richly beautiful girl—Lotus de Valois, the reigning toast of New York dancing devotees.

"Oh, the beautiful roses!" she cried in greeting.

"Do you really like them, Lotus?"

There was something pitiful in the boy's eager voice and the yearning hunger in his eyes. Before Lotus could reply, her "chaperon," Donna Estrella, entered from another room, dressed for the street.

"Senor Burt, you aire late," she smirked with a ludicrous affectation of foreign manner. "Ze shops, zey will all be closed. Lotus, we must hurree."

They went first to a jeweler's, ostensibly to buy a wrist bag for Lotus, but it was not long before the chaperon had deftly drawn their attention to a marvelous lavalier. As they bent over the glittering bauble the warm fragrance of the girl enveloped Burt like the fumes of some wondrous wine. His head swam and the voice of the chaperon seemed to come from immeasurable

distance.

"Ah, Senor Burt! Iss eet not beootiful? How magnificent about the throat of my Lotus!"

Already the obliging salesman was extending it and, in a moment more it was clasped, resting upon the warm flesh of the girl's bosom. With sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks she gazed from her own reflection in the mirror to the worshipping face of the boy beside her. One desperate flash he had of all his good resolutions—

"How much?" he demanded.

"That is \$14,500," answered the salesman, suavely.

It was more than Burt had dreamed and he hesitated. The expression in the eyes of Lotus began subtly to change, and crushing down his scruples he drew a check and the purchase was made.

Late in the afternoon, when they were again in her apartment, Lotus turned from a fresh survey of the beautiful gift and confronted Burt with shining eyes.

"How shall I ever thank you?" she said, very softly.

He led her to a couch and dropped beside her, prisoning both her hands in his.

"I love you, Lotus," he said, with a quiet intensity of passion utterly at variance with

his characteristic boyishness. "I want you to marry me."

Tenderness unspeakable transformed the girl's face. Her bosom rose and fell swiftly. With her whole being she seemed welcoming him, calling him to her, when noiselessly the curtains behind him parted and the face of the chaperon appeared, filled with an angry warning. In response, the eyes of Lotus widened, then slowly her face turned white and hard as marble. She forced a laugh as she thrust Burt from her.

"How funny!" she jeered, hysterically. "Of course I won't marry you. When little boys begin to act this way they stop being any fun and I don't let them come to see me. Now go away and don't come back until you can be sensible—go! go!" she cried, as Burt stared at her in amazement.

Slowly he rose to his feet, and finding no sign of relenting in her eyes, blindly sought the door. As soon as it closed behind him Donna Estelle burst out upon Lotus.

"You fool!" she raged, "I believe you're in love with him."

"And what if I am?" the girl flared. "He has asked me to marry him."

"Yes," jeered the chaperon, "because he can't get you any other way. When he gets tired of you his father'll buy him a divorce and give you a few thousand dollars and that'll be the end of it. Love you! You know how a man like him loves a girl like you. If you play your cards right we'll get a million out of him before we're through. Now go and take your nap—remember you've got to dance tonight."

But Lotus de Valois did not dance, that night.

III

BLUFF old Mac Heberton, manager of the Pioneer Lumber Company's Maine logging camp, received Randall Ridgway's scout, en-

tertained him royally and sent him away no whit wiser as to the camp's affairs.

"Well, that's over," said Heberton to his furtive, rat-faced clerk, when the emissary had departed.

The clerk assented eagerly, as he assented to everything which the master of his soul and body said or did. On the threshold of the office Heberton paused to survey a tableau before him. At the door of his cabin, nearby, stood a girl and a big man in lumberman's garb. She was evidently teasing him to her heart's content while he stood happily glowering down upon her with the adoration of a tormented big dog.

In her rough, short skirt and mackinaw, and her high leather boots the girl made an alluring picture of trim, slender daintiness. Her head was uncovered and the unruly masses of her hair framed a face delightfully piquant and spirited. The girl was Patta Heberton, Mac's niece and ward; the man, Bully Bill, foreman of the camp and its undisputed champion by virtue of prowess with his fists.

As the foreman shambled away, at length, Heberton followed his niece into the cabin. He found her still chuckling.

"Well, chick," he said, "you and Bill seem to be pretty good friends."



"I love you, Lotus," he said with quiet intensity of passion. "I want you to marry me."

"He is such fun, Uncle Mac," chuckled the girl.

"He wants to marry you," said her uncle, abruptly.

Something like fear, almost horror, came into the girl's face.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried. "I couldn't, Uncle Mac. He's so—so rough. Oh, I shall never marry a man like that!"

"Beggars can't be choosers," said her uncle, gruffly. "You'll always have a home while I live, but when I'm gone you'll have to have some other man to provide for you, unless you can earn your own living. Bill is clean and honest. You'd better think twice about it."

The girl shuddered a little and, without answering, left the room.

IV

A NIGHTMARE of debauchery followed Burt's rebuff at the hands of the girl he loved. For days he had no adequate conception of what he did. At length, one morning, he appeared at his father's office. Randall Ridgway winced at sight of his son's bloated and disfigured face, but he forced himself to greet the boy cheerfully.

"Just in time," he exclaimed. "I've taken an option on a piece of real estate for you and it expires this afternoon. It will cost you \$12,000 and net you fifty per cent inside a month. Go down to Sanford's office and take up your option."

Dazed and shaken, Burt tried to frame an answer, but could not. This was the final, unescapable crash, for of the \$25,000 his father had given him, less than \$5,000 remained. He left the office and tramped the streets for hours before one desperate

hope came to his mind. He called a cab and was driven to the apartment of Lotus.

His reception there was friendly enough, but he could not read her emotions as she listened to his tale and his plea that she return the lavalier to save him from utter disgrace with his father. Neither could he see, behind him, the forbidding face of Donna Estrella, at her familiar post behind the draperies. He saw only that Lotus breathed faster, that the glow in her cheeks deepened, and that her eyes grew more soft. But as he finished, again all this changed and again she laughed her cruel laugh.

"What's the idea—cleaning up for a get-



Encountering Burt and Patta, Bill laid a horny palm against his



rival's face and thrust him into a snow drift.

away?" she sneered. "I think I'll keep your gift, Mr. Ridgway, but I don't think I want to see you again. Good-bye."

Late that night Burt reeled into the house where his father sat in miserable loneliness and foreboding, awaiting him.

"Well," he rasped, "did you do it?"

"No," Burt replied with drunken sullenness. "I didn't have the money."

"So," said his father with the level coolness which his business adversaries feared, "you have squandered \$25,000 in less than a week! I wash my hands of you. You're yellow to the bone. Get out—and don't come back till you can look me in the eyes

and prove that you're a regular man."

In his own room Burt sat long before the open window until the air of the clear winter night had swept his brain clear. His thoughts were very bitter, first against Lotus and his father, but, at last, against himself.

"I don't blame him," he said aloud, "but I'll show him, so help me God!"

From a closet he dragged his college roughing togs and donned corduroys, mackinaw and hunting boots. He swiftly consulted a timetable, then tiptoed out of the house.

V

WHEN Burt appeared in the Maine camp, two days later, and asked Mac Heberton for a job, Mac laughed. This tender city sprig seeking a job in a man's camp, amused him. But he needed a checker, and, as that was not a man's job, he entered Burt on the payroll as "Burton" and the boy went to work for the first time in his life.

To Patta, from the very start, he was the materialization of her dreams.

"You really live in *New York*?" she asked him, breathless with the wonder of such a thing.

"Yes; all my life," Burt smiled back.

"And you've been to college!—Oh, how wonderful it all must be."

"This is far more wonderful," he answered, gazing into her eyes which were filled with the vague, dreamy yearning of girlhood.

As the days wore on, association with her swept Burt as a breath from the pines might clear the fetid air from a long-closed room. She permeated his whole being, personifying the clean, wholesome sweetness of her native woods. The voluptuous beauty, the cruel, gay sophistication of Lotus de Valois seemed now a part of an unclean nightmare from which he emerged.

But into the Elysian dream which was spinning itself about them, intruded Bully Bill. Had a two-fisted man crossed the path of his love for Patta, the foreman would have taken his medicine; but to be supplanted by a half-fisted city dude was more than he could endure. Encountering Burt and Patta, one Sunday morning when the camp was full of idle choppers, Bill laid a horny palm against his rival's face



He swiftly consulted a timetable; then tiptoed out of the house.

and thrust him into a snow drift.

Burt came up fighting mad, but, while Patta stood with the tragedy of disillusionment in her eyes, Bill gathered the weakling into the crook of one arm and nonchalantly pounded his face with the free fist. To the men it was a joyous Sabbath entertainment. To Patta it was the shattering of her idol, and long ere the process was completed she had turned away and sought asylum in her own tiny room. When Bully Bill had completed the operation to his satisfaction he held Burt at arm's length and surveyed his work.

"Now I guess you'll keep where you belong," he growled. "And ef you don't I'll give you suthin' to keep you there."

But this was not the Burt who had tamely accepted humiliation from Lotus de Valois; who had merely whimpered at his father's scorn. It was the Burt who had stood by his open window and sworn an oath.

"Four weeks from today," he said steadily, but thickly because of his swollen and

bloody lips, "I'm going to give you the worst licking you ever had in your life."

There was no braggadocio in Burt's tone, but Bully Bill and his fellows received the statement with roars of laughter which rang in the victim's ears until the door of his shack closed behind him.

NEXT morning Burt secured an axe and stole away, deep into the woods. Selecting a small pine he set to work upon it. In a dozen strokes the smooth helve had stripped the skin from his tender palms. He wound his hands with strips of his handkerchief and resumed the task. Sharp pains stabbed through his back and the muscles of his arms and shoulders cramped until he cried aloud. But doggedly he labored on until the axe dropped from his nerveless hands. Then he dragged himself home to his bunk, exhausted.

Every day thereafter found him at his new task when his regular work was done, though, at first, it cost him the hardest fights of his life to force his stiff, aching body to the labor. He threw away his whisky flask and stopped smoking cigarettes. He steeled himself to the never-ceasing jibes and insults of the men. He avoided Patta, for he had read her estimate of him in her eyes. And she, too, avoided him, though her glance would follow him, despite her, so long as he remained in sight. For he represented everything her heart craved save only the one, paramount quality without which, in her free, out-of-doors creed, all else was valueless.

Gradually, as the days sped by, his hands healed and grew hard; his muscles ceased to ache and cramp, and the axe bit into the wood as only trained arms can make it bite. Now darkness instead of weariness ended his daily stunt and sent him back to his shack with a spring in his step and a glow in his blood such as he had not felt

since the vigorous days of his football training.

Through it all Burt had omitted no effort to discover the secret of that leakage in the timber output. And now there was another mystery whose solution he sought. From hints his father had dropped he gathered the impression that Mac Heberton's brother, the father of Patta, had been a wealthy man, and Mac, himself, a ne'er-do-well. And here was Heberton in apparent prosperity while Patta, he knew, considered herself penniless. But by no method within his power could he catch a clew to either secret.

The day of his reckoning with Bully Bill was drawing near, and as it approached, unusual things were transpiring in that far-off world of New York whose existence he had all but forgotten. Bitter revelation had come to Lotus de Valois. Angered at the disappointment of her hopes which Burt's rebellion had shattered, Donna Estrella had thrown off the mask. She now openly urged upon Lotus those dishonorable relations with her admirers which she had, before, pretended a desire to guard her from. At first, the girl resisted with quiet stubbornness, but at length, tested beyond endurance, her anger flared forth against the woman.

"Your vile lies lost me the only honest love that has ever entered my life," she cried, "and now you want to take my very soul. I am going to find him."

"You'll have a good job," sneered the chaperon.

"I know where he is—and I'm going to find him," the girl said, more calmly—and without further parley, she went.

VI

CAME the morning of the day of fulfillment for Burt's promise to Bully Bill. As he stepped out of his shack into the glistening Sabbath sunshine he was surprised to see Patta apparently waiting for him. She hurried to meet him, her face filled with worry.

"Please go away," she said breathlessly.

"Bully Bill says he is going to kill you."

"Patta, listen to me. Do you love me?"

She struggled hard within herself, but at length, as though ashamed, she murmured, "Yes," and covered her face with her hands.

"Will you marry me."

A silent, emphatic shaking of the head was her answer.

"I see," Burt said. "Then, I hardly think there is any use in my running away."

Patta looked up and at that instant Bully Bill emerged from the bunk house and sauntered toward them.

"Oh—I will—I will marry you," Patta cried with a catch in her voice. "I'll follow you—anything, if you'll only go."

Burt smiled down upon her, but made no move and before she could gather herself to urge further, the foreman stood beside them.

"I'll give you one more chance, Dude," he growled. "Get out of the camp and stay out!"

"I'm so popular I think I'll stay in," Burt drawled. "Besides, I promised you something, and I never break a promise."

Bully Bill lunged at him, while Patta sprang back with a sharp scream. Burt shifted his position with hardly a visible effort and, as the foreman lunged past, his fist landed just at the hinge of Bill's jaw.

The affair that followed was a complete reversal of that other Sunday's combat, for now Burt's wind was sound, his muscles hard and his eye true, and all his old boxing skill was at their command. Bully Bill could fight, but he could not box. While he floundered about, vainly striving to close with his opponent, Burt's darting fists landed blow after blow which jarred him to the depths of his being. At length, his face puffed and bleeding, his breath coming in short, agonized sobs, he made his last charge and meeting Burt's fist squarely, went down and lay motionless.

A moment of silence; then a burst of thunderous sound as the gathering elemental manhood acclaimed its new king. Burt turned to Patta where she stood tense as a statue, her eyes filled with a glory of exultation—primitive woman stripped, for the instant, of every gloss of civilization.

"Patta!" he cried softly, and her heart voiced its welcome in little, inarticulate murmurs as he bent and kissed her hand.

"Wait for me, dear. I will come," he said.

HE was determined now to get Mac Heberton's secrets if he had to drag them from his throat. There could be nothing more between him and Patta until that was settled. But as he strode past the open window of the office, fate whirled a slip of

paper to his feet. He picked it up and scanned it in amazement—it was a check drawn to the order of Mac Heberton by the Lakon Lumber Company, the Pioneer's most bitter rival. The knowledge that Mac was in the pay of the hostile company solved the mystery of the lumber leakage, once for all.

Check in hand, Burt strode into the office, and flourishing it beneath the eyes of Mac's furtive clerk, demanded to know the truth. With his fingers gripping the frightened wretch's throat he shook forth the facts of Mac Heberton's duplicity. And he learned more than that, for, at length, the clerk, fearful for his life, confessed his part in the conspiracy by which Heberton had suppressed his brother's will, telling Patta that she was penniless while he diverted her income to his own uses.

So intent was Burt that he did not hear the door open upon Mac Heberton himself. One glance sufficed to inform the latter of what was transpiring and a murderous rage distorted his face. Seizing an axe, he crept softly upon the absorbed detector of his guilt, who remained totally unconscious of his presence. The weapon was already poised above Burt's head when Bully Bill loomed in the doorway and with two huge strides crossed the room. Burt whirled at the sound of his heavy tread. He was too late to dodge the blow, but Bully Bill was in time to deflect it, and the axe rang, quivering, in the planks of the floor. In another instant Burt and his rescuer had thrown themselves upon Heberton, mastered and disarmed him.

"Thank you, Bill," Burt said, crisply, as their hands clasped above the scowling Heberton. "I've discovered what I came up here to find out. Now I've got to go back to New York and report to my father—I'm Randall Ridgway's son. I want you to keep Heberton under guard till I get back."

A little later Burt sought Patta. He found her outside the camp, alone with her great happiness. Very gently he told her of her uncle's wickedness toward her and toward his employers. Gently he kissed away her tears, and when her cheerfulness was somewhat restored, he, in his turn, became outwardly very mournful.

"You are rich, now," he said, "and I am only a poor checker. I am going to New York to seek my fortune and you must wait

for me—will you?"

She clung to him passionately, at that.

"No, no, no," she cried. "Don't leave me. My being rich can't matter and—and I can't wait here all alone all that time."

"Your being rich does matter to my pride," Burt answered, as steadily as he could. "But it won't be long, sweetheart; not more than—than a week, anyway."

She looked up suddenly, and caught the twinkle in his eye.

"You're making fun of me," she pouted. "Who are you, anyway?"

"I don't know, just yet," said Burt, whimsically. "That's what I'm going to find out."

VII

RANDALL RIDGWAY sat by his fire-side, a few nights after this, when, all unannounced, a rough and weather-beaten figure stood at his elbow. His quick exclamation of irritation changed sharply to plain anger as he surveyed and recognized the dilapidated person of his son.

"So you've come back, have you?" he demanded, harshly. "I thought you would. What do you want?"

"Yes, I've *come back*," Burt answered with different emphasis, "and I want Mac Heberton's job."

Randall Ridgway laughed, most unpleasantly.

"I don't know but the simplest way out would be to send you up there and let them beat you to death—" he began, but Burt's laugh cut him short.

"Dad, I've licked the best man in that camp with my two naked fists; I've locked Mac Heberton in the storehouse under guard; I've stopped the leak that was costing you \$100,000 a year, and I've won the finest girl in the world—do I get the job?"

Then, while incredulity changed to delight in his father's face, he told the story and at the end Randall Ridgway bent forward and gripped his son where the iron biceps showed through the sleeves of his coat.

"Now, tell me who I am," Burt asked.

"You are my son," said the father with slow solemnity, while the tears dimmed his eyes, "My son!"

"Thanks," Burt grinned happily. "I must hustle back and tell that to Patta—she's waiting to find out."

Thumbs Down in Europe

CENSORS ABROAD ARE TRUE BLOOD BROTHERS OF AMERICAN "THOU-SHALT-NOT-ERS," AND SOMETIMES THEY ARE EVEN MORE SO

By Roger Lytton

THAT jingly fugitive verse which runs,
*If all of us knew
What all of us do,
And all of us knew
That all of us knew,
Why, most of us might
Refrain from a few
Of some of the things
That all of us do.*

might with high appropriateness have been written at the hydra-head of Censorship the world over, though there is no record that it was so aimed. Since the feet of the race first ran, man has made for himself wide pleasure in telling his neighbor what style of bit he ought to wear in the mouth of his pleasures and pursuits. And 'twill be ever thus.

We of the United States, who above all peoples love our liberty, complain bitterly or laugh scornfully at the "thou-shalt-not" antics of some of the photoplay censors, and with cause; too often with much cause. Hear then somewhat of the methods of their blood brothers across the sea; for Europe is the worse afflicted.

In three ordinary rooms in an unimportant-looking building in Shaftsbury Avenue, London, Mr. Redford and four assistants pass on all films submitted to the British Board of Film Censors. There is nothing official about this board, for it is wholly without Government powers; it is simply a trade committee aiming to operate in the best interests of the photoplay industry-art, and is supported jointly by producers, renters (middlemen) and exhibitors. It purports to keep the motion picture above reproach in the British Isles, and to prevent local

meddlers from dabbling in the sin of censorship. It is perhaps the least dogmatic of all the European boards of overseers.

Without the slightest demur, every manufacturer, British or foreign, carries his film before this board prior to circulating it for exhibition. Were he to refuse to do so—an unlikely thing—he would find quickly that few if any photoplay theatres would consent to show his play. Of so great importance as that is the board's certificate of approval.

Only since the opening of the war have news films been censored in England. The producer is charged from one to five shillings (approximately 25 cents to \$1.25) for every film inspected, according to the amount of footage deleted. Should an entire film be rejected, the producer agrees to discard it.

Two forms of certificate are issued for approved pictures. If a film is adjudged fit for all audiences, it is passed for "universal" exhibition. If it be deemed unsuitable for special children's performances, it is given a "public" exhibition tag. The exhibitor agrees to "flash" these certificates on each approved film immediately following the title.

Between board and exhibitor there is a common understanding: The photoplay showman knows only too well that he will lose many patrons if he fail to show these certificates. Whenever an objectionable part is found in a film, Mr. Redford invites the producer or his agent to call at his office, and together they thresh out the difference in a friendly way.

In France the industry is pro-





French Parliament, assail a film, or the business as a whole, the *Chambre Syndicate* takes up the matter vigorously with the powers that be. It has won many battles for the "movies" in this way. The French Government has passed a law forbidding the use of combustible films.

In Germany both governmental and local authorities take an active hand in controlling the photoplay, and it is difficult to say which of these two censorships is the worst. Henri Adolf Miller, head of a leading Hamburg film-manufacturing house, says:

"The censorship is at times somewhat irritating and open to adverse criticism. For example, a film which has been passed for exhibition in Berlin, as likely as not may be disallowed in the suburbs of the city, on the hypothesis that a city gathering is more cosmopolitan than a suburban."

The German Government oversees the producers direct; they are required to pay for each one hundred meters (328 feet) of censored film, a trifle over five marks, or \$1.25; and if any deleted footage is shown the offending theatre is closed immediately by the police, without privilege of protest. The police also control the theatre programs, and they do not permit the admittance of children under fourteen years of age at ordinary performances.

The absurd lengths to which German censorship goes may be judged by two instances:

The Berlin censor banned a film which

tected by the *Chambre Syndicate de la Cinematograph*, which is a sort of film parliament comprising some two hundred film representatives. If the Department of Police, or the

pictured a sick woman whose child is told that her mother will be cured when the church bells ring. This inspires the woman to enter a church one night and act as bellringer. The censor said the picture would teach children to play in church!

Another film carried the following letter to a boy: "Dear Nephew—I am enclosing a money order to enable you to buy a pair of trousers. Your loving Aunt Sophia." The police amended the note to read, "Your loving Uncle George." They said a lady would not write of "pants" to her nephew!! *Kultur*.

Passing over into Bavaria, we find the motion picture theatres controlled by the Munich Royal Police Commission, a most august body. Before an exhibitor may screen a picture he must fill up a long form and wait for it to be approved. He

is forbidden to admit children under sixteen years of age to his playhouse except at special children's performances, which he is required to give on three afternoons weekly. In the first fifteen months of its activities, April 1, 1912, to June 30, 1913, the Munich Royal Police Commission passed upon 8836 films, of which number they rejected 780 and partially approved 1096 after eliminations.

Austria is no less strict.

There licensing officials are assisted by an advisory committee, for whom the theatre must reserve two seats. Special children's performances are compulsory.

Latin tastes run to villainy of the deepest dye, and it must triumph over virtue to "get across." But the Italian Parliament lately passed a law forbidding films of doubtful morality. The provisions of this law are enforced by



the Direction of Public Safety, which charges ten centimes for inspecting each meter of film (equivalent to two dollars for each 328 feet).

But local busybodies are let flourish in Italy, as witness the action of the Commissioner of Police for Vicenza, who forbade a new film because it showed gold medals being presented to Dardanelles war heroes!

Russia of the Czars frowns forbiddingly upon photoplays which burlesque Russian police officials in uniform. (Presumably the Keystone Police Force is exempt.) Religious reels must be such as to cause not the faintest offense to any sect, and to this end scenes portraying sacred rites, holy images and saints, are prohibited. All films are inspected privately by the Inspectors of the Typographical Departments. If a child desire to attend a moving picture theatre he must get a permit from the school authorities.

The Russian Ministry of the Interior has laid down rules for the showing of films in which the Imperial family appear. Such films must be viewed by the Court Minister before they may be publicly exhibited. And while this film, passed by him, is being shown no music is permitted to be played in the house, not even the National anthem. The picture must be announced in the program as a special feature; and to completely distinguish it from other pictures a curtain must be lowered beforehand, and raised just before the reel starts, the ceremony being repeated at the end. Fancy an American gathering suffering such pomp!

The Norwegian manufacturer or importer submits each production to Government officials for registration, and pays a fee. The film passed, it is given a number and a stamp. Norway's censorship work for the first three months totaled 835 films, of which 642 were approved. Only thirty-four were wholly forbidden. The remainder were adjudged unsuitable for children's matinees. Norwegian exhibitors are under the thumb of local authorities, who collect a percentage of the box-office receipts for censoring hours of performance, ventilation, and space.

The "free country" of Switzerland has a formidable list of restrictions. An exhibitor may not build or open a moving picture theatre without permission of the local authorities. Before presenting his program to the public he must submit it and all posters to the municipal officials, who charge five francs (one dollar) for inspecting them. The exhibitor may give performances between the hours of 3:00 and 10:30 P. M. only, and under no circumstances shall he admit children. The doors of his theatre must remain closed throughout Sundays and all holidays.

Spain has her own peculiar ideas about morality; it is considered highly immoral for lovers to kiss on the screen; for it is the Spanish custom to reserve indulgence in affection until after marriage. For this reason the Barcelona authorities regard motion picture theatres as dens of debasement! But there is no censorship in Alfonso's kingdom, hence films of doubtful purity, judged by our standards, often find their way to the screen.

Do You Know "Pete Props"?

IF you don't, make his acquaintance in this issue of Photoplay Magazine. Every craft bears its human by-products, with their quaint slants on all things mental and material, and Pete Props is the *odd soul* of Active Photography. He doesn't speak English, or American, or any patois you ever heard. His is a new lingo—the vivid chatter of the picture business. Get it!



Mail Order Genius

PHOTOPLAY EXPERTS TELL WHAT THEY THINK
ABOUT SCHOOLS FOR PLAY WRITING AND ACTING

ONE year ago, in the issue of April, 1915, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE announced that thenceforth it would refuse to publish advertisements of motion picture schools of acting and of scenario writing, because investigation by this magazine had convinced the publishers that many of these schools were unable to carry out their representations; because originality in conception of plots, and genius in the art of acting, are not qualifications which can be taught; therefore to advertise to the contrary and solicit and accept money on the strength of such advertisements is no better than obtaining money by false pretenses.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE guarantees the trustworthiness of every advertisement it publishes, and backs that guaranty with the standing offer to make good in dollars and cents, to its readers, the amount of any money expended on the representation of any advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE where the thing bought is not up to the standard advertised.

The expose and announcement in the April, 1915, issue exercised a salutary effect in that it discouraged some fraudulent schools from continuing in the business of mulcting the credulous. However, others are still operating, according to advertisements which have variously appeared. Until these firms show that they can give value received, their advertising will be rejected by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,

exactly on the basis that it rejects all advertising which it cannot guarantee.

In a renewed determination to rip the masks from these gentry and demonstrate to potential scenario writers and moving picture actors and actresses—all those many thousands, chiefly young people, who yearn to win big and easy money through the writing of photoplay stories or through posing before the movie camera—the almost utter worthlessness of the claims made by these fraudulent advertisers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE recently addressed to the scenario editors of a dozen or more of the leading film producing corporations in the United States a letter of inquiry from which the following paragraphs are quoted:

"We should be glad to have from you, for publication, a brief expression of your views on:

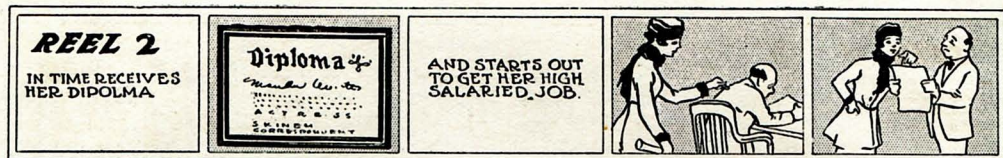
"(1) The worth of motion picture schools of acting in fitting persons for employment;

"(2) The worth of scenario-writing courses in fitting persons to become successful scenario writers."

Extracts from replies received are here printed. If they are not convincing, then the disinterested advice of this magazine is an effort wasted.

FRANK E. WOODS, Assistant to General Manager David W. Griffith of the Fine Arts Film Company (Triangle Corporation):





"The worth of motion picture schools of acting in fitting persons for employment depends upon the school and the manner in which it is conducted. I have known some schools connected with reputable dramatic schools which were of value, but in schools purporting to teach motion picture acting by mail, a great majority are of the irresponsible class—organized by incompetent people for the mere purpose of fleecing their victims, and these are in the same class as the scenario schools.

"The worth of scenario-writing courses in fitting persons to become successful scenario writers is practically nil. Any individual who has in him the latent ability to become a photoplay writer, will be able to teach himself by the simple method of watching and studying the better class of pictures that appear on the screen; and if he should stand in need of any technical knowledge regarding the construction of his photoplay manuscript, he can obtain it from any one of a half-dozen books."

C. GARDNER SULLIVAN, Scenario Editor New York Motion Picture corporation:

"Scenario-writing schools in my opinion do more harm than good, for many such institutions do more than anything else to destroy the faith of aspiring authors in the sincerity of the motion picture. Ability to write saleable manuscripts must be inherent; it cannot be taught. There is no degree of uniformity even in the rules of technique; one company adheres to this form, another to that. Hence, it is virtually impossible for a course of instruction to equip a student so thoroughly that he is able to contribute to the needs of the producing companies at large."

H. R. DURANT, Scenario Editor Famous Players Film Company:

"In regard to scenario-writing courses: It is mostly a scheme by bunk artists to pick up sucker money. I get fifty scripts a day, all technically perfect, and 99 1-2 per cent. of them are absolutely devoid of original ideas. You may teach a person form, but you cannot give him an imagination. That is a gift of the Almighty, and the would-be scenario writers without imaginations had better go back to the ribbon counter, the soda fountain and the manicure table."

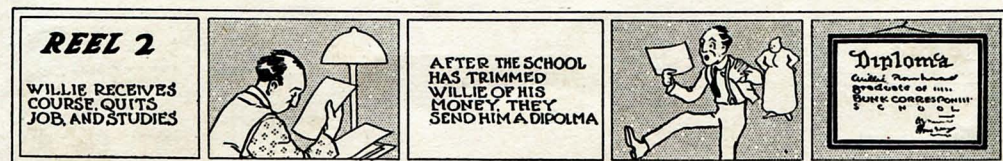
ELIZABETH BROCK McGAFFEY, Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company (Cecil B. DeMille, Director General):

"I asked Mr. DeMille his opinion of motion picture schools of acting. He replied: 'A good school might be of value, but I have never heard of a good school.'"

"About scenario writing: The one and only thing I look for, and which we are willing to buy and pay well for, is originality. What a scenario school would teach is the form of writing continuity. They could never teach originality, for that is a gift born in a person and developed only through persistent effort. Even the best school could not help a writer to sell his story.

"If I were writing a scenario, I would first catch my plot and then study the motion picture magazines and tradespapers so as to get an idea as to the kind of plots and stars the different companies featured; then send my scenario to the company I thought it most likely to suit.

"Go on with your work of exposing fake schools. It will make my work much easier."





JOHN B. CLYMER, Scenario Editor Pathe Exchange, Inc. (Pathe Freres):

"It is my opinion that the general run of motion picture schools of acting and of scenario writing are conducted for flim-flam purposes. It is undisputed that finished actors can only be finished by the process of actual stage experience.

"It is possible that honest institutions can teach scenario construction, although unfortunately these schools are usually headed by people who know nothing about it themselves."

L. W. MCCHESENEY, Manager Motion Picture Division Thomas A. Edison, Inc.:

"Frankly speaking, I have wondered why these schools to teach motion picture acting and scenario writing have gotten away with murder for so long a time. So far as my personal observations extend, the schools of acting are absolutely worthless in fitting persons for employment, and the scenario-writing courses in fitting persons to become successful scenario writers are just a little bit worse than absolutely worthless.

"If you could convince the unsuspecting aspirants to stellar honors and the prospective students of scenario-writing courses that their chances with the average producer of standing are about one in several thousands, I will vote you huge thanks for eliminating the numerous letters from these aspirants and students which clog up my daily mail."

GEORGE K. SPOOR, President Esanay Film Manufacturing Company:

"While I would not care to make the sweeping statement that all motion pic-

ture schools of acting are pure frauds, yet I look upon them with suspicion. Those to which my attention has been called certainly could not stand the light of full inquiry.

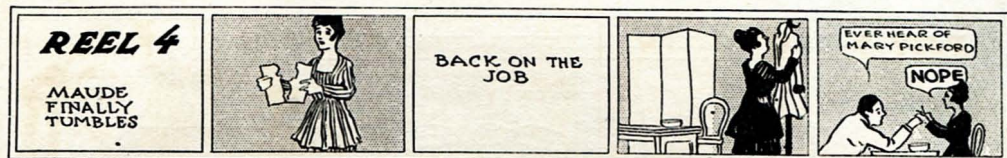
"But outside of the original motives of those conducting such schools, it is practically impossible to conduct them on a fair and square basis. There are thousands upon thousands of girls and young men in the country who are ambitious to act for motion pictures. Practically none of these realizes the requirements necessary to make a success of the business. It looks easy on the screen, and most of these persons think they could do it if they just had a chance.

"The motion picture school depends upon just such persons for its very existence. If an applicant is unsuitable, is the school going to tell him he must not spend his money for tuition as he has no chance to succeed? I rather think not.

"Pupils are led into applying by alluring advertisements with golden promises of fame and fabulous sums of money. They are coddled along by the instructor with the promise of a position, until all their money is spent, when a certificate of graduation is granted and possibly a letter of recommendation, which no motion picture manufacturer considers for a moment.

"The same conditions hold true for the schools for teaching scenario writing. There is some technique in photoplay writing, but it is of relative unimportance. The idea is the thing. That is what motion picture manufacturers are looking for. No school can give you ideas. The next in importance is to present them in a way that makes a clear, logical picture. This also largely is a gift, though it undoubtedly





is developed by practice. Continual practice in writing makes the man of original talent a writer, just as continual acting perfects the actor. The mechanical details and technical terms can readily be picked up."

EDWIN THANHOUSER, President Thanouser Film Corporation:

"My opinion of motion picture schools of acting is that if legitimately conducted it is possible for them to render valuable service to people who cannot secure opportunities in studios because of their inexperience. The unfortunate fact is, however, that the capable people who might conduct such an institution in a creditable manner find their field usurped by an undesirable class of schemers. It is quite likely that a legitimate school for motion picture acting would face the difficult task of first overcoming the bad impression already made. Therefore, I should say that existing conditions do not warrant the recommendation of photoplay schools.

"As to scenario-writing courses: I believe that any person who is equipped to achieve successful scenario writing, is also mentally equipped to learn for himself from a study of the screen the requisites for success. The aspirant can be told in one hour as much as is necessary regarding the art, for success comes only with the practise of the theories—the theories themselves are very few and they are very definite."

DANIEL ELLIS, Scenario Editor Lubin Manufacturing Company:

"Recently I directed a company of moving picture players in one of the Southern states. As soon as that fact became known

I was besieged by young women living hundreds of miles away, as well as by women of my immediate locality, for positions in my company. All the applicants tried to convince me that they were natural born screen stars. They were milliners, stenographers, servants, sales clerks, shop girls, etc. None of them had ever seen the inside of a moving picture studio, but all were nevertheless convinced that they could act better than most of the screen actresses they had seen. I explained to these young women that the moving picture studios now employ only professionals, even as extras, and that the chances of a woman without dramatic training to get a foothold in any of the regular studios were a thousand to one.

"After I left that locality a school for moving picture acting was established there, and hundreds of girls were fleeced out of their hard-earned money.

"Pantomime or screen acting is an art requiring, in addition to the natural gift of a good screen face, much training, patience and hard work. So beware of glittering promises and shun schools for moving picture acting."

BIOGRAPH COMPANY:

"An art which has at its command the foremost players of the American stage, and the most noted authors, is not likely to recruit its actors or its writers from among the so-called 'graduates' of fake schools. It is amazing that anyone who has ever seen good pictures should fail to realize the absurdity of such claims.

"In the course of twenty years this Company has never found available either the services or the ideas of any 'school' graduate."





June

Beginning in the July Issue, on sale June 1st.

THE GLORY ROAD

The First Great Novel of
Motion Picture Los Angeles

By FRANCIS WILLIAM SULLIVAN

Illustrated by Raeburn Van Buren

CARNIVAL Los Angeles is the only city in America whose spirit and life approach the festal romance of the cities of Southern Europe. Climate and natural location are partly responsible for this permanent romantic atmosphere, but it is more largely due to the fact that Los Angeles is the world capital of the screen. The pictures may be controlled in New York, but a majority of them are made in Los Angeles. Here, long awaiting the romancer's typewriter, is the Bohemia of the Twentieth Century.

¶ *The Glory Road* is primarily a thrilling love-story, but it is also a picture of photoplay conditions, an analysis of men and motives, a vivid and flashing drama of ambitions armed with the power of the most potent art of our time.

¶ *You know the author.* Under the nom-de-plume "Frank Williams," he wrote for this magazine his great camera tale of the Canadian woods, "Star of the North." Henceforth he writes under the names he got on his birthday: *Francis William Sullivan*.

¶ *You know the girl.* You knew her as June MacGregor, the Factor's daughter, in the other story. But if you didn't, you'll get an all-sufficient introduction to her in the first installment of the new novel:

¶ *Mr. Sullivan—a New Yorker*—went to the Pacific Coast solely in behalf of this narrative and spent four months about Los Angeles and in its studios before touching pen to paper. That is one reason why *The Glory Road* is going to be one of the fictional epoch-makers of 1916.

Another "Model" Scenario

HERE IS A SCRIPT, IN ALL ITS DETAILS, FROM WHICH A SUCCESSFUL PHOTOPLAY HAS BEEN PRODUCED.

EDITOR'S NOTE—*The one-reel screen drama written below is from the library of The Universal Film Manufacturing Company. It is entitled "Borrowed Plumes," was written by Helmar W. Bergman, and produced by Ben Wilson.*

SYNOPSIS—Old Ezra Bryant, founder and proprietor of a large dress importing concern, dies, leaving the business to his nephews, Hugh Bryant and Ward Simmons, to whom his death is a financial blessing. The will stipulates that the business shall be conducted as it had been by the proprietor.

But the death of Bryant brought no material change in the condition of pretty Marjorie Welch, who continued plying her needle in the Bryant establishment on the beautiful creations which were destined for the daughters of the rich.

Constant association with the handsome gowns generates a wholly natural desire to own and wear them and her daily longing culminates when, through one of her fellow workers, she obtains a card to a society ball. Without asking permission, she takes one of the gowns with the intention of wearing it and returning it the next day. She feels that all would be well with her if she could be a "fine lady" just for a few hours.

Ward Simmons, one of her new employers who has annoyed her by unwelcome attentions, sees her as she takes the dress and determines to turn her theft to his own advantage, holding over her the threat of exposure and shame unless she accedes to his wishes.

In her room that evening, Marjorie dresses herself in the borrowed finery and is preparing to leave for the ball when Simmons, accompanied by a detective, arrives. He threatens her with immediate arrest unless she accepts his attentions.

Even the prospect of jail fails to weaken Marjorie in her resolve and Simmons, madened by her avowed contempt for him, goes to the door to notify the detective to take Marjorie into custody. Instead of the detective, however, he is dumbfounded to find Hugh Bryant, his cousin, who having overheard Ward calling up the detective agency on the telephone, has followed him to Marjorie's room.

Stung by the apparent friendship which exists between the girl and his cousin, and by the manner in which Hugh confronts him, Ward denounces Marjorie as a thief. Hugh, however, ends his scheming by informing him that Marjorie has a perfect right to the dress as it is one of the many gifts she is to receive from him as his affianced wife.

CAST

Hugh Bryant An heir of Ezra Bryant
Ward Simmons His cousin and co-heir
Marjorie Welch . . . Employed in their establishment.

SETS

INTERIORS

Lawyer's office: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.
Bryant work room: 6, 7, 9, 11, 12, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 23, 24, 25, 27, 29, 31, 32, 33, 34, 36, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 45, 47, 49, 51.
Bryant office: 10, 14, 26, 28, 37, 48, 52, 53.
Detective bureau: 46, 50.
Marjorie's room: 54, 59, 61, 63, 64, 65.
Hallway: 60, 62.
Black drop: 8, 35, 13.

EXTERIORS

Doorway of factory: 44.
Street: 55, 56, 57, 58.

SCENES

Scene 1. Interior Lawyer's Office.

Lawyer is seated at desk reading a will. Ward Simmons and his cousin, Hugh Bryant are listening to him. The lawyer leans over in Bryant's direction and reads part of the will that concerns him.

Scene 2. Close up Vignette.

Hugh Bryant is listening intently to the lawyer.

Scene 3. Close up of the Lawyer.

He finishes talking to Hugh and turns to Ward.

Scene 4. Close up of Ward.

He listens for a moment and frowns.

Scene 5. Full Set.

Lawyer looks back to what he is reading.

Cut in of Section of Will.

"AND I FURTHER DESIRE THAT WARD AND HUGH CONTINUE IN THE BUSINESS WITHOUT CHANGING THE METHODS USED DURING MY LIFE."

Continue scene. The lawyer folds up the will and Ward and his cousin shake hands with the lawyer and exit.

Scene 6. Interior of Work Room in Bryant Establishment.

Marjorie Welch is seated at work among several other girls.

Scene 7. Close up.

Marjorie is sewing away very rapidly. She finishes the seam she is sewing on and looks at the garment. She fondles the beautiful material and puts it up to her face. *Fade out.*

Scene 8. Interpose Following Scene.

Marjorie dressed in the beautiful gown is surrounded by several young men who are asking her to sign their dance cards. *Fade out and interpose.*

Scene 9. Back to Scene; Fade in.

Marjorie slowly takes the dress from her cheek and as quickly as she can she takes up another thread and continues her work banishing her day dreams.

Scene 10. Interior of Office.

Hugh and Ward enter the office and seat themselves at their respective desks. Ward is in a bad mood—he speaks:

Title: "IT'S A SHAME WE CAN'T CHANGE THE BUSINESS. IT'S TEN YEARS BEHIND THE TIMES."

Continue scene. Hugh mollifies him, goes over to his desk and pats him on the shoulder and exits to—

Scene 11. Interior of Work Room.

Hugh comes in and goes up to the table occupied by Marjorie.

Scene 12. Close up.

Marjorie smiles up at Hugh and asks him how the reading of the will came out. He tells her. He looks at her so intently that she lowers her eyes. Asks her if she cares. She nods yes. He goes over behind her chair and looks down at her. *Fade out and interpose following scene.*

Scene 13. Interior of a Home.

Hugh and Marjorie are seated in a large chair. They have a small child in their lap and are playing with it. *Fade out and interpose; back to scene.*

Hugh looks up and smiles and looks

thoughtful for a moment. Then shrugs his shoulders and goes down the room.

Scene 14. Interior of Office.

Ward gets up from his desk and exits into—

Scene 15. Interior of Work Room.

Ward enters and looks around. He glances over in Marjorie's direction.

Scene 16. Close up.

Marjorie looks up and sees him.

Scene 17. Close up.

Ward looking at her and smiling.

Scene 18. Close up.

Marjorie immediately looks back at her work.

Scene 19. Full Set.

Ward walks up to where Marjorie is seated and begins to talk to her but she keeps to her work and does not even look up at him.

Scene 20. Close up.

Hugh in back is looking in the direction of Ward and Marjorie.

Scene 21. Close View of Marjorie and Ward.

Ward leans comfortably against her counter and takes a pocket book out and passes over to her a couple of theatre tickets.

Scene 22. Close up of Theatre Tickets.

Scene 23. Back to Scene.

Marjorie looks up at Ward and tells him that she does not care to go. He becomes insistent and tells her she had better. She resents his tone and asks him to let her alone. Ward is not going to let her off so easily, so he tells her if she cares to remain in the employ of the firm, she had better listen to reason.

Scene 24. Close up of Hugh.

Hugh watching the argument, thinks it has gone far enough; he exits in their direction.

Scene 25. Larger View of Ward and Marjorie.

Ward is leaning over Marjorie and telling her what he could do for her if she would only agree to his proposal. Hugh enters behind him and is listening to what he is saying. Marjorie is recoiling from Ward and when she looks up she sees Hugh standing behind Ward. Ward senses that someone is standing behind him and he straightens up and turns his head slowly and sees Hugh.

He looks at him defiantly until Hugh tells him to leave Marjorie alone. Ward starts a flood of vituperation, but is silenced by Hugh. He finally gives Hugh a curt word and leaves. Hugh stands looking after him. He reaches down and pats Marjorie's hand, telling her that everything is alright.

Scene 26. Interior of Office.

Ward enters and stands at the desk for a moment. He takes out a cigar and bites the end off savagely.

Scene 27. Interior of the Work Room.

Marjorie is back at her work and Hugh is standing over her watching her. He picks up an end of the dress and remarks on the beauty of it. Marjorie stands up and holds the dress in front of her. Hugh looks at her and the dress and speaks:

Title: "IT IS JUST YOUR SIZE. ISN'T IT?"

Marjorie nods "yes." Looks at the dress and then seats herself resigned to the fact that she will never own a dress as pretty as that one. *Fade out.*

Title: ANOTHER DAY.

Scene 28. Fade in Interior of the Office.

Ward and Hugh are seated at their desks. Ward gets up from his desk and in an ugly mood asks Hugh about a statement he has in his hand. Hugh answers him quietly. Ward does not seem satisfied, goes over to his own desk and sits down.

Scene 29. Interior of the Work Room.

Marjorie is seated at her work—another girl is leaning over her with a couple of tickets to a ball in her hand.

Scene 30. Close up of Tickets.

Scene 31. Back to Scene.

The girl takes one of the tickets and hands it to Marjorie who is surprised and thanks the girl. Marjorie thinks for a moment then remarks

Title: "BUT I HAVE NOTHING TO WEAR."

Back to scene. The other girl tells her to fix something up—tells her not to miss it as it is certain to be a "swell affair." Girl leaves Marjorie and looks up at the clock on the wall.

Scene 32. Close up of the Clock.

Hands are at 5 minutes of 5.

Scene 33. Back to Scene.

Marjorie begins to fold her work to-

gether. She goes to wardrobe on the side to put the gown away.

Scene 34. Close up of the Wardrobe.

Marjorie hangs up the dress and her hands come into contact with the gown that she was working on the other day. She unlocks it and stands looking at it. *Fade out and interpose next scene.*

Scene 35. Against a Black Drop.

Marjorie dressed in the coveted gown turning around and looking at it from different angles. *Fade out and interpose next scene.*

Scene 36. Back to Scene.

Marjorie is torn between the desire to be well dressed at the ball that night and the plan of borrowing the expensive gown.

Title: "SHE BORROWS THE DRESS INTENDING TO RETURN IT THE NEXT DAY."

Scene 37. Interior of Office.

Ward gets up from his desk and speaking to Hugh goes to the door of the work room.

Scene 38. Door of the Work Room.

Ward is about to enter when he sees Marjorie.

Scene 39. Close up of Wardrobe.

Marjorie folds up the dress and puts it under her coat.

Scene 40. Door of Work Room.

Ward looks, then slowly draws the door shut.

Scene 41. Wardrobe.

Marjorie looks around and seeing no one, exits on side.

Scene 42. Full Set of Work Room.

Ward enters and looks in the direction taken by Marjorie. He goes to the wardrobe and looks into it, then stops for a moment, makes a decision and goes to a telephone on the wall of the work room.

Scene 43. Close up of Ward at the Telephone.

He calls a number and waits for a moment.

Scene 44. Doorway Outside of the Factory.

Marjorie comes out and looking around, exits down the street.

Scene 45. Close up.

Ward at the telephone. He gets his number.

Scene 46. Interior of Private Detective Agency.

The man at the desk is at the phone.

Scene 47. Ward at the Phone. Short Flash.

Scene 48. Interior of Bryant Office. Close up.

Hugh seated at his desk turns and picks up the receiver to call a number. He looks over a paper in his hand while waiting for central. He hears a voice over the wire and is about to answer then restrains himself and listens.

Scene 49. Close up of Ward at Phone.

He is speaking rather rapidly to party at the other end of the line.

Scene 50. Close up of Detective.

He nods understandingly and hangs up the receiver.

Scene 51. Close up of Ward at the Phone.

He hangs up with a smile of satisfaction on his face.

Scene 52. Close up of Hugh.

He is sitting with the telephone in his hand—is stunned by what he has overheard. He hears Ward approaching and hangs up the receiver. He turns back to his desk.

Scene 53. Full Set of Office.

Ward enters and looks at Hugh for a moment then goes to his own desk and taking his hat and coat exits. Hugh waits until he has left, then hurries after him.

Scene 54. Interior of Small Bedroom.

Marjorie enters and takes the dress out from underneath her coat and lays it on the bed.

Scene 55. Street Corner.

The detective is standing on the corner when Ward approaches and talks to him.

Scene 56. Street.

Hugh comes into picture and looks around stealthily—he sees the pair.

Scene 57. Street Corner.

Ward and detective are talking together. Ward indicates to go down the street. They exit.

Scene 58. Street.

Hugh sees them leaving and follows after them.

Scene 59. Interior of Marjorie's Room.

She is fully dressed in the new gown and is admiring herself when she hears a noise outside the door of her room.

Scene 60. Hallway.

Ward and the detective are standing at the door talking to the landlady who is telling them that this is Marjorie's room. Ward knocks at the door.

Scene 61. Interior Marjorie's Room.

She goes to the door and opens it. She starts back when Ward enters the door. He goes over to her and looks her up and down. She recoils under his glance and asks him what he wants. He goes up to her and speaks:

Title: "YOU KNOW VERY WELL WHAT I WANT."

Continue scene. Ward indicates that she go with him and she refuses. He tells her that unless she does he will have her arrested. She is steadfast in her resolve, and Ward becoming impatient goes to the door to let the detective in.

Scene 62. Hallway.

Hugh comes up the stairs and pushes the detective aside.

Scene 63. Interior of the Room.

Ward opens the door and instead of the detective that he expected he is dumbfounded to see Hugh walk into the room. Hugh walks up to Marjorie and puts his hands around her shoulders. Ward tells him that she stole the dress she wears from them. Hugh looks down at Marjorie when Ward is telling this.

Scene 64. Close up.

Marjorie is looking up at Hugh very frightened at the unexpected turn that things have taken.

Scene 65. Back to Scene.

Hugh looks over to Ward and tells him—

Title: "SHE DID NOT STEAL IT. IT IS ONLY ONE OF MY GIFTS TO HER. I EXPECT TO GIVE HER MANY MORE WHEN SHE BECOMES MY WIFE."

Ward is nonplused at this. He turns and leaves. Hugh takes Marjorie and holds her tight in his arms.

NEXT MONTH two distinguished scenario editors will tell you, themselves, what they want and what they do not want. They are the story-masters of two of the greatest producing companies in the world. Their contributions will be invaluable expositions, and should be read by every photoplaywright, and every would-be photoplaywright, in English-speaking countries.



Seen and Heard at the Movies

Copyright, 1916

Where millions of people gather daily many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen. We want our readers to contribute to this page. One dollar will be paid for each story printed. Contributions must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper. Be sure to include your name and address. Send to: "Seen and Heard" Dept., Photoplay Magazine, Chicago. Owing to the large number of contributions to this department, it is impossible to return unavailable manuscripts to the authors. Therefore it will oblige us if no postage or stamped envelopes be enclosed, as contributions will not be returned.

His Private Property

LITTLE Johnny had a very bad cold, and sat sniffing until the lady seated next to him could endure it no longer.

"Little boy," she said, "haven't you a handkerchief?"

Johnny looked at her indignantly for a moment, then answered rather haughtily:

"Yes'm, but I don't lend it to strangers."

Mrs. S. L. Lewis, Caldwell, Ida.

Some Pick!

I SAT beside a man in the movie theatre, and heard him say to the fellow on the other side of him: "I'm sick of this play, Pat; let's get out."

On the screen was shown a steamship tied up at her dock; the sailors were busy in the bows with the anchor.

"No," said the man two seats from me. "I aint agoin' to go out till I see the man that lifts that pick."

John P. McGuire, South Amboy, N. J.

Not Cut Down, Either!

SMALL Hiram's mother took him to see Charlie Chaplin for the first time.

"Why," exclaimed the astonished Hiram, "he has to wear his pap's pants too, don't he, maw!"

Mrs. S. Desmond Purdy, Fairville, N. B., Canada.

Correcting History

IN connection with the celebration of Lincoln's Birthday in the schools a teacher directed her pupils each to write some interesting fact about the murdered President. One of the class wrote this:

"Abraham Lincum tuk his girl to the movin picter show and a man snuk up behind him and shot him."

H. Skinner, Newark, N. J.

No Irreverence Intended

WHILE viewing a Biblical play recently I sat in front of a lady who was accompanied by an extremely inquisitive child. When the scenes illustrative of the carrying of the Cross were thrown on the screen the e. i. c. turned excitedly to the lady and asked:

"Mummie, is that Christ?"

"Yes, dearie."

"My word, Mummie!" the youngster exclaimed, "it must have cost them a lot to get Him to act for the pictures!"

Hal H. Carleton, Sydney, Australia.

Referred to D. W. G.

IT was at "The Birth of a Nation." The girl had just jumped off the rock to escape the Negro. Son, three years old, shouted:

"Mamma! did the girl jump off that big rock?"

"Yes, dear. H-s-s-h."

"Mamma! did she get killed?"

"Yes, precious. You must be more quiet."

(A long minute later) "Mamma! why didn't she jump off a little rock, then she wouldn't hurted herself?"

James Chester, Kansas City, Mo.

Who'd Be President, Now!

TWO men were discussing the photo-drama as a business, at a movie play.

"Moving pictures will be the ruination of this country," complained one.

"Oh, I don't know; they have their faults, of course, but they're not going to ruin the country," retorted the other.

"But they are! How are we going to train our boys to look forward to becoming President of the United States at seventy-five thousand dollars a year, when they read of moving picture stars getting ten thousand dollars a week?"

Leona Bohle, St. Louis, Mo.

Investing in the Movies

THE TENTH OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES BY A RECOGNIZED
AUTHORITY ON THE FINANCIAL END OF A GREAT INDUSTRY

By Paul H. Davis

HUNDREDS of requests have been received by the editors of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE from persons who contemplate investment in moving picture companies and who seek advice on the subject. In many cases investigation showed that these people were being solicited to invest money in concerns that, in the face of existing conditions, did not have one chance in a hundred to succeed. Mr. Davis will be glad to answer any inquiries from readers.

I HAVEN'T had much to say about the motion picture serial and the companies producing and distributing this popular form of the Photoplay. Most of the concerns engaged in the serial business have been financed by insiders. The stock of only two or three has been offered to the public for investment, and in a limited way at that. However, in almost every stock circular, in which the glib promoter offers his wares to the innocent movie enthusiast, the enormous earnings of one or two serial companies are printed in big type. Regardless of the scope and purpose of the company, whose possibilities are heralded in the "come-on" pamphlet, the promoter attempts to convince the prospective investor that because huge profits were earned in the quoted case his company can also get away with the big money.

Only last week I received a letter from a lady who lives in a little New England village. One paragraph read: "I have a little money to invest and I need all the income I can possibly get. A friend advises me to invest in the stock of a motion picture company which he is organizing. He compares the stock of his company to that of the _____ Corporation, which he said paid over one hundred per cent in dividends the first year of its incorporation. I should like to know whether this corporation did pay such unusual dividends, and also whether you would advise me to invest as my friend suggests." (I have omitted the name of the concern referred to for obvious reasons.)

In my answer I said: "If you have only a limited amount of money, you should invest in mortgages or bonds. Motion picture stocks are for those who can afford to

take a reasonable business risk. I have no definite information concerning the company that has been suggested to you, but I am afraid you are liable to be misled by a comparison between that company and the _____ Corporation. No two motion picture concerns, however similar they may be in organization and scope, have the same chance of success. Each must face new problems. The _____ Corporation distributed a serial motion picture, and the serial business is in a class by itself."

In other articles I have sketched the "regular" motion picture business. For your protection against promoters and friends it might be well for you to have a little information concerning the serials.

Serials have been popular since they were started by "What Happened to Mary"—which was if I remember correctly the first of them. You are familiar with those which followed: "The Adventures of Kathryn," "Dolly of the Dailies," "Lucille Love," "The Perils of Pauline," "The Million Dollar Mystery," recently "The Girl and the Game," "The Strange Case of Mary Page," "The Iron Claw," and "Gloria's Romance."

The slogan of the serial is "See it on the screen, read it in the paper." Its success has been largely due to the cooperation of the screen and the papers.

The organization of a serial—its production and distribution—is no little fellow's job. In the first place, it requires a regular oversized bank-roll, for it costs from one hundred thousand to half a million dollars to put it across. This much must be invested before a dollar comes back, since the serial must be practically completed before it is released to the theatres.

I have often hammered in the point that an organized market for films is the first thing to be considered. As soon as the serial company has the necessary cash capital in sight, it arranges for a market with some distributing organization which has the facilities for merchandising the episodes or chapters of the picture as they are released. At the same time it negotiates with a powerful newspaper or newspaper syndicate for the publication of the story of the film. This newspaper then contracts with other papers throughout the country for the printing of the story simultaneously with the release of each episode.

The basis of the serial is, of course, the story that is to be screened. I have heard that more than one experienced motion picture captain of industry has turned gray trying to dig up an author with *The Big Idea*. The story must be novel, original, and full of "punch"; the author must be one who has a national reputation. There are few men who can make to order—a masterpiece—and when one is found the bank account of the company depreciates rapidly. Item number one of big expense is entered in the ledger.

The serial cannot be acted by the ordinary kind of a photoplay cast. It is a big proposition from start to finish and only the headliners can live up to the requirements, therefore, next in order is the signing up of a real star. The most popular actresses in the country are considered—it must be someone who is not under contract with another concern. Miles of correspondence and almost endless negotiations will finally land the central star around whom the lesser lights revolve. Stars and lesser stars have a way of valuing their services highly, so that after the actors are engaged the treasurer writes item number two of big expense in the ledger.

There are only a few directors in the country, who are capable of directing a serial, yet the best in this department is vital to the success of the final product. When I have seen the salaries serial directors receive, I have regretted that I could not qualify in that line. The proper studio is important, but—thanks to the numerous new concerns that have gone in and out of the business—this detail is readily arranged. The ingredients of the serial, then, author, story, star, lesser lights, director and studio, are ready for mixing.

All of the troubles of producing which I have pointed out in other articles are present in the production of the serial, only more so, because of the size of the venture. The public expects—demands—big stuff in a serial—real "sets," etc. This is another item of big expense.

If all goes well, the production is finally ready for release. There are said to be about 17,000 theatres in the United States. More than a third of these must rent the serial, showing all the episodes, before it is successful in a big way. The sales organization, which markets it, has a real task, and if it falls down on the booking of the picture, the jig's up.

When a producer makes a five-reeler, he tries to gauge the public taste, and if he fails, he loses five to twenty-five thousand dollars. He may hit it right next time. In the course of a year the experienced producer averages success and failure so that he comes out ahead. The serial, however, is one big plunge. An enormous amount of money is risked and there is no chance to even up if it fizzles.

The serial concern does everything possible to plan for all emergencies that may arise in the production of the film—it employs the best in the business to hit the bullseye of the public.

The serial has this great advantage over the ordinary feature—a small fortune may be spent in advertising it. It is advertised as a whole—not as fifteen or twenty isolated features; an appropriation of six figures can be spread over all the episodes so that the enormous cost of national advertising is not prohibitive.

Success in a serial is the result of concentration on the best there is in a story, star, producing, merchandising. You can readily see how the serial proposition differs from the ordinary motion picture business.

I am sure you will agree with me that the profits made in this division of the industry are commensurate with the risks incurred, and I am equally sure you appreciate that the earnings of a serial company cannot be used as a standard of comparison for ordinary motion picture ventures. The stocks of serial companies, like all movie stocks, are business risks. When the serials are successful dividends are plentiful, but the man or woman of limited means should know that there is some chance of loss.



Kate climbed into a tree, beneath which the stage must pass, clutching her gun firmly.

THE LOVE MASK

A STORY OF GOLD, ADVENTURE
AND A WOMAN'S DARING, IN THE
EARLY DAYS OF THE GOLDEN STATE

By Jerome Shorey

Produced by the Lasky Feature Play Company.

SHERIFF DAN DEERING of Little Dog Gap sounded the last tack into the notice he was posting on the door of his blacksmith shop, and gave it another bang for good luck, as if it were the head of the notorious bandit, Silver Spurs himself, instead of merely the head of a tack on an offer of reward for his capture, that he was hammering. Dan was a person of few passions, his principal ambitions in life, in fact, narrowing to two. The first was to

persuade Kate Kenner to marry him, but that independent young woman was too busy trying to wrest fortune from a worthless claim, her only legacy from her father, a pioneer of '49, to listen to him. The other was to capture the elusive Mexican bandit, a reward of \$1,000 for whose body, dead or alive, he had just nailed to his smithy door. As he stepped back and read over this notice, with a look of grim determination, he heard a shrill voice calling him. Immediately he was diverted



from Ambition No. 2 by observing the object of Ambition No. 1 running toward him down the trail from her claim.

"Dan, Dan," she called. "Look what's dropped out of the sky. For the love of heaven, Dan, tell me—is this gold, or am I dreaming?"

Dan looked at the two big nuggets she held, one in each hand, and gasped. It *was* gold, so pure that a glance revealed the truth.

"Where did you find this?" he asked.

"Just across the north line of Dad's old claim," she replied. "I was workin' away,

"Silver Spurs at your service; I believe you wish smile, to

when I heard a clattering up the cliff, an' dodged just in time for a whoppin' boulder to land kerbang on my cradle an' sluice-box. Then I looked up, and there I see a streak of yellow where Mister Boulder ploughed down. Dan—there's millions and millions of tons of it!"

Dan smiled. "Hardly that. But you've sure made a strike. Come on—let's take a look. You posted a discovery notice, I hope."

"Surest thing you know. Stuck my



to see me" said the bandit, with a mocking the sheriff.

sign up on a big stake, large as life."

The two hurried up the trail, and a picturesquely garbed individual rode out from behind a thicket and mockingly saluted their backs, as they rounded a corner and disappeared. The newcomer was a handsome youth, slim and graceful, and one suspected that the eyes which now danced with humor could flash with anger and cruelty. The most interesting article of his apparel was a pair of huge *caballero's* spurs, gracefully fashioned in silver, with

big wheels for rowels. They were the touch of vanity in his makeup, for from the way his horse responded to his word and touch, it was obvious that the spurs were for ornament, not use. He rode over to the blacksmith shop, and dismounted to read the notice, laughing heartily. Then he ironically defaced it, went into the shop, took the sheriff's big watch and heavy chain from his vest, and with another laugh, rode away along the upper trail, parallel to, but above the one upon which Deering and the girl had gone.

When Kate and her companion reached a point from which the girl's claim was visible, she stopped short and cried in dismay:

"My God, Dan—look! Jim Higbie's jumped my claim."

Dan looked up the creek, and saw three men, rifles across their knees, seated on boulders.

"Higbie and his gang must have seen me go up in the air when I found the gold," Kate went on, almost hysterically. "They had another dead one just like Dad's, south of my own."

"Never mind," Dan reassured her. "They can't get away with any dirty work like that while I'm sheriff of Little Dog." And the big man walked fearlessly up to the armed trio.

"Look here, Jim Higbie—this don't go. Git off this claim before I throw you off," Dan commanded.

Higbie snorted, contemptuously, and pointed to a location notice he had substituted for Kate's. "You

may enforce the law, but I guess you don't make it," Higbie sneered. "There's my proof."

"Yes, an' I know how it got there. Git, I tell you. You know as well's I do that it's Kate Kenner's property."

"Well then, where's her witnesses? I got two right here, that'll swear they wa'nt no sign posted. Course we know why *you* want her to have it," Higbie sneered.

Dan waited for no more argument, but grabbed Higbie, who called to his companions to help him fight off the big black-



smith. It was not a shooting matter yet, lightly as guns hung in their holsters in the 'fifties, and soon the three men were engaged in a one-sided attack upon the sheriff. Kate tried to help her champion, but strong as she was, she was no match for Higbie's ruffians, and one of them struck a blow which knocked her almost unconscious.

Silver Spurs, riding the upper trail, came upon the scene just in time to see this cowardly act. Had it been merely a fracas among men, he would have watched it as an interesting bit of entertainment, to its conclusion, and gone on about his business without interfering. But all the chivalry of his Spanish ancestry revolted at the sight of a man striking a woman, and he plunged down the bank into the fray. Higbie and his bullies realized that the battle was lost, and soon retreated before this reinforcement, vowing dire vengeance.

Dan's first thought was for Kate, and he ran to where she was trying to crawl on hands and knees to his assistance again. Helping her to her feet, and making sure that she was not seriously hurt, he then turned to thank the stranger who had so unexpectedly come to his assistance. Simultaneously Dan saw the tell-tale spurs

"You may enforce the law, but you don't make it," Higbie sneered. "There's my proof."

that identified the bandit, and the bandit saw the official badge that identified the sheriff. They stared at each other, but the outlaw was the first to speak:

"Silver Spurs, at your service. I believe you wish to see me?" said the bandit, with a mocking smile to the sheriff.

Dan clenched his fists. He could not forget the long list of crimes this man had committed, nor could he forget that the outlaw had just now rendered a valuable service to himself and Kate.

"I'm much obliged for what you did just now," Dan said, sternly. "But next time we meet, I'm going to hang you."

Silver Spurs smiled. "Catch me first," he said, and started to go. Then, with an afterthought, he returned, and held out Dan's watch and chain. "A little token of my gratitude for letting me go free," he said, and with that he sprang up the bank, and in an instant the clatter of his horse's hoofs grew faint in the distance. Dan gazed after him a few seconds, and then recalled that there was serious business on hand.

"There's just one thing to do," he said to Kate. "We've got to file the entry on this claim at the Lone Pine government office, before Higbie does."

But here again, after a hard ride of several miles, they found that the claim-jumper had been ahead of them, having sent one of his men to record the claim while he and the others stood guard over it. Armed with the government seal, he was now in a position to require that Deering, as sheriff, should protect him and his legal interests, instead of trying to eject him. Dejectedly Dan investigated all the details of the property, and was compelled to admit that Kate had been euchered by the scoundrels. In tears, the girl demanded that force should be used to recover the fortune that had slipped from her grasp, and when Dan showed her that it was impossible she turned from him angrily and sought refuge in her cabin.

Then, as the days dragged along, she had to listen to the busy picks of these robbers, while she slaved along, more and more hopelessly, in her efforts to find pay dirt on her old property. To Dan's pleas that she marry him and let him take care of her troubles, she would pay no attention. She could not realize how helpless he was against her enemies, and had a feel-

ing that if he had been more determined he might have saved her property. One evening, as she reflected bitterly upon the injustice of which she had been the victim, she listened to the conversation of Higbie and his four men.

"We're getting too much of this stuff to be safe," Higbie was saying. "First thing we know, along will come Silver Spurs, and then—goodbye gold. Guess I'd better take it down to Red Dog saloon at Long Pine by the stage tomorrow. You Pedro—start early and tell that fool sheriff we got to have a guard meet the coach. The rest of you stay and guard the claim."

Kate wept over this new knowledge of the riches being reaped by her foes.

"If I were only a man!" she moaned, as she flung herself on her hard bunk.

Suddenly an inspiration came to her.

"I *will* be a man!" she said to herself. "If I can't get justice, I'll take the law into my own hands."

Before daybreak next morning she set out for a Mexican roadhouse, some distance up the stage road, taking with her the two big nuggets she had jealously guarded

Dejectedly, Dan was forced to admit that Kate had been euchered by the scoundrels.



ever since the day she had found and lost the gold pocket. One of these she showed to the greedy-eyed woman whose husband ran the disreputable place.

"I want a *caballero's* outfit," she told the woman, "and nobody must know."

The woman took her to her own room, and soon she was arrayed in a costume the duplicate of the one she had seen Silver Spurs wear. But there was still something lacking. She wanted to impersonate the man himself, and she could not do so



"The dice shall decide," said the bandit, and they gambled for the right to rob the stage.

without the spurs. She had reason to believe the bandit was hiding in the house, and so, producing the other nugget, she promised to give it to the woman in exchange for the spurs. It was a perilous deed, but the shifty little woman was equal to it. Crawling under the table where the outlaw was eating breakfast, she cautiously removed the silver rowels, and soon Kate was equipped for her proposed holdup. In this disguise she believed the reputation of the notorious desperado would so intimidate the stage driver and his guard that her "theft" of her own gold would be easily accomplished, and so she set out upon her adventure, slipping from the roadhouse by the back way.

She had barely left when Higbie's Mexican boy, Pedro, arrived, and whispered something in the ear of the road agent, as he sat at the table. Silver Spur's eyes flashed, and he handed the boy a small bag of gold as a reward for the information.

"Don't tell the sheriff about the shipment until I have time to get it," he said, and rose to make his preparations. Then discovering the loss of his spurs he called the landlord and there was a stormy scene. The man was as surprised as the bandit

himself, and trembled in fear for his life. But Silver Spurs had more important business on hand, and he rode off, after issuing a final warning that if the spurs were not found when he returned, he would kill every man on the premises.

Thus it transpired that Kate and the outlaw, both making their way cautiously to a point at which the stage could be held up with safety, came face to face in the woods. Before the girl could

pull herself together, Silver Spurs had overpowered her, torn the black handkerchief from her face, and recognized her as the girl at the mine. In a few words she explained the situation, confessed bribing the woman to steal his spurs, and pleaded with him to permit her to use this means of regaining her gold.

"The dice shall decide," the bandit answered, and throwing his cloak on the ground they gambled for the right to rob the stage.

"The dice are honorable," Silver Spurs observed, philosophically, as the girl threw a five and a four against his three and two. He agreed to assist her by guarding the road, and Kate climbed into the over-

hanging branches of a tree, beneath which the stage must pass, trembling a little, but clutching her gun firmly and renewing her courage by telling herself it was only her rights she was protecting.

Soon things began to happen so swiftly that Kate forgot her nervousness. The stage approached, she steadied herself, dropped on top of it as it passed, and called gruffly to the driver and guard:

"Stop! Leave your guns on the seat! Get down!" she ordered, covering them with her gun. It was so sudden they dared not hesitate or reach for their weapons, but promptly obeyed, when they saw the silver spurs, to see which often had meant death.

"Everybody get out, down there," Kate called, to the passengers, firing a shot to emphasize the request.

"Hurry up," the driver warned the passengers. "It's Silver Spurs."

THE passengers scrambled out, and Kate made a swift search through the big vehicle for her gold. But there was no sign of Jim, and no gold. It did not occur to her to look underneath the low-hung body of the stage. As the stage stopped, Jim had descended and crawled upon the springs with his treasure. While the girl was hesitating, unable to believe that she had failed, she heard shots down the road, and knew this must mean that Silver Spurs was engaged in a fight with an approaching posse. So she ran to her horse, and galloped away into the woods. As she rushed on, dodging low branches and making a wide detour toward her cabin, she heard another horse crashing through the trees. Quickly concealing herself, she saw the bandit approaching, reeling in his saddle.

"Are you hurt?" she called to him.

For answer he fell headlong from his horse. Much as Kate despised him for his crimes, she could not desert him now. For that day they were partners. So she stopped the wound, which was deep but not in a vital spot, helped him into her own saddle, and slowly they made their way to her cabin.

She was not an instant too soon. Hardly had she concealed him in the inner room, and covered her disguise with a loose dress, than Sheriff Dan came to her door, to ask if she had seen anything of Silver Spurs.

"Silver Spurs?" she asked nervously.

"How should I see anything of him?"

"He tried to hold up the stage, and we found a pool of blood where he fell off his horse. He can't be far away."

But as Dan turned to go he saw, protruding from behind a box where Kate thought she had completely concealed her boots, a big silver spur with wheel rowel. He strode into the room and picked it up.

"What does this mean?" he demanded. "There's no two pairs of spurs like this."

Kate flushed, and stammered. "Why—where did that come from?"

"Where? You know well enough where. But you needn't be afraid. I'll not betray you and your roadagent lover. Goodby."

And without another word Dan departed. Kate started to follow, and call him back, but stopped. She knew she could not explain; there was too much to confess. But she suddenly realized that of all men in the world, Dan Deering was the one she did not want to believe this of her.

For a week Kate nursed the wounded desperado, before he was in condition to start out. Meanwhile Kate listened with renewed bitterness to the sounds of activity on the stolen claim, and learned that the hoard at Red Dog saloon was increasing constantly, the hoard that honestly belonged to her. Finally, the night that Silver Spurs decided he was himself again, she made her resolution. Her first holdup had failed; the second should not fail. She was thwarted before only by the fact that she could not find the gold. Now she knew exactly where it was located. Again she donned her disguise, discovering, to her delight, that the outlaw had departed without his famous spurs. As she prepared to make her raid on the saloon, she did not notice a face peering through her window. Jim Higbie, spying upon the woman he had robbed, saw a figure in a long black cloak, a black mask, and silver spurs. He hurried away to notify his men of the opportunity to capture the bandit and win the reward.

Kate had just left her cabin when Silver Spurs, remembering that she had failed to return his beloved rowels, returned for them. Finding the girl absent he began rummaging around, ransacking every corner in his search. In a few minutes he was interrupted by a shout.

"We've got you, Silver Spurs," Higbie

called. "Come out with your hands up before I count ten, or we'll shoot the shack full o' holes till we get you. There's four of us, so you can't get away."

The bandit peered cautiously through the windows, after extinguishing his candle. There was no one in sight. Jim and his men were taking no chances, and had hidden behind boulders. Silver Spurs lay down on the floor and waited. In a few seconds Jim yelled again:

"All right, if you will have it. Let 'er go, boys."

The four rifles spoke simultaneously. Silver Spurs gave an agonized scream, followed by groans.

"Got 'im first crack," Jim yelled, and he and his three followers sprang up and started for the cabin door. As they approached, Silver Spurs flung the door open, a gun in each hand, and opened fire. Jim's three bullies dropped in their tracks, but their leader, desperately wounded, managed to crawl behind a big rock. The bandit did not stop to finish his work, but darted off into the woods.

MEANWHILE Kate, reaching Red Dog saloon, quietly gained entrance through the back door, and before her presence was suspected the crowd at the bar heard a gruff voice, and turning, saw the figure which had terrorized the district, covering them with a gun.

"Hands up; over against that far wall, everybody. Turn your backs this way. I'll kill any man that makes a move."

Silver Spurs' reputation for keeping his word made Kate's job easy. If they had known that it was anyone in the world but the notorious killer, almost any man in the crowd would have taken a chance. But such was the fear inspired by Silver Spurs' gory record, that they obeyed without the least hesitation. Keeping her eye on the men, Kate edged toward the strong box, which had not yet been locked for the night. There lay the bags of gold—her gold—hers in reality, as well as by right, at last. She began stowing it in the big pockets of her cloak, when a voice shouted from the door by which she had entered:

"I've got you this time, Silver Spurs. Drop that gold, or I'll drop you."

Kate wheeled toward the door. It was the sheriff. Dan had been on the watch for the outlaw, had seen her enter the

place, and followed. He had her covered and there was nothing for it but to surrender. She dropped the gold and her gun, and leaned weakly against the wall. Dan strode up to her and jerked the handkerchief from her face.

"Good God! Kate!" he gasped.

There was a chorus of surprise, and then of anger, from the assembled miners. It seemed incredible that this girl could have committed all the crimes charged to Silver Spurs, but the proof was sufficient for those days of direct justice. In vain Kate told the truth, in vain the sheriff told of having seen both the girl and Silver Spurs the day of his fight with Higbie and his ruffians, proving they could not be one person. The men refused to believe Dan because of his well known affection for Kate.

"Let Judge Hicks decide," they demanded.

But as they were about to start for the judge's house, the door of the saloon was flung open, and Higbie lurched in and fell, a crumpled heap, on the floor. Gasping for breath, he told of the killing of his men at Kate's cabin. This piled up more evidence against the girl. Apparently she had ridden directly from the scene of the triple murder, to hold up the saloon. Dan alone was unconvinced, for he alone knew that the real Silver Spurs had been in hiding at the girl's cabin, since the attempt to hold up the stage, though this was something he dared not tell, as it would only make Kate's position worse in the eyes of the men. And while his knowledge cut him deeply, he was determined to save the woman he still loved, if he could. Bending over the wounded man, he said:

"Jim Higbie, you're dying. Tell the truth about that claim jumping, 'fore you go to hell for it."

"It's true," Jim whispered. "The claim's hers by rights," and with that he fell back, dead.

"Don't you see, men?" Dan demanded. "This gibes with the girl's story. She's just been trying to get her rights."

"But that don't let her out for all the killing that's been going on in these parts," insisted Bill Hawkins, proprietor of the saloon. "Let her tell it to the judge."

So a procession was formed, and they all set off for Judge Hicks' house. Those were times when men demanded that jus-

(Continued on page 160)

ROCKS AND ROSES

Likes Stand on Saloon

Earlville, New York.

EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Allow me to compliment you upon your stand on the liquor question as evidenced by your informal offer on page twenty-seven of the current issue of your magazine, viz. to run a set of still pictures depicting the "ideal" types of the race who have been lifted to their exalted positions by the saloon. I am not a church worker nor do I belong to any society for the combating of this evil (perhaps this to my shame) but I am for the backer of an attitude like yours—an attitude calling for the riddance of the thing that, when it has passed, will mean a nation of more brains, more brawn and more manhood. If I were the liquor traffic and your offer was emblazoned in incandescent bulbs on the front of every city hall in the land, I should think seriously of crawling into a convenient hole and pulling it in after me. That's how I feel about it. Incidentally here's \$1.50 for a year of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE on the strength of it.

Sincerely yours,

FRANCIS L. DEVALLANT.

Nothing Like a Rock

Louisville, Ky.,

"ROCKS AND ROSES," EDITOR.

Dear Sir: Here is a whole bouquet of American Beauties and not even so much as a pebble.

One of the best things PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has ever had, in my estimation, was the story of the life of Mary Pickford. I thought when I had finished that what a splendid thing it would be for you to next give us the life history of David Wark Griffith. I intended to write and suggest this, but like most Southerners, with the possible exception of Mr. Griffith, I put it off from day to day, and now I find you have beaten me to it.

Another fine feature of PHOTOPLAY is the "Shadow Stage." This department of the magazine I always read last, as I always save the best things for the final perusal. I find more pleasure in that than in any other department, and only wish you had more space to devote to it.

Wishing you all success in the future, I am,

J. W. CHANDLER.

He'll Write Again!

Invercargill, N. Z.

EDITOR, "ROCKS AND ROSES."

Having purchased and read your Magazine for the first time I have to congratulate you. I vote that it is by far the best in the market.

Pictures are all the rage in New Zealand, and every one is "picture mad." Invercargill, near the end of N. Z., has two lovely Picture Palaces and another in the course of erection for a population of 14,500. Not a bad average,

Eh? Every night they are crammed to the doors.

The favorite actresses and actors are as follows: Clara K. Young, Edna Mayo, Bryant Washburn, and Charlie Chaplin.

Could you possibly get a photo of Edna Mayo and Clara Kimball Young in your Picture Gallery in the PHOTOPLAY please? I know several persons after these two.

Well I can say no more just now, but I shall write later on in the month.

With kind regards to self, Magazine, and "Stars," I remain yours faithfully,

RUPERT H. FURK.

Would Abolish Rocks

Chambersburg, Penn.

EDITOR, ROCKS AND ROSES.

I do not approve of the "Rocks" with the "Roses." I think they are very unkind, and uncalled for. We all have our favorites, but that is no reason why we should throw stones at the ones we do not care as much for. How any one can criticise Francis X. Bushman, in "The Silent Voice," is more than I can understand. Unless they have never witnessed any real legitimate acting. In "The Silent Voice" Francis X. Bushman, competed with any Broadway Star that's on the screen. I know people that travel many miles to see Bushman pictures, because they love his innate refinement and recognize good acting. Roses and good wishes for all.

RUTH KRESS.

Something for Nothing

307 E. 12th St., New York City.

DEAR EDITOR.

I get PHOTOPLAY every month, and enjoy every part of it before and after the "Seen and Heard at the Movies" pages. Those jokes are absolutely old, and have no spark of life to them. You pay \$5 and \$1 to people who send in worthless articles. That is the only wet blanket on my enthusiasm for PHOTOPLAY, but I hope they will be better in the future.

Very truly,

(MISS) MARGARET BEYER.

A Milwaukee Protest

Milwaukee, Wis.

MY DEAR EDITOR.

Why don't you eliminate your "Rocks and Roses" department? Nobody cares to hear how good your magazine is. We all know it is good or we wouldn't keep on reading it. I, for one, think it would be much more interesting to see in that space a few letters from readers giving their different opinions on the various plays and players. Their views of course—in many cases—are not as intelligent and concise as your Mr. Johnson's, but they do make very amusing reading matter.

Yours very truly,

L. STAPLETON.

PHOTOPLAY TITLE CONTEST

Number V—Complete in this issue. For explanation see opposite page.

FIND TITLES IN THIS LIST

| | | |
|----------------------------|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| A Bag of Gold | The Duel in the Dark | The House with Nobody in It |
| A Barnyard Flirtation | The Eagle's Mate | I Should Worry |
| A Boy for a Day | East Lynne | In Fear of His Past |
| A Buried City | Eddie's Little Nightmare | In Peril's Path |
| A Can of Baked Beans | Egyptian Temples | In the Firelight |
| A Chase by Moonlight | An Eloquence at Home | In the Hour of Temptation |
| A Circus Romance | Elsie Verner | In the Lion's Pit |
| Across the Great Divide | The Ebb Tide | In the Midst of the Wilds |
| A Dip in the Water | The Earl's Adventure | In the Sunset Country |
| A Little Teacher | An Enemy's Aid | In the Switch Tower |
| A Mistaken Watch | The Engine of Death | In the Vale of Sorrow |
| A Night's Adventure | The Eternal Feminine | Into the Foothills |
| An Old-Fashioned Girl | Ethel's Roof Party | It Almost Happened |
| A Pair of Queens | Esther | It Happened on Friday |
| A Round-up in the Hills | Evangeline | It's an Ill Wind |
| A Rowboat Romance | Everyheart | It Was Like This |
| At the Hour of Dawn | The Evil Eye | Izzy's Night Out |
| Avenged by a Fish | The Exile of Bar K. Ranch | Jack and the Beanstalk |
| Back to the Kitchen | Face in the Mirror | Jail Birds |
| Battle in the Clouds | Faithful to the Finish | Jealousy |
| Betty's Dream Hero | Fanchon and the Cricket | Jess |
| Billie's Goat | Fate's Healing Hand | Joseph in the Land of Egypt |
| Bink's Beard | Father Said He'd Fix It | Judge Not |
| Booming Trisix | Pickle Mary Jane | Judgment of Men |
| Boys Will Be Boys | Fighting Blood | Jane of the Soil |
| Branch Number Thirty-Seven | Fifty Years After Appomattox | Jennie on the Job |
| Breaking Even | Fifty Years Behind | Jimmy |
| Brewster's Millions | Foiled | Joe Harkins' Ward |
| Brown Coin | Forgiven | Judith of Bethulia |
| Broncho Billy and the Land | For Napoleon and France | Julius Caesar |
| Bubbling Water | For the Last Edition | June Friday |
| Business Rivals | Four Aces | The Jungle Lovers |
| Business vs. Love | Freckles | Justice |
| Bunny in Bunnyland | From Champion to Tramp | Just Kids |
| By the Two Oaks | Frontier Mother | Justice of Love |
| By Whose Hand? | Gangsters of the Hills | The Irish Kathleen |
| Cabiria | Gasoline Gus | Keeping Up with the Joneses |
| Camille | Gentlemen of Nerves | The Kangaroo |
| Captain Kidd and Ditto | Gene of the Northland | Keeping a Husband |
| Casey's Vendetta | Gertie's Joy Ride | Keno, Bates, Liar |
| Cartoons in the Parlor | Getting Rid of Aunt Kate | The Key to Possession |
| Chains of Bondage | Ghosts | The Kick Out |
| Chasing the Limited | Gilt Edge Stocks | Kidnaped at Church |
| Checkers | Girl and Her Trust | Killing Horace |
| Children of the Sea | Girl at the Curtain | King and the Man |
| City of Terrible Night | Glorianna's Getaway | The King of the Beggars |
| Closed at Ten | God Is Love | The King's Man |
| Clothes Make the Man | God of Vengeance | The Kiss |
| Coals of Fire | Gypsy Queens | Kitty's Knight |
| Cohen's Luck | Gypsy Love | The Klondyke Bubble |
| Courage and the Man | The Guilt | A Knight of Trouble |
| Dad and the Girls | Graustark | Knockout Dugan's Find |
| Dan Cupid, Fixer | Handle with Care | Kronstadt |
| Daughter of the Nile | Hearts Adrift | Lambs Gambol |
| A Daughter's Sacrifice | Hearts and Roses | Last Days of Pompeii |
| Daylight | Heart of Flame | The Last Laugh |
| The Dead Letter | Heavy Villains | Laughing Gas |
| Dead Man's Keys | Helen's Babies | The Leading Lady |
| Death's Store | Hello, Mabel | Lena Rivers |
| A Honeymoon Desert | Her Big Brother | The Leopard's Foundling |
| Destiny's Trump Card | Her Choice | Lest We Forget |
| The Detective's Sister | Her Filmland Hero | Life and Moving Pictures |
| The Diamond from the Sky | The Hermit | Life or Death |
| Disappearing Necklace | Hidden Crime | The Lilliputian's Courtship |
| Doctor Jim | His Birthday Gift | The Lion and the Mouse |
| Dollar Bill | His Last Deal | Little Brother of the Rich |
| Dora Thorne | Home, Sweet Home | Little Madonna |
| The Double Chase | The Horse Thief | A Lodging for the Night |
| Do Unto Others | House of a Thousand Candles | The Lost Diamond |

(List Continued on Second Page Following)

HERE ARE THE APRIL WINNERS

CONTEST NO. 3

- First Prize, \$10.00,** Miss Emma Mann, 503 East 19th Ave., Spokane, Wash.
- Second Prize, \$5.00,** Fernald M. Eldridge, 10 Second St., Hallowell, Maine.
- Third Prize, \$3.00,** Anna M. Engstrom, 25 Grove St., Norwich, Conn.
- Fourth Prize, \$2.00,** Miss Blanche Williamson, Ballentine, S. C.

Ten \$1.00 Prizes to—Preston Buford, Jr., Salisbury, N. C.; Mrs. W. H. Dearborn, Chiquapin Plantation, Thomasville, Ga.; F. J. Stevens, Twining, Mich.; J. Brady Chambers,

Lewes, Delaware; O. W. Sessions, Anniston, Ala.; R. G. Goolsby, Marion, Va.; Wm. Burgess, Jr., Lancaster, Wis.; Mrs. Edna Carey, Stafford, Kan.; Miss Mildred Jones, 117 9th St., North, Columbus, Miss.; F. R. Pontious, 309 W. Boone St., Marshalltown, Iowa.

THE CORRECT APRIL TITLES

1. "When the Light Came in."
2. "Crossed Currents."
3. "The Kids Nap."
4. "Crooked to the End."
5. "A Gentleman from the West."
6. "Carmen."
7. "The Approach."
8. "An Unseen Enemy."

FOURTEEN CASH PRIZES

FOR the correct or nearest correct answers to these pictures. The awards are cash, without any string whatever to them. This is the fifth of a series of novel feature contests to interest and benefit our readers at absolutely no cost to them—the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE way. The awards are all for this month's contest.



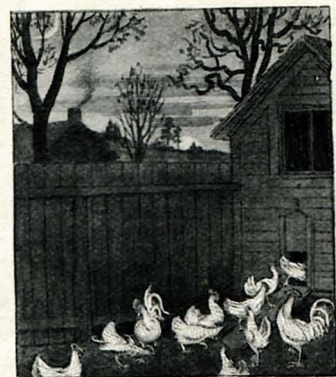
1



2



3



4

THE PRIZES

- 1st Prize, \$10.00.
2nd Prize, \$5.00.
3rd Prize, \$3.00.
4th Prize, \$2.00.
Ten Prizes, \$1.00 each.

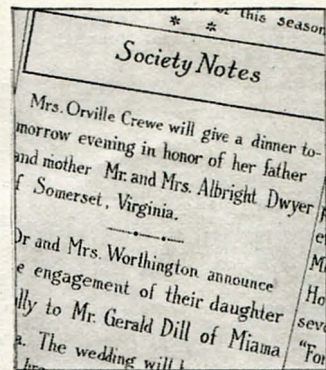
Each scene represents the name of a popular photoplay which will be found in the list on the opposite page and the page following. These illustrations are not of scenes from the plays, but are of the titles. In the case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded to the senders of the answers involved.



5



6



7



8

Directions

Write plainly below each picture the title which you think it best represents. Place your own name and complete address on the margin at the bottom of this page. Cut the leaf out and mail it to "Title Contest," PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago. Or you may send in your answers on a separate sheet of paper. Number your answers to correspond with the numbers of the pictures. We have eliminated from this contest all red tape and expense to you, so please do not ask us questions. All answers must be mailed before June first. Awards for this list will be published in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Look for this contest each month.

PHOTOPLAY TITLE CONTEST

(See preceding page for explanation.)

LIST OF TITLES CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE PRECEDING

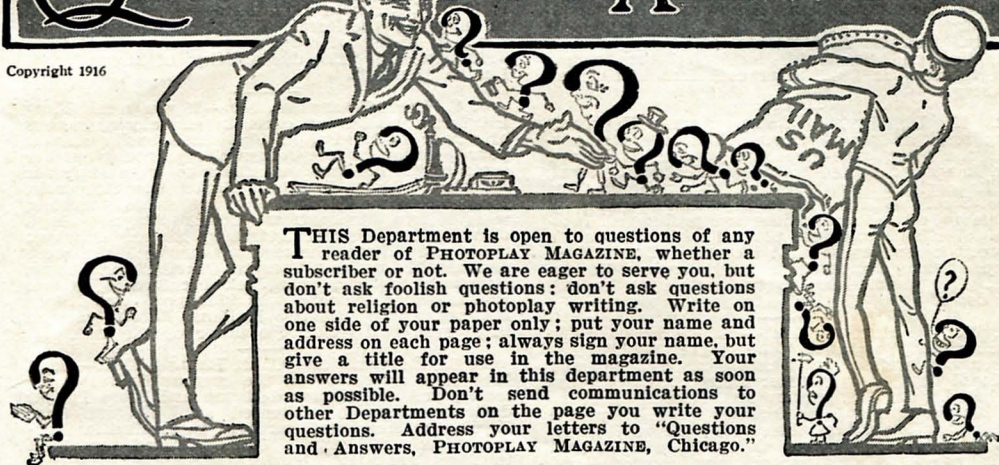
A Busy Day
A Dignified Family
Advertising Did It
Affinities
A Flurry in Hats
A Girl and Two Boys
A Happy Pair
A Letter to Daddy
A Matter of Seconds
A Marriage of Convenience
A Mix-Up in Males
A Modern Noble
A Mother's Trust
Ancestry
An Honest Young Man
A Question of Courage
As It Happened
At Cross Purposes
At the End of a Perfect Day
A Wild Ride
The Black Hand
Brass Buttons
Caught
A Change for the Better
Damaged Goods
The Deception
Does It End Right?
Dot on the Day Line Boat
Eyes That See Not
Honor Thy Father
The Commanding Officers
Home Coming
Are You a Mason?
All at Sea
In the King's Service
Before and After
A Story of the Past
Behind the Screen
Bill Squares It with the Boss
The Black Sheep
The Black Triangle
Blind Fate
Bobby's Medal
The Call of Motherhood
Caught in the Act
A Celebrated Case
Checkmate
The Circle's End
A City Rube
The Clock Stopped
Coincidence
Caught with the Goods
The Conspiracy
A Cute Little Bear
Dimples and the Ring
Education
The Double Cross
Down By the Sea
Drawing the Line
The Family Divided
Father Love
Under Two Flags
For Love of the Flag
Fellow Voyagers
The Fifth Commandment
The Final Test
Fifty Fifty
For Cash
For His Mother
Girl in Question
Hands Invisible
Her Return
His Return
The Battle
In High Life
The Idlers
An Unseen Enemy
The Price She Paid
Commanding Officer
Under Her Wing
Under the Crescent
Fighting for France
In High Society
In the Ranks
Motherhood
Into the Dark
On the Job
One Woman's Way
Sergeant Jim's Horse
For King and Country
The Social Law

The Tale of a Chicken
When Husbands Go to War
Bad Man Mason
The Edge of Night
Learning to Be a Father
The Little Gray Lady
The Master of the House
Mixed Males
The Morning Paper
The Next Generation
In the Twilight
Like Father, Like Son
Oh, Daddy!
The Only Son
Other Man's Wife
Other People's Business
Out of the Night
A Perilous Chance
Sherman Was Right
Sold
The Source of Happiness
Such a Business
The Ten O'clock Boat
The Struggle
The Big Brother
The Father
The Man with the Hoe
The Silent Battle
The Man in the Chair
The Way of a Mother
The Usual Way
The Way Out
Where Happiness Dwells
The Advisor
The Aggressor
All in the Same Boat
Almost a Hero
And They Called Him Hero
Any Woman's Choice
Andy of the Royal Mounted
The Arm of Vengeance
A Bad Man and Others
An Officer and a Gentleman
Between Two of Them
Brave and Bold
Chicken
A Dark Horse
The Cruise of Destiny
Educated Roosters
The Enemies
The Flower of Faith
Hearts and Flowers
Her Realization
He Was Bad
The Mother Heart
O'Garney of the Royal Mounted
The Open Door
Patsy on a Yacht
The Product
The Sea Gull
Her Wonderful Day
His Fighting Blood
The Master of This House
Some Steamer Scooping
War
The Way of the Woman
When a Woman's Fort
A Woman Went Forth
A Typographical Error
The Man with the Hoe
Love Is Blind
Madame X
The Man from Oregon
The Man on the Watch
Man's Prerogative
Married on Credit
The Man Who Found Out
The Masked Dancer
The Masquerader
A Messenger of Gladness
The Melody of June
The Merchant of Venice
Milestones of Life
The Missing Man
Miss Jekyll and Madame Hyde
The Money-Sharks
Mistress of the Air
Mrs. Randolph's New Secretary
The Musician's Daughter
The Naked Truth
Naughty Henrietta

Nearly a Bride
Not a Ghost of a Show
'Neath Calvary's Shadow
The Need of Money
Neptune's Daughter
The Net of Deceit
The New Butler
The New Way to Win
The Newer Woman
The Next Generation
Night Riders of Petersham
Nobody from Nowhere
No Release
Not Much Force
Not Wanted
Nothing Ever Happens Right
Oaklawn Handicap
The Octopus
Officer 666
Old Curiosity Shop
Old Enough to Be Her Grandpa
On Life's High Sea
On the Ledge
One Man's Evil
One Summer's Sequel
Only a Messenger Boy
On Their Wedding Eve
The Other Man's Wife
Out of Bondage
Out of the Deputy's Hands
The Outcast
Outwitting Dad
Over Secret Wires
Paid in Full
The Painted Lady's Child
Pals in Blue
A Lost Paradise
Park Johnnies
The Path of the Rainbow
Peanuts and Bullets
Peggy Lynn, Burglar
The Penalty
Perils of Pauline
Phil's Vacation
A Pious Undertaking
Playing the Game
Polly of the Pots and Pans
Producing a Nation's Pride
Prisoner of Zenda
The Quarrel
Queen of Hearts
The Queen of Jungle Land
Queering Cupid
The Quest of the Widow
A Question of Honor
The Quest
Quits
The Quitter
Quo Vadis
Raindrops and Girls
The Rajah's Sacrifice
The Real Impostor
The Redemption of a Pal
The Red Virgin
The Refugees
The Rehearsal
Reincarnation
Remorse
Repaid
Rival Waiters
Rivalry
The Road to Yesterday
Robust Reno
Romance of A La Carte
The Romance of Mexico
A Run for His Money
The Ruse
The Secret Code
Seeds of Chaos
The Secret Formula
The Sentimental Lady
The Seven Sisters
Shadows and Sunshine
Shattered Memories
Shepherd King
She Winked
Shorty's Trip to Mexico
The Sky Hunters
The Slave Girl
The Smuggled Diamonds
The Smugglers
Sorrrows of Satan

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

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THIS Department is open to questions of any reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, whether a subscriber or not. We are eager to serve you, but don't ask foolish questions: don't ask questions about religion or photoplay writing. Write on one side of your paper only; put your name and address on each page; always sign your name, but give a title for use in the magazine. Your answers will appear in this department as soon as possible. Don't send communications to other Departments on the page you write your questions. Address your letters to "Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Chicago."

B. O. W., WINSLOW, ARIZ.—"That Splash of Saffron," is not a play, but an interview in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, with Sessue Hayakawa. He is therefore "the principal player in it." The cast of "Maria Rosa," (Lasky) was printed in full toward the end of the March PHOTOPLAY, Geraldine Farrar, Wallace Reid and Pedro de Cordoba having the principal roles.

N. E. M., HASTINGS, NEB.—The first episode of the "Stingaree" series was entitled "An Enemy of Mankind," and the two brothers, Irving Randolph (later *Stingaree*), and his brother Robert, were True Boardman and William Brunton. His fiancée was Marin Sais.

A. D. S., LEWISVILLE, ARK.—As a rule, it makes little difference whether we have the name of the producing company or not, but we have no record of the play you mention, and should like to know under what brand it was presented. Beverly Bayne is unmarried.

E. A. J., ALLENTOWN, PA.—Write Mabel Trunelle and Bryant Washburn personally regarding photographs, the former at the Edison, the latter at the Essanay studio. But do not forget the two bits Melican money.

L. C. H., BUFFALO.—House Peters has traveled to the World films and you might write him at the World office regarding a photograph. You will see an interview with him in a coming number.

C. H., VILLA GROVE, ILL.—Marjorie Daw played the part of the little sister in "The Chorus Lady," with Cleo Ridgely, and appears in a number of other Lasky pictures, among them, "Out of Darkness," and "The Wild Goose Chase." There is a very interesting interview with her in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY which we will be glad to send you upon receipt of 15c. In it she tells her ambition to be a vampire!

B. G. F., CHICAGO, and M. S., EUREKA, S. D.—Blanche Sweet's address is the Lasky studio in Hollywood; Mary Pickford, the Famous Players' New York office. "Is Syd Chaplin related to Charles Chaplin?" Just a brother, that's all. Probably Syd's best known film is "The Submarine Pirate," a recent four-reel Keystone, starring a good share of our navy. There is no truth in any report that Charlie has gone insane or been injured.

I. J., NEW CASTLE, PA., and L. N., ST. PAUL.—Theda Bara comes from Cincinnati. There will be more pictures of William Farnum and Marguerite Clark, but you found a big lot of them in the March issue, of "Little Miss Practicality," at least. Just be a little bit patient.

L. M. J., POTSDAM, N. Y., and J. D. M., INVERNESS, N. S.—Pat O'Malley is at the Edison studio in New York; Marguerite Courtot, at Gaumont's Florida studio; J. Warren Kerrigan, at Universal City. You ask for the leads, but do not mention the film you have in mind.

W. S. C., WASHINGTON.—You must remember that it is impossible to cover all the film offerings of the month in "The Shadow Stage," and for that reason some plays which you consider very worthy must necessarily be omitted. There are more than a hundred so-called "features" released each month.

W. Y., LEAD, S. D.—Louise Glaum of the Ince-Triangle films is the wife of Mr. Edwards, one of the comedy directors of the L-Ko company in Hollywood. The Fairbanks twins were born in New York City, November 15, 1900.

M. H., CHICAGO.—Thomas Lingham of the western Kalem was born in Indianapolis in 1874 and began playing on the stage in 1894, continuing behind the footlights until 1913 when he became a member of the Kalem company of players. He is six feet tall and a brunette.

A. L., MONTREAL.—Jackie Saunders of the Balboa company was born in Philadelphia, October 6, 1892, and you probably will see her in "The Shrine of Happiness," a five-reel Pathecolor film. Marguerite Courtot is with Gaumont at Jacksonville, where she has been since leaving Kalem. Mary Miles Minter might answer you; write her and see if she will.

C. W., SANTA FE.—Florence Reed is the only important player in "The Cowardly Way" (Equitable); Charles Cherry, Arthur Hoops and Claire Zobelle were of the "Mummy and the Humming-Bird" cast (Famous Players); Sally Crute, Raymond McKee and Mabel Dwight made up the cast of "The Seventh Day," an Edison. Blanche Sweet is said to have been born in Chicago in 1896; "The Ragamuffin" is one of her recent Lasky vehicles.

R. S. U. PEN YAN, N. Y.—Whether Gladden James was playing in "Officer 666" at the time you mention we cannot say, but he played in this production for a season at least before joining Vitagraph. He is now with the World films. *Low*, in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," was Kathryn Adams. Neal Burns, who is now with Universal, was *Bertie* in "The Girl in the Taxi," a musical comedy. Francis X. Bushman was born in Norfolk, Va., and began his motion picture career with Essanay in 1911 after considerable time on the stage.

R. E. D. LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—"Neptune's Daughter," written by Captain Peacocke, was perhaps the most expensive film production at the time it was presented to the public by Universal, but its cost has been exceeded by numerous films since then. William Hart is unmarried and is unable to escape mail addressed to him at Inceville. We hope you were pleased with "My Lady's Slipper," when you saw it; the story of this Vitagraph offering appeared in the February PHOTOPLAY. We promise not to "get after you or call you down."

T. R. C. MOSCOW, IDA.—You refer to "The Dancing Girl," and not "The Quaker Girl." The former was written by Henry Arthur Jones and produced on the stage after which Famous Players bought the film rights and starred Florence Reed in the title role as *Drusilla Ives*. Lorraine Hulst was the other sister and William Russell, *Drusilla's* lover. Eugene Ormonde, who is seen in the role of *Mr. Sherwood* in "Betty of Grey-stone," is the *Duke of Guiseberry*, who is ruined by *Drusilla's* extravagance, and whom she marries as the story ends. Florence Reed's picture was the first one in the April Art Section of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

J. B., BROOKLINE, MASS.—Julia Dean (Mrs. Orme Caldara) was born in St. Paul, May 13, 1880, but her parents moved to Salt Lake and she was educated in the schools of that city. Her first appearance on the stage was made there in stock while still a school girl, and her professional career has been very successful. She created the role of *Virginia Blaine* in "Bought and Paid For," and played the part in New York and on tour during 1911-12-13. She has appeared in "Matrimony," for Triangle, "Judge Not," for Universal, and "The Ransom," for Equitable. Lillian Gish has appeared in "The Birth of a Nation," "The Battle of the Sexes," "Home, Sweet Home," "The Lily and the Rose," "Daphne and the Pirate," and numerous other films.

S. A., DETROIT.—The Helen Holmes railroad pictures were taken on the one-train-a-day-to-hold-the-franchise portion of the Salt Lake line just outside of Los Angeles and Kalem is also using this same branch for the Helen Gibson Hazard. Helen Holmes, as you probably know, is no longer with the Kalem company but is a member of the Signal Corps of "The Girl and the Game" army of railroad wreckers.

F. B., OKLAHOMA CITY.—Herbert Rawlinson's photograph appeared in the Art Section of the April, 1915, issue, and this is the only one of the older numbers which we are able to send you. Yes, 15c. Ben Wilson, House Peters and Crane Wilbur are other Art Section members of the same issue and there is a delightful interview with Anita Stewart, the story of "The White Goddess," an Alice Joyce film, and a "Girl on the Cover" story about Blanche Sweet.

E. D. H. and E. B., RED BANK, N. Y.—Harry D. Carey, who plays *Cheyenne Harry* in "A Knight of the Range," a Universal, is not a westerner but a product of New York City where he was born January 6, 1880. He attended Hamilton Military Academy and New York University and later went west, prospecting, and punching cattle, finally turning his attention to acting and playwriting, played on the stage and began screen work with Biograph. He is now acting and writing for Universal, at Universal City. "Just Jim," "Judge Not," and "A Knight of the Range," are from his pen (or probable his saddle-bag typewriter!) Edna Purviance is interviewed under the title "The Star Soubrette," in the December PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, copies of which are still in stock.

D. D. WEST MT. VERNON, N. Y.—After "The Birth of a Nation," really got under way, Mae Marsh played the role of *Flora Cameron*, the Little Colonel's younger sister, but in the introductory portion of the story this part was taken by Violet Wilkey. That you wonder if Mae Marsh played it throughout is a tribute to the care exercised in choosing the cast. *Dorothy Vandergriff*, the younger sister of *Virginia Vandergriff* (Norma Talmadge) in "The Battle Cry of Peace," was Lucille Hamill.

I. S., CAPE GIRARDEAU, MO.—If you recall Mary Pickford's wealth of curls in the closing scenes of "Poor Little Peppina," it will easily answer your question as to whether "Beppo" really cut her curls off," when she was about to leave Italy for America. Mary Pickford played the title role, *Mr. and Mrs. Torrens*, her father and mother, were Edwin Mordant and Edith Shayne; *Hugh Carroll*, the District Attorney, Eugene O'Brien; *Soldo* and *Villato*, the members of the Mafia, were Antonio Maiori and Caesar Gravina and *Beppo*, *Peppina's* brother, was Jack Pickford. *Peppina* as the youngster who was kidnapped was Eileen Stewart, and of the two Italians, *Villato* was the little man and *Soldo* the taller of the two.

B. L., BUFFALO, and C. R., DALLAS, TEX.—Edna Maison is appearing in the current Universal releases, and she, Carter deHaven and Flora Parker deHaven may be addressed at Universal City. J. Warren Kerrigan was born in Louisville, Kentucky, July 25, 1889. Grace Cunard was born in Paris but is of American parentage. She has light brown hair and blue eyes.

V. M. H., AKRON, O., and R. B., GALVESTON, TEX.—Eugene, the son, in "Divorced," (Equitable), was Charles Hutchison, *Lenore* and *Ralph Manson* were Hilda Spong and Fred Eric, and *Robert Hadley*, Lester Chambers.

S. I., LEBANON, PA.—Charlotte Walker played the lead in Lasky's "Out of Darkness," as *Helen Scott*, the owner of the Scott Canneries. The Manager was Thomas Meighan, *Jennie Sands* was Margery Daw, *John Scott*, *Helen's* Uncle was Hal Clements; *Tom Jameson* was Tom Forman and *Mrs. Sands* was Loyola O'Connor. The October issue which contained Robert Warwick's photograph in the Art Section, is entirely sold out. You will find his photograph among the one hundred Stars of the Photoplay.

K. K., SAN FRANCISCO.—In writing to any of the "Girl and the Game," players, address them in care of the Signal Film studio. Leo Maloney was born in San Jose, California, in 1888, and during his film career has played with Pathe, Kay-Bee, Selig, Kalem, Universal and his present company. Helen Holmes is the wife of J. P. McGowan who takes the part of *Spike* in this series of pictures.

P. S., CANTON, O.—William E. Shay's picture was in the January Art Section, Arthur Hoops and Stuart Holmes appeared in April, Theda Bara in February, and Claire Whitney in the May issue. Theda Bara and her big Russian wolfhound were the frontispiece subjects in the December issue, so we are rather inclined to believe you have skipped some numbers of PHOTOPLAY. Address William E. Shay at Fox's New York office.

A. C. and M. V., CAMBRIDGE, MASS., writes: "We saw Darwin Karr for the first time this week and must say we can't see any resemblance to Francis Bushman, whatever. We still believe Mr. Bushman is unmarried, too, and presume he made that statement to avoid the many proposals he would receive this year." Faithful unto death!

H. K. S., ROCKVILLE CENTRE, N. Y.—In "The House of Revelation," by Essanay, *Charles Raleigh* was John Lorenz. "Colorado," in which Hobart Bosworth was featured as the Professor, was produced by Universal, the other important members of the cast being Anna Lehr, as his young wife; Louise Baxter, as the Professor's sister; Ronald Bradbury and Jack Nelson as *Col. Kinkaid* and *Frank Austin* of the U. S. Engineering Corps, and Albert MacQuarrie as the gambler. "The Diamond from the Sky" was produced by the American studios at Santa Barbara.

(Continued on page 156)



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"Not My Sister!"

(Continued from page 50)

me—that is, if your friend can spare you."

Grace felt herself in Gethsemane. She said nothing aloud, but clasped her hands nervously, and turned to the window. "Not my sister! Not my sister!" she murmured again and again, in a kind of prayer.

"By the Lord!" burst out her husband. "A blind man could see that you were crazy about him. Your sister! A fine example for your sister!"

"It is only to protect her that I go to the studio!" shrieked Grace, in despair.

"To protect her? . . . from what?" Marshall spoke very softly. Grace could feel every limb chilling in the horror of the moment.

"Why are you afraid for her? Why?" His voice rose in a surge of sound. He grasped her hands and crushed them cruelly, but she did not cry out.

"You have some damn good reason to worry about that girl. *What about yourself?*"

RUTH, tired of waiting, went to the studio alone. Upstairs Grace, on the rack of cruel love, watched her heart bleed and her tortured nerves stretch, minute after minute, hour after hour, until . . . she confessed.

Without answer or comment, Marshall rose, plucked his hat from the floor where he had flung it, and ran briskly down the stairs.

"Where are you going?" cried his wife, in agony.

"I'm going to kill Arnold," he answered, in his quietest, firmest voice.

And his houseman heard him.

EVERY paper in town, next morning, declaimed violently upon the tragedy in Michael Arnold's studio. He had been found, stabbed through the heart. There were evidences of a terrific struggle.

The houseman, with a true informer's soul, ran briskly to the police.

Of course Marshall was arrested, indicted, and the trial progressed swiftly to an apparently fatal determination, for Marshall. Grace's story was not brought out, and though poor little Ruth was on the verge of nervous prostration, nothing that she said poured any great light upon the mystery.

The judge charged the jury, and it needed no lawyer to tell the two terrified women that this was a charge for a first-degree verdict.

As the first man of the jurors rose to leave the box, Ruth leaped from her chair and rushed toward the stand. John made a violent move to have his lawyer detain her. Even Grace, tortured as she was for her wronged and periled husband, threw out ineffectual hands of protection.

"I will tell . . . the truth . . . now," said Ruth, quietly facing the court room.

The District Attorney bawled that the case was finished. Marshall's lawyer's voice cut through the tumult. Spectators buzzed everywhere, and the bailiff bellowed.

"Speak, Miss Tyler," said the judge, gently and persuasively.

So, brokenly, but with a thousand times more thrill and emphasis than faultless recitation could have conveyed, Ruth told a story not of love, but of a passion which she did not recognize until the evil emotion culminated in attack; of Arnold's coolly wicked determination, of her pitiful appeals and her tears; how, as her strength was failing and her senses departing, above her head, on the Turkish couch, gleamed—a dagger!

It was the dagger of death. Marshall entered the studio a moment after she had struck Arnold down, and gently compelled her to take her fascinated eyes from the dead man. Perhaps Marshall had come to kill—but he had proved her angel of mercy. He had calmed her; he had procured a soothing opiate; he had taken her home in a closed car. Without a word to his wife he had shouldered her responsibility—there was nothing more to tell.

The jury, on instruction, quickly found Marshall "Not guilty."

The District Attorney assured Grace that Ruth's trial would be a mere formality, to make her acquittal legal.

And it was in the District Attorney's office that Grace found John, sitting like one bewildered and overwhelmed.

"Dear," she said, kneeling in front of him, and taking his hands in hers, "I love you so! Can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you, blessed heart?" he exclaimed, raising her, and pressing his lips upon her hands; "I am throwing myself on your mercy!"



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January 31, 1916

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(Continued from page 152)

S. W. T., LASALLE, MO.—Walker Whiteside was the young musician in "The Melting Pot." Olga in "The Vampire," though Theda Bara was the vampire in "A Fool There Was," which was based upon Kipling's poem "The Vampire." Claude Flemming was *Serge Palma* in "Hearts in Exile," with Clara Kimball Young.

M. B., ST. PAUL.—Yes, Mabel Normand was known in England and the British Colonies as Muriel Fortesque. In the earlier days, the players' names were not given in the films, by the producers and the English distributors were forced to supply them in order to please their patrons. The cast of "The Littlest Rebel," as presented on the screen, included William Sorrelle as *Lieut.-Col. Morrison*, E. K. Lincoln as *Herbert Carey*, a Southern planter; Elaine Ivans as *Sally Ann*, a slave; and Mimi Yvonne as *Vergie, Carey's daughter*.

J. F. M., HANNIBAL, MO., and K. S. DOMINION, N. S.—In "The Majesty of the Law," there is no such character mentioned: Myrtle Stedman and Charles Ruggles played the leading roles. *Mary's* father in "Man and his Soul," was Edward Brennan. Grace Cunard is at Universal City, Calif., and she will send you a photograph if you enclose a quarter to cover the cost. Miss Cunard was born in Paris, April 8, 1891.

F. K., CANTON, O., and J. H. P., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Back issues of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for the following months can still be supplied at the usual rate: April, November and December of 1915 and all issues of 1916. *Pudd'nhead Wilson* in Lasky's screen adaptation of Mark Twain's novel of that name, was Theodore Roberts; *Tom Driscoll* (who turned out to be the quadroon), Alan Hale; *Chalmers* (the real master), Thomas Meighan; *Rowena Cooper*, the girl from the north, Florence Dagmar; *Rozzy*, the nurse, Jane Wolff; *Judge Driscoll* and *Mrs. Driscoll*, Ernest Joy and Gertrude Kellar. *Pudd'nhead Wilson* was the lawyer who amused himself collecting thumb-prints. May Allison was born in Georgia in 1895. "Lilo of the Southern Seas," was one of the last Lockwood-Allison films made for American. Yes, Miss Allison played for Fox in "A Fool There Was."

E. H., NEW YORK CITY, and F. M., MINNEAPOLIS.—Thomas Holding of Famous Players was born at Black Heath, Kent, England, and was graduated from Rugby. Address Winifred Kingston at the Morosco studio; Fannie Ward at the Lasky studio, and Billie Burke at Kleine's. Use the addresses as given in the Directory.

H. M., PORTLAND, OREG., and W. L. Y., BALTIMORE.—*Barbara Hare* in Biograph's "East Lynne," was Gretchen Hartman; *Lady Isabel* was Louise Vale and *Sir Francis* was Alan Hale. William Russell and Charlotte Burton are with the American at Santa Barbara.

W. F., SAN FRANCISCO, and A. G. E., NEW YORK.—Lillian Gish and Elmer Clifton are with Fine Arts. No record of a play of that name. Evelyn Brent (formerly known as Betty Riggs) played the part of *Snowbird*, the Indian girl, with Edmund Breeze in "The Lure of Heart's Desire," a Metro. She was born in Tampa, Florida.

J. W. D., MACON, GA.—Norma Talmadge of Fine Arts was born in Jersey City, N. J., May 2, 1895, and played with Vitagraph from 1910 until July, 1915. She is now in Triangle films and is being seen with Robert Harron in "The Missing Link," in the role of the young (and pretty!) *Mrs. Gaylord*. No, she is not married. Nearly all the well known photographers may be reached with just the city address.

E. R., ROCKFORD, ILL.—It was Sessue Hayakawa who played in "The Cheat." (Lasky) and he is married to Tsuru Aoki who was recently seen in "The Beckoning Flame," from Inceville. He also played in "The Typhoon," and "The Wrath of the Gods."

H. S., ROCKVILLE CENTRE, N. Y.—Mary Anderson and William Duncan took the leads in "Cal Marvin's Wife," a western Vitagraph; Mary Pickford and Charles Waldron in "Esmeralda," a Famous Players; Harry Millarde and Alice Hollister were *Jasper King* and his daughter *Ruth* in Kalem's "The Money Gulf."

C. M., HUTCHINSON, KAN.—Burton Temple in "The Fighting Hope," was Thomas Meighan, and *Anna Granger*, Laura Hope Crews. The average person should reach the age of discretion before attempting a motion picture career—and having reached that age, refrain!

F. E. M., TEXARKANA, TEX.—Irving Cummings, formerly of the American, where he played in "The Diamond from the Sky," is now with the Famous Players, and has recently been seen opposite Hazel Dawn in "The Saleslady." He was born October 9, 1888, in New York, and educated in that city. Height, six feet; weight, 180 pounds; black hair and dark brown eyes. Mr. Cummings is unmarried and remarks that he will be glad to send autographed photographs to his friends; but we hope his friends will not expect to receive pictures without sending the customary silver token of appreciation to help defray the expense. Yes, Marguerite Clark plays two roles in "The Prince and the Pauper."

Z. S., PORTLAND, OREG., and M. R. E., ST. LOUIS.—*Tatuka*, in Lubin's "As the Twig is Bent," was Velma Whitman; *Suzuki*, in "Madame Butterfly," was Olive West. Florence Lawrence will be seen from time to time in Universal releases. Undoubtedly, you refer to Frederick Lewis, opposite Beatriz Michelena, of the California Motion Picture Corporation. Use the Directory address.

K. N. D., MT. STERLING, KY.—Pearl White should be addressed in care of the Pathe Exchange, as listed in the Directory. Pearl White was *Catherine* and Sheldon Lewis, *Count Sergius* in "The King's Game," as played for Pathe.

L. B., DES MOINES.—In "Tennessee's Pardner," by Lasky, the role of *Tennessee* as a child was played by Louise Mineugh, a niece of George H. Melford, the director of the play. This is the only film in which she has appeared. Fannie Ward, of course, took up the role later in the picture. Harold Lockwood and May Allison are now with Metro.

T. E. C., WELLINGTON, N. Z., and E. L. W., RIVERTON, N. J.—Mary Pickford's birthday is April 8th and her address, Famous Player's Film Company, 128 W. 56th Street, New York City. Regarding the various Pickford plays we wish to refer you to the February issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, in which they are discussed in the story of her life. Wally Reid was born in St. Louis in 1890. "And, confidentially, is he really as wonderfully handsome as the pictures represent him!" We can not be confidential with anyone, as much as we should like to be; you might write the Hollywood Commercial Club!

E. B., NEW YORK CITY.—Edward Earle played opposite Gladys Hulette in the Edison film, "The Working of a Miracle." Eddie Polo is not of the cast in "The Campbells Are Coming." He was born in 1881; Milton Sills in 1882, and Marguerite Clayton in 1892. Francis Ford may be addressed at Universal City.

D. L. G., APPLETON, WIS.—"Gish" is the real name of both Lillian and Dorothy Gish, and so far as we know they have no brothers. There will undoubtedly be further stories relating to them and also Elmer Clifton of Fine Arts films and Gertrude Robinson of Gaumont.

M. E. S., TORRANCE, CALIF., and O. E. G., ELMIRA, N. Y.—To obtain a photograph of Pauline Frederick, write to her or the Famous Players Film Company at the New York office, enclosing the usual twenty-five cents. You will find her picture among the one hundred which PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing in book form. Viola Dana is with Metro and Violet MacMillan with Universal.

A. O'S., ALBANY, N. Y.—Charles Wellesley was born in Dublin, Nov. 17, 1873, educated in Ireland and England and played on the stage for sometime prior to going to South Africa. From the Constabulary service in South Africa he came to America, returned to the stage and later joined Vitagraph. We do not have his father's Christian name. Montague Love as the *Crown Prince* of Kur-land was seen opposite Ann Murdock in "A Royal Family," a Metro film. More recently Miss Murdock appeared in Essanay's "Captain Jinks."

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D. P., MANISTEE, MICH.—Edgar Selwyn, who played the part of the young Chief *Jamit* in "The Arab" (Lasky), is a very well known American actor and dramatist, the husband of the equally prominent actress and playwright, Margaret Mayo. Mr. Selwyn was born in Cincinnati in 1875 and first appeared on the stage in "Secret Service," in 1896. "The Arab" was a very successful play on the legitimate stage and is the only film in which Mr. Selwyn has appeared.

W. J. C., CHICAGO.—"Was the Farnum-Santschi fight in 'The Spoilers' a real battle?" It was one of the most genuine encounters ever fought for the screen.

R. F., CLEVELAND, O.—We can not identify the play you refer to by the brief description contained in your letter. Can you give the names of any of the players or the company producing it? Your State Board of Censorship has not decided so far that Ohioans should be allowed to see "The Birth of a Nation," and we can not say when the ban may be lifted. They now ban Villa!

J. G. P., JR., COLUMBUS, and G. C., WENDELL, IA.—Theda Bara and Jean Southern were the two sisters in "The Two Orphans" (Fox), and Mary Fuller was *Little Norwester* in the play of that name, Paul Panzer being *Silent Jim* opposite her. Florence La Badie and Lila Chester may be addressed at the Thanhouser studio, New Rochelle, N. Y. Blanche Sweet played in "The Ragamuffin," a recent Lasky release in which Tom Forman and she are the hero and heroine. In "Mistress Nell," a Famous Players' film, Mary Pickford was featured in the title role. Owen Moore was *King Charles II*, and Arthur Hoops was the *Duke of Buckingham*.

M. G., NEW YORK CITY.—Conway Tearle, whom you have seen in several recent Famous Players' plays with Marguerite Clark, first appeared on the stage at the Garrick Theatre in London in April of 1901 and since that time has played both in England and in America. He is playing in New York at present.

A. A. A., ST. PAUL.—*King Michael* in "The Broken Coin" (Universal), was Harry Schumm; *Kitty Grey* was Grace Cunard; *Count Frederick*, Francis Ford; *Roleaux*, Eddie Polo; and *Count Sadio*, Ernest Shields. Does this settle the dispute?

M. R. W., ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—"Hypocrites," as originally released, was in four parts, so the version you saw was undoubtedly complete, aside from cuts by censorial authorities. It was first released over a year ago and has been one of the most fought-over films of the last year.

E. V., MATTLAND, MO., and N. D., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Hazel Dawn is with Famous Players and should be addressed in care of their New York office. It is impossible for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to tell you when certain plays will be shown in your city, for, when a film is once released, a theatre may secure it any time it cares to use it. "Between Men" has probably been shown in your city before this.

B. A. L., PARIS, TEX.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is able to supply you with art prints of Mary Pickford and Anita Stewart, from the original cover paintings, but we have no others. We have no pictures of either Pauline Frederick or Hazel Dawn for sale; why not write the Famous Players' New York office, enclosing a quarter for each?

F. N., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Marguerite Marsh, or as she was known then, "Marguerite Loveridge," played the part of *Tommy Thomas* in "Runaway June," and Arthur Donaldson was *Gilbert Blye*, the man with the black Vandyke beard. We do not have Norma Phillips' present address.

V. S., BELLINGHAM, WASH.—Yes, in answer to your question if William Farnum ever played as *Ben Hur* on the stage. In Fox's "Fighting Blood," Dorothy Bernard is the daughter of the lumberman, opposite Farnum. We do not doubt at all that several of the players were badly injured in the personal encounters filmed in this play.

(Continued on page 165)



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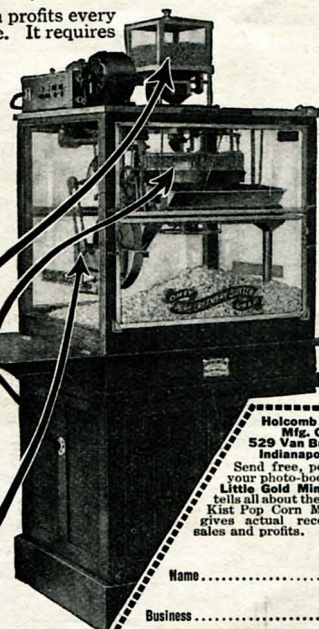
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The Love Mask

(Continued from page 146)

tice should not wait on the law's delays. The judge was routed out of bed, and a jury quickly empanelled. The story was soon told, for there were no lawyers to quibble over what was legal evidence and what only hearsay. The facts were plain. It was only a question whether Kate's version should be accepted, or whether the jury would believe that this young woman was capable of the desperate deeds committed by the elusive Mexican. Dan used all his powers of persuasion to argue Kate's case, but was forced to make the fatal admission, that he had long been anxious to have her marry him, and this weakened his position. At last there was no more to be said, and the jury retired to the saloon to consider its verdict. The next minute the crowd, waiting outside, heard a shout, and Bill Hawkins came running out with a sheet of paper in his hand.

"The strong box's been robbed, and the d— thief left this." He read the scrawled words:

"I want my spurs. I went to the girl's cabin to get them, and had to kill four men. I came here to get them off the girl, and there was nothing but a lot of gold. Next time I come for them, look out."

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The citizens of Lone Pine were entirely willing to vindicate the girl, if there was a good excuse. Not merely was it a reflection upon the manhood of the town to admit that a woman could have been a successful road agent, but there was real chivalry in the rough gold camps. By common consent, therefore, the jury was disbanded and the case thrown out of court. Nor did Dan display any greater reluctance to believe Kate's explanation of the presence of the outlaw in her cabin.

"Hadh't you better let me kind of take care of you after this?" he asked, with awkward tenderness. "This ain't exactly the place for a girl to be alone in the world."

Kate let the big sheriff take her in his arms. It was a secure and restful sensation after the excitement and danger through which she had passed. And in the home they soon made for themselves, the most prized of all their possessions was a beautiful pair of silver Spanish spurs.

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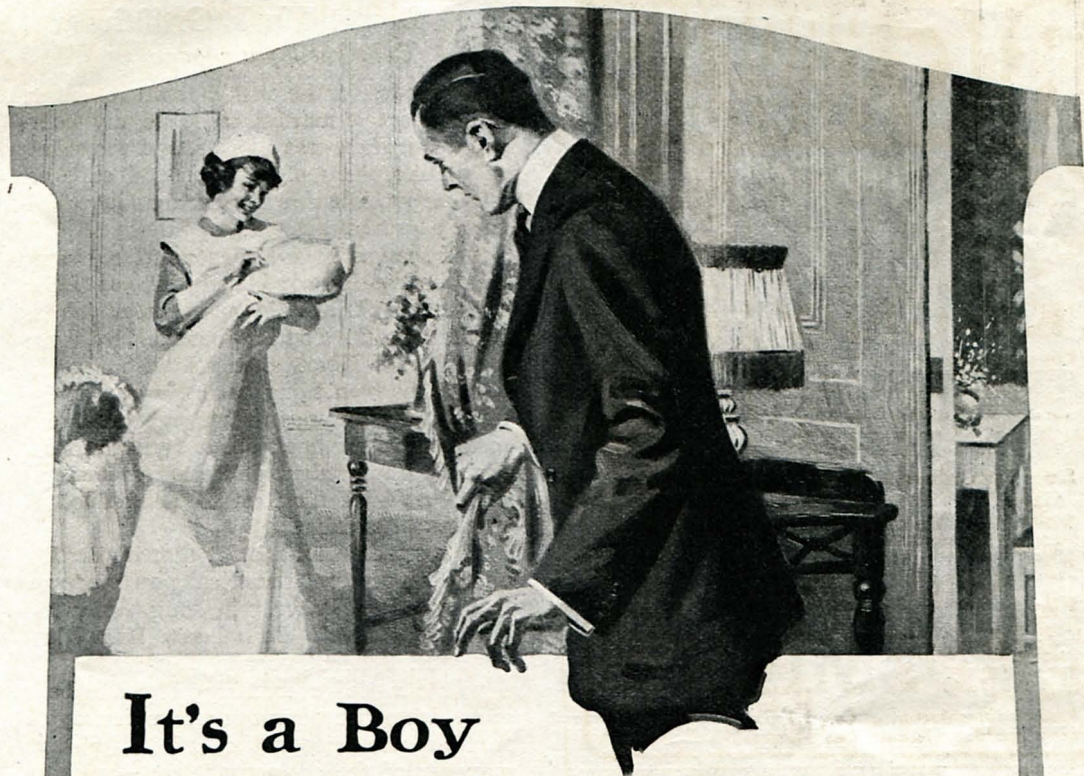
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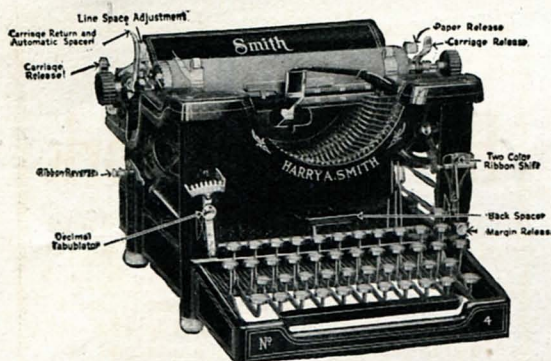
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David Wark Griffith

(Continued from page 37)

his wounds, for he was shot all to pieces, did impart a martial trend to my character, but there was no war, and the scholarly atmosphere of my home, I suppose, was responsible for my inclination to become a great literary man.

"As soon as I was big enough I began my own personally conducted tour of Life; I went to Louisville and got a job as reporter on the Courier-Journal. I did not meet Marse Henry then. I wish I could have done something to make him notice me, but I did not; in some way I was put to work writing notes about theatrical matters. With my night police assignment and a general hunt for items, I determined to become a dramatist.

"I received emphasis for that inspiration on seeing my first theatrical performance; in it was Pete Baker, who sang 'America's National Game.' Then I saw Julia Marlowe and Robert Taber in 'Romola.'

"That settled everything; I was to be a great dramatist. First it was necessary to secure some advice, so I called on the stage manager of the company at the Louisville theater and told him my scheme of life.

"He approved it thoroughly and solemnly; but he explained to me that no man could ever write a good play who was not an actor; he cited Shakespeare and Moliere, and Dion Bouccicault and Gus Thomas, and as he was an authority I accepted his advice, thereby breaking a universal, time-honored rule, and became an actor. I played in stock at Louisville, and after many ups and more downs, I had some good engagements.

"My first part was the Clergyman in 'Trilby,' I wasn't twenty then and I was paid eight dollars a week; then, later, I joined Walker Whiteside on tour through Iowa. I never have since then been in sympathy with Iowa ideas. After that I had a wide experience in characters, heavies and leads.

"It isn't all so long ago, yet I played one season with Helen Ware before she was discovered, and then with J. E. Dodson as de Maupret to his Richelieu, and was given a good notice by Alan Dale, which confirmed my suspicion that I was quite a good actor. It secured me as well an increase in salary. Then came a season with Nance O'Neil in

Shakespeare and Ibsen, in Boston; the reviewers gave me corking good notices there—but of course Shakespeare and Ibsen couldn't be roasted in Boston.

"And reviewers are not always over perceptive; there was a time when I was with Nance O'Neil and McKee Rankin right here in Los Angeles at the Mason theater, when Rankin was ill one night; I had been playing Magda's preacher lover, but when Rankin did not appear I was thrown into his part of the father. I stuffed out my clothes and went through the part with no change of name on the programme. The next morning's papers had most eulogistic notices of Mr. Rankin's thoroughly artistic acting, and the world looked very brilliant to me that day.

"All the time my determination to be a dramatist was unshaken. I had, before getting deep in the theater, written two poems and a story; one of the poems I had sent to John Sleicher, editor of Leslie's weekly, and he bought it; he paid me thirty-five dollars!

"Ah! When Leslie's came out with my poem in it—that was the one day of all life. It was called 'To A Wild Duck.' It was a serious poem and not written on that subject because I was hungry. I bought a copy of the magazine and entered a subway train; I read the verses carelessly, registering indifference, and rolled the paper up and put it in my coat pocket; but—I couldn't stand it; it seemed as if everyone in the car would know I had written that poem, but I had to read it again; I pulled the paper out of my pocket, scanned the advertisements, and then as if by accident turned over to the poem and savored Victory again.

"Can I remember it? Huh! let me see. The first line ran, 'See how beautifully—' 'See how beautifully—' No, it's all gone; I'm not even sure of the first line! And that was the happiest moment of my life—with what caused it forgotten. There might be something of a theme for a poem in that situation.

"Naturally I wrote another poem, and sent it to McClure's. It came back; but you must pardon me, for a poet has to be proud, while a picture man may be very modest; it came back, but with a personal letter from Colonel McClure saying the committee of five editors who passed on contributions had voted three to two against

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accepting the verses, but would I be good enough to send in some more.

"I did not; but I sold a story that same month, and I began to write Sunday 'Sup' stuff; I couldn't sell these specials myself, but I became acquainted with a very popular newspaper woman who was paid a high space rate; I would give her my stories and specials, and she would put her 'by line' on them, sell them, and give me half the money.

"And then I wrote my play; the play.

"It was called 'A Fool and a Girl.'

"I decided when it was finished that it was a good play, and I took it to James K. Hackett, who read it. 'My boy,' he said in his vigorous way, 'this is one of the best plays I have ever read; I'll produce it!'

"That day of the first poem appearing was as nothing; I must have been unbearably happy—until I met Mr. Hackett's stage director.

"He read the play; he turned to me when he had finished reading and said, 'Your play's rotten. It will never go; the governor's blowing himself in by giving you a production. Why, man alive! you make your characters talk and behave like real people. Rotten!'

"Then he censored the play; he improved it; he deprived it of the sin of picturing real men and women on the stage and changed them into people of the theatrical mind.

"But even at that it flivvered.

"I was sure it was because the stage director had changed it, but—I knew Wilfred Lucas then, who is with me now, and I asked him to read the play; he did so, but he has always refrained from telling me what he thought of it.

"Come to think it over, there was something of a coincidence about that play and 'The Clansman'; the play had an important character who was a white man with a strain of negro blood.

"It was good training while that play was being put on; I lost twenty pounds of flesh a week, and my temper.

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He smiled whimsically. "This is a curious world we are in," he replied; "while we are in it, we must be careful what we say, lest others say about us what is not careful, after we are gone."

"I will think it over for your next visit."

That next visit took him through those bitterly interesting times—and into the Biography.

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(Continued from page 158)

J. E. D., LOUISVILLE, KY.—Bessie Eyton is with Selig; Dustin Farnum with Morosco, since he left Inceville; Enid Markey with Ince. Miss Markey played in the legitimate for a time, on the road and in the Burbank stock company in Los Angeles, joining the New York Motion Picture Corp. in 1914.

E. P. M., PLAQUEMINE, LA., and L. B. HARTFORD, CONN.—Nance O'Neil has recently appeared in Lubin's "Souls in Bondage." *Pierre's* mother, Marie, in "The Clemenceau Case" (Fox) is Mrs. Allan Walker. Gypsy Abbott is Mrs. Henry King.

M. F., BRUNSWICK, GA.—Irene Fenwick played the title role in "The Woman Next Door." (Kleine) and Ben Taggart as *Grayson*, was opposite her. Lawson Butt, as *Lake*, took the heavy role. Della Connor was the other girl. You refer to the play "When a Woman Loves," a Metro in which Emmy Wehlen was featured. In "The Case of Becky," (Lasky) Blanche Sweet played two roles, as *Dorothy* and as *Becky*; *Balsamo*, the hypnotist was Theodore Roberts, *Dr. Emerson* was James Neil and *Dr. Arnold*, Carlyle Blackwell. *Dr. Emerson* was the kindly doctor who finally discovered *Becky* was his daughter. We have no record of the other play and wish you would give us the name of the producing company.

N. R., STAMFORD, CONN.—In "The Golden Claw," an Ince-Triangle, *Lillian Hillary*, the girl who married for money, later *Mrs. Werden*, was Bessie Barriscale, and *Werden*, who became the money-making machine because of her incessant extravagance, was Frank Mills. With Douglas Fairbanks, the man with the dual personality, in "Double Trouble," appeared Olga Grey as the medium, Margery Wilson as his fiancée, and Gladys Brockwell as the strawberry blonde. It was a Fine Arts-Triangle. Enid Markey was the Chief's daughter in "Aloha Oe," (Ince) and Flora Zabelle was the girl in "The Village Scandal." (Keystone) with Raymond Hitchcock, Arbuckle and St. John.



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(Continued from page 165)

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H. T. G., CHICAGO, writes: "We have just gotten home from seeing 'The Raiders,' and H. B. Warner has calmly taken the place of all my erstwhile screen idols. Once more and I shall be ready to worship the very screen that reflects him. Uncle John likes him because he's got a 'poker-face,' he says, and Marie (she is my sister) just clasps her hands and winks fast and doesn't say anything. Why did he make his screen friends wait so long!" But don't overlook the office boy—he suddenly found he was considerable hero himself!

J. R. S., LONDON, ONT.—Robert Alden, Nancy's lover, in "The White Pearl," brought forth from the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean by Famous Players, is Thomas Holding. Nancy was Marie Doro. The brokerage firm of Crane, Poole & Bream in Vitagraph's "To Cherish and Protect," was composed of Harry Morey, Harry Northrup and Gladden James. Crane was the supposed suicide, Helen (Estelle Mardo) married Bream, and later the story concludes with Poole's sentence to jail and Bream's suicide. The girl in "The Grey Mask" (World), was Barbara Tennant; in "The Melting Pot," Valentine Grant.

F. N., JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Robert Van Buren in Bosworth's "Rug Maker's Daughter," was Forrest Stanley; Demetra was Maud Allan; Osman and Halib Bey were Howard Davies and Herbert Standing. In Metro's "Dimples," in which the dimples belong to Mary Miles Minter, Thomas J. Carrigan is Robert Stanley, her lover.

H. E., BRAZIL, IND., and C. S., JAMESTOWN, N. DAK.—Alice Brady was Blanche Gordon in "The Rack," and Milton Sills, Tom Gordon, her husband. Chester Barnett and June Elvidge were Jack and Louise Freeman. "The Voice in the Fog," was presented by a cast including Donald Brian in the leading role, Adda Gleason, as the girl, and Frank A. Connor, as the villain.

A. E. G., DENVER.—The cast of "Dr. Rameau" (Fox), included Frederick Perry in the title role, Stuart Holmes as the artist, Dorothy Bernard as Conchita, and Jean Sothorn as Adrian. We suggest you write Marguerite Clark at the Famous Players' address as given in the Directory.

J. H., PORT LUDLOW, WASH.—The picture of Evelyn Nesbit has never appeared in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and we believe you perhaps refer to Miriam Nesbitt of the Edison company. Her photograph is among the one hundred popular players.

E. S., CHICAGO.—Yes, Raymond B. West, referred to on page 48 of March PHOTOPLAY, formerly lived in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and attended school there, though he was born in Chicago in 1886. He is "the youngest and oldest of the Kay-Bee staff" of directors. Violet MacMillan, however, not only attended school in Grand Rapids, but was born there as well.

W. P., MEXICO, MO., and C. R. W., TULSA, OKLA.—Mahlon Hamilton was the spendthrift in "The Heart of a Painted Woman," a Metro in which Olga Petrova took the leading role, and Fraunie Fraunholz was the artist. Yes, Hamilton is the same player who is seen with Gail Kane in "Her God," in the role of Morton Dean. Arthur Maude played opposite Bessie Barriscale in "The Reward," an Ince film.

E. M. D., ROXBURY, MASS.—In "The Marriage of Kitty" (Lasky) Kitty was Fannie Ward and Lord Belsize was Jack Dean. Cleo Ridgely was the Gaiety girl who became so furiously hysterical when she learned Belsize was about to marry Kitty, and Tom Forman was her brother Jack. Elliott Dexter, Marie Doro's husband appeared as Pierre in "Helené of the North," and "Diplomacy," for Famous Players, and "Daphne and the Pirate," for Fine Arts.

E. N., TORONTO.—James Durkin is directing for Equitable. Charles Waldron as Captain Holbrook played opposite Florence Reed in Pathe's "At Bay." As one of Marguerite Clark's most notable stage roles was Snow White in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," it is quite likely she played it in your city. It is interesting to note that the Fairbanks Twins were two of Snow White's maids of honor.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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A. O. N., FREDERICK, MD.—Hank Mann was the crooked lawyer in "A Modern Enoch Arden." (Keystone) Joe Jackson taking the leading role as the lazy husband, the modern E. A. Viva Edwards was the sorrowing wife and Mack Swain the sympathizing family lawyer.

E. O., QUINCY, ILL., and M. E. L., CHICAGO.—Bob Winters in Kalem's "Ventures of Marguerite," was Bradley Barker, Marguerite Courtot playing the title role. In Lasky's "The Puppet Crown," Colonel Beauvais was George Gebhardt, and Countess Elsa was Marjorie Daw. Ina Claire playing the part of the Princess Alceia.

J. B., PORTLAND, OREG.—No. Wally Reid did not play in "A Little Brother of the Rich"; Hobart Bosworth, Hobart Henley and Jane Novak took the important roles. Joanna in "Mice and Men," with Marguerite Clark, was Helen Dahl.

M. B., HALIFAX, N. S.—John Junior of Essanay, was born in Minneapolis, December 17, 1890. He played on the stage until recently, in "The College Widow," "Officer 666," and other legitimate productions. In films he has been seen in "A Daughter of the City," "Blind Justice," and "The Misleading Lady." Height, five feet eight and a half inches, blue eyes and brown hair.

J. P., OGDENSBURG, N. Y.—In World's "Hearts of Men," Fritz and Hilda Wagner are Arthur Donaldson and Beulah Poynter, and the two children, Hans and Amy, are Frank Longacre and Ethelmary Oakland. This play appeared last fall.

L. R., DILLON, MONT., and H. E. B., SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.—The chieftain and Rita in "The Smuggler's Ward," a Biography, were Hector V. Sarno and Gretchen Hartman. Didn't you have the name wrong? Lois Meredith is with Balboa. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are still playing together; your theater probably runs other films.

G. M. G., FRANKFORT, KY.—The husband, Jack Van Norman, in "The Lily and the Rose," (Triangle) was Wilfred Lucas, the same man who plays the leading role in "Acquitted"; the Lily was Lillian Gish and the Rose, Roszika Dolly. Regarding his work, we refer you to The Shadow Stage, page 100, of the April issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Lucas played for several years as leading man to Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady," and in films spent three years with Biograph and since Biograph has been with Universal, Keystone, Reliance-Majestic and Fine Arts. He did a great deal of directing prior to the plays mentioned above.

B. E. M., HUDSON, WIS., and E. H. W., COFFEYVILLE, KAN.—Marguerite Nichols was the girl in "The Maid of the Wilds," a Balboa film. Marguerite Snow may be addressed at the Metro address in New York as given in the Directory. Snow was her family name which she has retained as a player.

A. C., CHICAGO.—The most recent picture in which Edward Coxen appears is "The Suppressed Order," an American film in which Winifred Greenwood and George Field also are seen.

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C. C. S., STOCKBRIDGE, N. Y.—Assuming you have missed the other two answers, we are glad to repeat. Charlie Chaplin plays both roles in "A Night at the Show," taking the part of the swell in the orchestra circle and also the relic of better days in the gallery.

H. P., INDIANAPOLIS.—Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn in 1896 and began playing small parts for Vitagraph in the spring of 1911. Gloria Fonda was born in St. Paul in 1896, Dorothy Phillips in Baltimore in 1882. "A Modern Paul," was a Lubin release in which Melvin Mayo played the title role and Helen Wolcott the role of the woman.

G. Y. B., and K. T., ALTON, ILL.—"Hearts Adrift" was one of the Pickford-Lockwood pictures taken near Los Angeles, whereas "Still Waters" was photographed in the East. We have no information regarding Ruth Roland's or Mary Pickford's relatives in Alton.

E. M., BUFFALO.—Dustin Farnum and William Farnum are in Los Angeles, the former with Morosco, the latter with Fox. Certainly, address Earle Williams and Anita Stewart at the Brooklyn Vitagraph office, but if you write for photographs do not neglect the twenty-five cent enclosure: play fair with your friends.

A. B. C., PORTSMOUTH, N. H., and I. A., OSSING, N. Y.—"Stingaree" in Kalem's series of that title, is True Boardman and *Elsie Porter* is Marin Sais. Sessue Hayakawa's name is pronounced as though it were spelled Harakawa—all the a's are broad.

W. E. B., MONTREAL.—"Mortmain," by Vitagraph, was released last fall, Robert Edson and Muriel Ostriche playing the leading roles. You will see Anita Stewart in Vitagraph releases throughout the year, as she has merely changed from one group of players, directed by Ralph Ince, to another under the direction of S. Rankin Drew. Mary Miles Minter's photograph appeared in the March Art Section of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

D. D. E. R., BOULDER, COLO.—*Nathalie*, the youngster, in "Zaza," which was a Pauline Frederick film by Famous Players, was Helen Sinnott. The cast of "Shore Acres," included Chas. A. Stevenson, William Riley Hatch, Violet Horner, Conway Tearle, E. J. Connelly, Harry Knowles and Gladys Fairbanks.

T. A. T., NEW YORK CITY.—"The Birth of a Man," is not a recent production, though a recent release. It was made when Mr. Walthall was in California with Balboa and preceded his Essanay contract.

J. D., MEDFORD, MASS.—Robert Edson was born in New Orleans, June 3, 1868, the son of George R. Edson, a well known actor and stage manager. He attended school in Brooklyn, became box office clerk at the Park Theatre and made his stage debut in "Fascination," in 1886. Somebody got sick or something and Edson was called on to fill the part for the one performance—you know the rest, he's been at it ever since, doing very nicely, thank you. Mr. Edson was married to Georgia Eliot Porter in 1908 at Brookline, Mass., his first wife having died in 1906.

H. M., DES MOINES and D. L. T., SOMERVILLE, MASS.—William Desmond and Bessie Barriscale played the leading roles in "Bullets and Brown Eyes." Wyndham Standing was *Michael* and J. J. Dowling, the *Count*. Ince-Triangle. Marguerite Snow is with Metro.

M. Z., LOS ANGELES, and L. P., MUNDEN, KAN.—As we recall "The Property Man," Harry McCoy was the drunk in the front row who kept lopping over on Mack Sennett. They might just as well have put him out as he was getting no good out of the show! The other character, however, has gone from our memory. In "A Shot in the Dark," the story was brought to a usual pleasing end by fixing the crime upon a serving-man who confesses he did it sir, to avenge somebody or other and not Captain Holmes at all, no sir. Ben Wilson and Dorothy Phillips were the *Captain* and *Mrs. Holmes* and Jos. W. Girard was the *Major*.

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S. F., TOLEDO, O., and L. T., WINTERSET, IA.—*Sibyl Sheridan* in Metro's "The Turmoil," with Valli Valli, was Peggy Hopkins. With Clara Kimball Young in "Marrying Money," was Chester Barnett, but the other young fellow was William Jefferson, who has been seen in recent Triangle offerings, as Mabel's old schoolmate in "He Did and He Didn't," and as Douglas Fairbanks' friend in "The Habit of Happiness." Yes, Chester Barnett plays with Vivian Martin in "Old Dutch."

B. S. B., JR., CHICKASHA, OKLA.—Ethel Grandin has again cast her fortune with Universal after several other engagements. James Young neither played in "Camille," (World) nor directed the production, the direction being handled by Albert Capellani, his brother Paul playing the lead opposite Clara Kimball Young.

M. F., NEWBURYPORT, MASS.—*Tom Dorgan*, in Famous Players' "In the Bishop's Carriage," opposite Mary Pickford, was David Wall; *Fred Obermuller* was House Peters. Yes, Henry Walthall played with Biograph for about a year in 1908-1910, after which he joined Reliance, then Pathe, Mutual, Balboa and Essanay in that order.

E. C., CHICAGO.—In Lubin's "The Steadfast," *Henry Wygand* and his wife *Elizabeth* were Joseph W. Smiley and Lillie Leslie; *Jack*, their son, was Stephen Carr, and *Burke*, the villain, was John Smiley. Victor Moore is *Chimmie* in "Chimmie Fadden Out West," (Lasky) his mother is Mrs. Lewis McCord, *Larry* is Raymond Hatton, the *Duchess* is Camille Astor and *Betty* is Florence Dagmar. Helen Holmes and Helen Gibson are different persons, the latter having taken up the thread of Helen's Hazards when Miss Holmes left Kalem.

H. E. K., ROCK ISLAND, ILL.—*Inez Castro* in "Neal of the Navy," (Balboa) was Lucy Blake. She is a Boston girl, played for several seasons on the stage and then joined Balboa. She is the wife of William Conklin, who played the role of *Thomas Illington*.

M. H., SAN FRANCISCO and L. C., TULSA, OKLA.—The important negro roles in "The Birth of a Nation," are not played by negroes; *Gus*, the renegade, was Walter Long. Pauline Bush has not been playing since her marriage to Allen Dwan, one of the Fine Arts-Triangle directors, but it is quite likely that she will return to the screen.

M. G., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., and M. M. and H. L., WOOSTER, O.—Earle Williams' birthday is February 28; Anita Stewart's, February 17. *Aunt Josephine* in "The Exploits of Elaine," was Besse E. Wharton.

H. S., JERSEY CITY, N. J.—About fifteen minutes is the usual time necessary to run one reel of film, though it varies. The term "reel" refers to approximately one thousand feet of film, and one foot per second is the ordinary rate. Marguerite Courtot has blue eyes.

(Continued on page 177)



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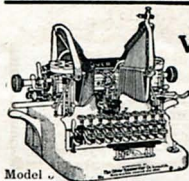


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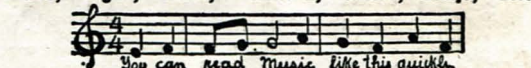
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The past eighteen months have taught us here in America what lack of industrial preparedness has meant to some of the countries now at war. These nations had the ships and they had the men; but when the hour struck, their factories were not able to furnish the colors with arms and shells and powder. Their factories were not prepared. And our factories are not prepared.

But it is not enough to draw a moral. In the United States five great Engineering Societies — Civil, Mining, Mechanical, Electrical and Chemical — have pledged their services to the Government of the United States, and are already working hand in hand with the Government to prepare industry for the national defense. They receive no pay and will accept no pay. All they seek is opportunity to serve their country, that she may have her industries mobilized and prepared as the basic line of defense.

All elements of the nation's life — the manufacturers, the business men, and the workingmen — should support this patriotic and democratic work of the engineers, and assist them cheerfully when asked. *There can be no better national insurance against war.*

The Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, representing all advertising interests have offered their free and hearty service to the President of the United States, in close co-operation with these five Engineering Societies, to the end that the Country may know what the engineers are doing. The President has accepted the offer. The engineers have welcomed the co-operation.

This advertisement, published without cost to the United States, is the first in a nation-wide series to call the country to the duty of co-operating promptly and fully with the Engineers to prepare industry for



NATIONAL DEFENSE AND INTERNATIONAL PEACE

(Continued from page 173)

E. B., OMAHA.—Do not confuse Einer Linden and Art Jarvis in Fox's "Carmen." Einer Linden played the part of *Don Jose*, but the final leap from the cliff, which called for rather different qualifications, was made by Art Jarvis. Clara Kimball Young has chestnut brown hair and brown eyes; Vivian Martin, blonde hair and blue eyes.

A. R., KENOSHA, WIS.—Yes, it is the same Henry Walthall of Biograph's "Oil and Water," who plays the role of the Little Colonel in "The Birth of a Nation." At present he is being seen in "The Strange Case of Mary Page."

H. T. R., SALEM, MASS.—S. Rankin Drew is the son of Sidney Drew and his first wife, who was known under the pen name "George Cameron." Raymond Hitchcock is married to Flora Zabelle, but we do not have the date of his marriage. H. T. R. closes by saying: "By all means continue 'The Shadow Stage,' as it makes the plays so much more interesting."

V. M. K., DANBURY, CONN.—The blonde Princess in "The Goose Girl," with Marguerite Clark, and the *Frances Grandon* in "Little Pal," with Mary Pickford, are one and the same person—Constance Johnson. In the Kerrigan films, we can not determine from your description, whether you refer to Lois Wilson or Olive Fuller Golden. Can't you give us some of the film characters she has portrayed? James Kirkwood is directing for Famous Players, but you will probably see him from time to time. He is unmarried.

E. C. T., FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., and M. K., CINCINNATI.—Jane Miller may be addressed in care of the Fox Film Corporation's New York office as given herein. *Capt. Lovell*, with Marguerite Clark in "Mice and Men," was Marshall Neilan. Miss Clark was born in 1887 near Cincinnati.

R. L. K., DENMARK, WIS.—Mary Pickford's baptismal name was Smith, but she adopted her mother's family name when she went on the stage and has been Mary Pickford ever since. She was born in Toronto, April 8, 1893. Her hair is light brown. Jack and Lottie Pickford are the two other members of the family.

B. C. B., LOS ANGELES, and L. C. P., OTTAWA, ILL.—Lionel Barrymore and Lois Meredith took the leading roles in "Seats of the Mighty," as offered by World, but Miss Meredith is now with Balboa at Long Beach, Calif. In Fox's "Wonderful Adventure," William Farnum was the husband; Mary Martin, the wife; and Dorothy Green, the enchantress, whatever that is. Helen Badgley first appeared in pictures in the summer of 1910, when she was about eighteen months old.

C. H., JERMYN, PA., and I. W., NEW YORK.—Where did you get that idea? No, indeed, E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe are not Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew of the screen, and their work is along very different lines. Mr. Sothern comes to Vitagraph, as the Drews transfer their comedies to Metro. Mary Fuller, Paul Panzer and Milton Skiles took the leading roles in "Under Southern Skies" (Universal); Valli Valli, Frank Montgomery and William Davidson played the principal parts in "Her Debt of Honor" (Metro).

F. D. S., SPOKANE, and F. Mc.—George Marlo is *Philip Waken*, in Thanhouser's "Mill on the Floss," in which Mignon Anderson played the principal role. You might write to him in care of the Thanhouser company. Wilmuth Merkyl, Robert D. Walker, Regina Richards and Nell Tarrin took the principal parts in "Wife for Wife," but this was a Kalem film; Harry Millarde was the son; Henry Hallam, the father; Helen Lindroth, the mother; and Alice Hollister, the adventures, in "Honor Thy Father," also a Kalem; in Vitagraph's "One Performance Only," Lionel Adams, Garry McGarry, Templer Saxe, Stanley Dark and Eulalie Jensen were the more prominent players. Arline Pretty, now with Vitagraph, was the girl in "The Man Who Found Himself," Robert Warwick playing the title role; Ruth Finley was the sister. George Probert and Alma Martin were the featured players in "The Spenders," from the Pathe studios. Viola Dana, of Metro, is the wife of John H. Collins, one of the Edison directors.

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